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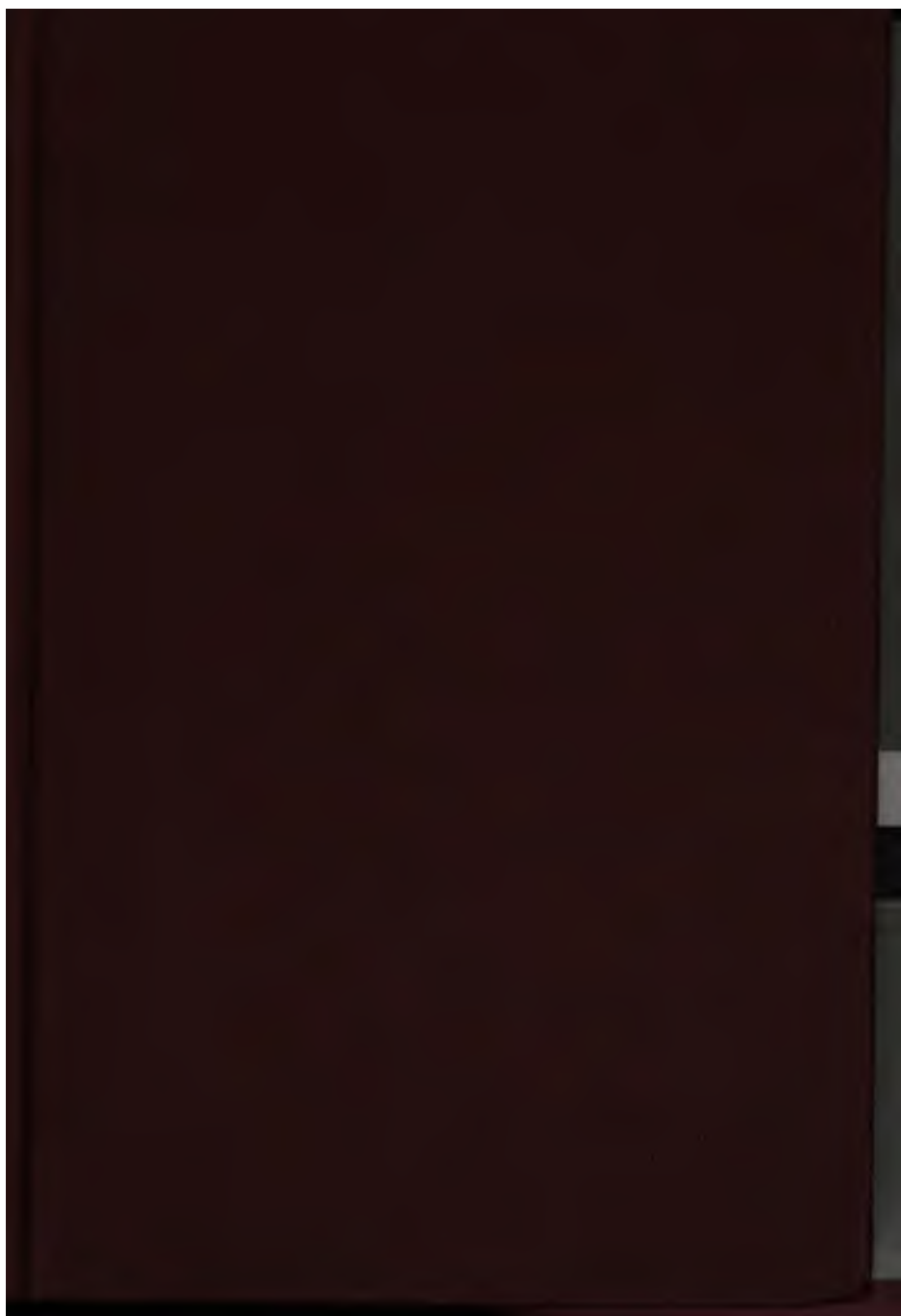
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FROM

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**“MY NOVEL.”**



02



MY NOVEL.

DR. RICCARDOCCA IN THE STOCKS.

Vol. I. Book iii. Chap. 9.

# "MY NOVEL,"

By Pisistratus Carton:

OR,

VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE

Edmond Belling - His

"Neque enim notare singulos mens est mihi,  
Verum ipsam vitam et mores hominum ostendere."

P. 18.

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vols. 1 & 2.

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RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY LYTTON BULWER, G.C.B.  
&c. &c. &c.

THIS WORK,

DESIGNED TO ILLUSTRATE THE VARIETIES OF PUBLIC  
AND PRIVATE LIFE,

Is Dedicated by the Author,

PROUD TO UNITE A TRIBUTE TO SERVICES RECOGNISED BY ENGLAND,

WITH A MEMORIAL OF BROTHERLY AFFECTION.

LONDON, 15th Dec. 1852.



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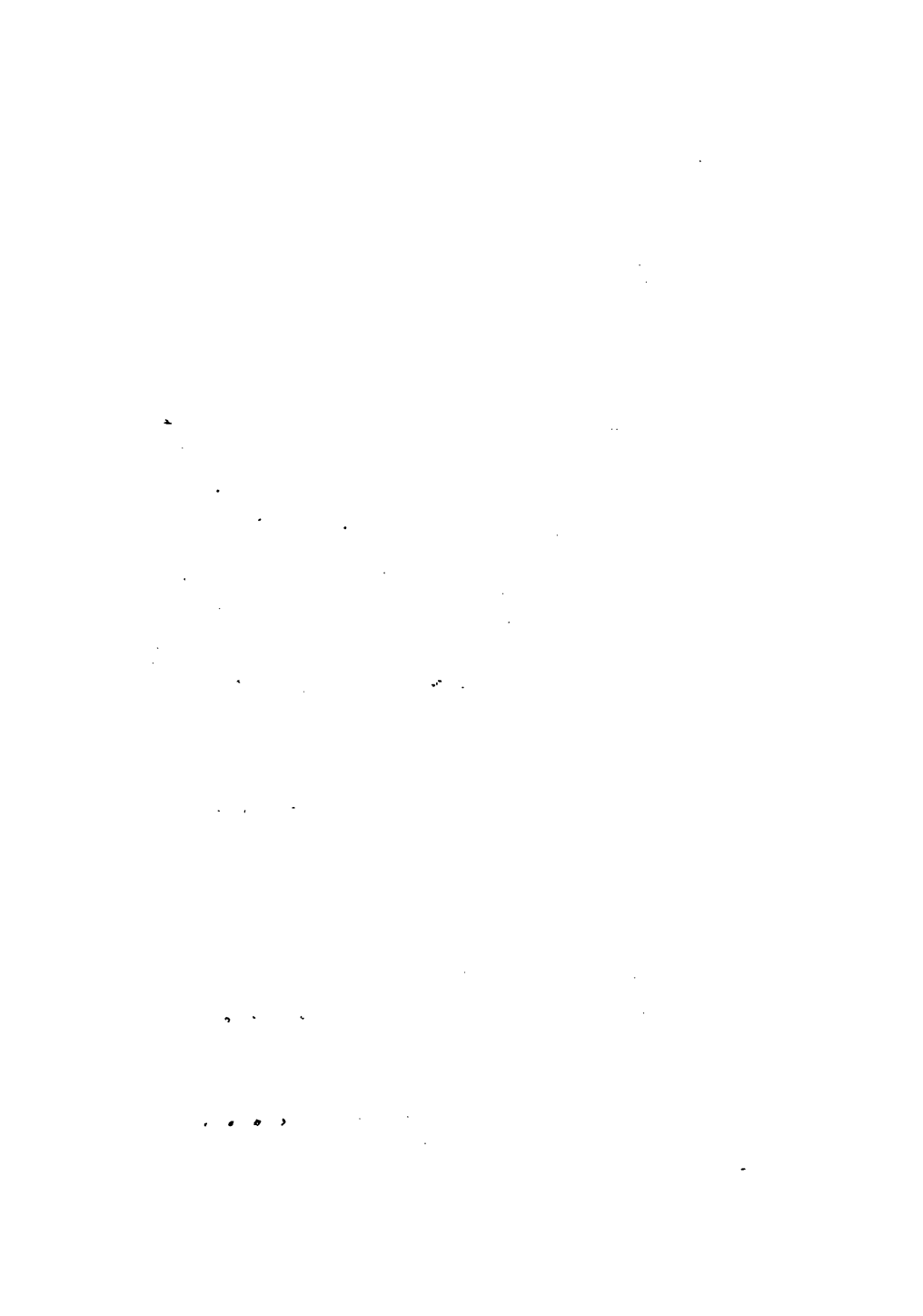
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# MY NOVEL.

## BOOK I.

### INITIAL CHAPTER.

SHOWING HOW MY NOVEL CAME TO BE WRITTEN.

SCENE, *The Hall in Uncle Roland's Tower*—TIME, *Night*—SEASON, *Winter*.

Mr. Caxton is seated before a great geographical globe, which he is turning round leisurely, and "for his own recreation," as, according to Sir Thomas Browne, a philosopher should turn round the orb, of which that globe professes to be the representation and effigies. My mother having just adorned a very small frock with a very smart braid, is holding it out at arm's-length, the more to admire the effect. Blanche, though leaning both hands on my mother's shoulder, is not regarding the frock, but glances towards PISISTRATUS, who, seated near the fire, leaning back in the chair, and his head bent over his breast, seems in a very bad humour. Uncle Roland, who has become a great novel reader, is deep in the mysteries of some fascinating Third Volume. Mr. Squills has brought *The Times* in his pocket for his own special profit and delectation, and is now bending his brows over "the state of the money market," in great doubt whether railway shares can possibly fall lower. For Mr. Squills, a happy man! has large savings, and

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does not know what to do with his money, or, to use his own phrase, "how to buy in at the cheapest, in order to sell out at the dearest."

MR. CAXTON, (musingly.)—"It must have been a monstrous long journey. It would be somewhere hereabouts, I take it, that they would split off."

MY MOTHER, (mechanically, and in order to show Austin that she paid him the compliment of attending to his remarks.)—"Who split off, my dear?"

"Bless me, Kitty," said my father, in great admiration, "you ask just the question which it is most difficult to answer. An ingenious speculator on races contends that the Danes, whose descendants make the chief part of our northern population, (and indeed, if his hypothesis could be correct, we must suppose all the ancient worshippers of Odin,) are of the same origin as the Etrurians. And why, Kitty—I just ask you, why!"

My mother shook her head thoughtfully, and turned the frock to the other side of the light.

"Because, forsooth," cried my father, exploding—"because the Etrurians called their gods 'the Esar'; and the Scandinavians called theirs the

Æsir, or Aser! And where do you think this adventurous scholar puts their cradle?"

"Cradle!" said my mother, dreamily—"it must be in the nursery."

MR. CAXTON.—"Exactly—in the nursery of the human race—just here," and my father pointed to the globe; "bounded, you see, by the river Halys, and in that region which, taking its name from Ees, or As, (a word designating light or fire,) has been immemorially called *Asia*. Now, Kitty, from Ees or As our ethnological speculator would derive not only Asia, the land, but Æsar, or Aser, its primitive inhabitants. Hence he supposes the origin of the Etrurians and the Scandinavians. But if we give him so much, we must give him more, and deduce from the same origin the Es of the Celt and the Ized of the Persian, and,—what will be of more use to him, I dare say, poor man, than all the rest put together—the Æs of the Romans, that is, the God of Copper-Money—a very powerful household god he is to this day!"

My mother looked musingly at her frock, as if she were taking my father's proposition into serious consideration.

"So perhaps," resumed my father, "and not unconformably with sacred records, from one great parent horde came all those various tribes, carrying with them the name of their beloved Asia; and whether they wandered north, south, or west, exalting their own emphatic designation of 'Children of the Land of Light' into the title of gods. And to think," (added Mr. Caxton pathetically, gazing upon that speck in the globe on which his forefinger rested,)—"to think how little they changed for the better when they got to the Don, or entangled their rafts amidst the ice-

bergs of the Baltic—so comfortable off as they were here, if they could but have stayed quiet."

"And why the dence could no they?" asked Mr. Squills.

"Pressure of population, and no enough to live upon, I suppose," said my father.

PISISTRATUS, (sulkily).—"More probably they did away with the Corn Laws, sir."

"*Papa!*" quoth my father, "that throws a new light on the subject."

PISISTRATUS, (full of his grievances, and not caring three straws about the origin of the Scandinavians).—"I know that if we are to lose £500 every year on a farm which we hold rent-free, and which the best judges allow to be a perfect model for the whole country, we had better make haste and turn Æsir, or Aser, or whatever you call them, and fix a settlement on the property of other nations—otherwise, I suspect, our probable settlement will be on the parish."

MR. SQUILLS, (who it must be remembered, is an enthusiastic Free-trader).—"You have only got to put more capital on the land."

PISISTRATUS.—"Well, Mr. Squills, as you think so well of that investment, put *your* capital on it. I promise that you shall have every shilling of profit."

MR. SQUILLS, (hastily retreating behind *The Times*).—"I don't think the Great Western can fall any lower; though it is hazardous—I can but venture a few hundreds—"

PISISTRATUS.—"On our land Squills? Thank you."

MR. SQUILLS.—"No, no—any thing but that—on the Great Western."

Pisistratus relaxes into gloom Blanche steals up coaxingly, and gets snubbed for her pains.

A pause.

MR. CAXTON.—“There are two golden rules of life; one relates to the mind, and the other to the pockets. The first is—If our thoughts get into a low, nervous, aguish condition, we should make them change the air; the second is comprised in the proverb, ‘It is good to have two strings to one’s bow.’ Therefore, Pisistratus, I tell you what you must do.—Write a Book!”

PISISTRATUS.—“Write a Book!—Against the abolition of the Corn Laws? Faith, sir, the mischief’s done. It takes a much better pen than mine to write down an Act of Parliament.”

MR. CAXTON.—“I only said, ‘Write a book.’ All the rest is the addition of your own headlong imagination.”

PISISTRATUS, (with the recollection of The Great Book rising before him).—“Indeed, sir, I should think that that would just finish us!”

MR. CAXTON, (not seeming to heed the interruption).—“A book that will sell. A book that will prop up the fall of prices! A book that will distract your mind from its dismal apprehensions, and restore your affection to your species, and your hopes in the ultimate triumph of sound principles—the sight of a favourable balance at the end of the yearly accounts. It is astonishing what a difference that little circumstance makes in our views of things in general. I remember when the bank in which Squills had incautiously left £1000 broke, one remarkably healthy year, that he became a great alarmist, and said that the country was on the verge of ruin; whereas you see now, when, thanks to a long succession of sickly seasons, he has a surplus capital to risk in the Great Western, he is firmly persuaded that England was never in so prosperous a condition.”

MR. SQUILLS, (rather sullenly).—“Pooh, pooh.”

MR. CAXTON.—“Write a book, my son—write a book. Need I tell you that ~~Me~~ay or Moneta, according to Hyginus, was the mother of the Muses? Write a book.”

BLANCHE and my MOTHER (in full chorus).—“O yes, Sisty—a book—a book! you must write a book.”

“I am sure,” quoth my Uncle Roland, slamming down the volume he had just concluded, “he could write a devilish deal better book than this; and how I come to read such trash, night after night, is more than I could possibly explain to the satisfaction of any intelligent jury, if I were put into a witness-box, and examined in the mildest manner by my own counsel.”

MR. CAXTON.—“You see that Roland tells us exactly what sort of a book it shall be.”

PISISTRATUS.—“Trash, sir?”

MR. CAXTON.—“No—that is, not necessarily trash—but a book of that class which, whether trash or not, people can’t help reading. Novels have become a necessity of the age. You must write a novel.”

PISISTRATUS, (flattered, but dubious).—“A novel! But every subject on which novels can be written is pre-occupied. There are novels of low life, novels of high life, military novels, naval novels, novels philosophical, novels religious, novels historical, novels descriptive of India, the Colonies, Ancient Rome, and the Egyptian Pyramids. From what bird, wild eagle, or barn-door fowl, can I

‘Pineo one unwearied plume from Fancy’s wing?’

MR. CAXTON, (after a little thought).—“You remember the story which Trevanion (I beg his pardon, Lord Ulswater) told us the other night. That gives you something of the romance of real life for your plot



—puts you chiefly among scenes with which you are familiar, and furnishes you with characters which have been very sparingly dealt with since the time of Fielding. You can give us the Country Squire, as you remember him in your youth; it is a specimen of a race worth preserving—the old idiosyncrasies of which are rapidly dying off, as the railways bring Norfolk and Yorkshire within easy reach of the manners of London. You can give us the old-fashioned Parson, as in all essentials he may yet be found—but before you had to drag him out of the great Tractarian bog; and, for the rest I really think that while, as I am told, many popular writers are doing their best, especially in France, and perhaps a little in England, to set class against class, and pick up every stone in the kennel to shy at a gentleman with a good coat on his back, something useful might be done by a few good-humoured sketches of those innocent criminals a little better off than their neighbours, whom, however we dislike them, I take it for granted we shall have to endure, in one shape or another, as long as civilisation exists; and they seem, on the whole, as good in their present shape as we are likely to get, shake the dice-box of society how we will.”

PISISTRATUS.—“Very well said, sir; but this rural country-gentleman life is not so new as you think. There’s Washington Irving—”

MR. CAXTON.—“Charming; but rather the manners of the last century than this. You may as well cite Addison and Sir Roger de Coverley.”

PISISTRATUS.—“*Tremaine and De Vere.*”

MR. CAXTON.—Nothing can be more graceful, nor more unlike what I mean. The Pales and Terminus I wish you to put up in the fields are familiar images, that you may cut out

of an oak tree—not beautiful marble statues, on porphyry pedestals, twenty feet high.”

PISISTRATUS.—“Miss Austin; Mrs. Gore in her masterpiece of *Mrs. Armytage*; Mrs. Marsh, too; and then (for Scottish manners) Miss Ferriar!”

MR. CAXTON, (growing cross).—“Oh, if you cannot treat on *bucolics* but what you must hear some Virgil or other cry ‘Stop thief,’ you deserve to be tossed by one of your own ‘short-horns.’” (Still more contemptuously) —“I am sure I don’t know why we spend so much money on sending our sons to school to learn Latin, when that Anachronism of yours, Mrs. Caxton, can’t even construe a line and a half of Phædrus. Phædrus, Mrs. Caxton—a book which is in Latin what Goody Two-Shoes is in the vernacular!”

MRS. CAXTON, (alarmed and indignant).—“Fie! Austin! I am sure you can construe Phædrus, dear!”

Pisistratus prudently preserves silence.

MR. CAXTON.—“I’ll try him—

‘Sua cuique quum sit animi cogitatio  
Colorque propius.’

What does that mean?”

PISISTRATUS, (smiling).—“That every man has some colouring matter within him, to give his own tinge to—”

“His own novel,” interrupted my father. “*Contentus peragis!*”

During the latter part of this dialogue, Blanche had sewn together three quires of the best Bath paper and she now placed them on a little table before me, with her own ink stand and steel pen.

My mother put her finger to her lip, and said, “Hush!” my father returned to the cradle of the *Assar*. Captain Roland leant his cheek on his hand, and gazed abstractedly on the fire; Mr. Squills fell into a placid doze and, after three sighs that would have melted a heart of stone, I rushed into—**MY NOVEL.**

CHAPTER II.

"THERE has never been occasion to use them since I've been in the parish," said parson Dale.

"What does that prove?" quoth the Squire, sharply, and looking the Parson full in the face.

"Prove!" repeated Mr. Dale, with a smile of benign, yet too conscious superiority—"What does experience prove?"

"That your forefathers were great blockheads, and that their descendant is not a whit the wiser."

"Squire," replied the Parson, "although that is a melancholy conclusion, yet if you mean it to apply universally, and not to the family of the Dales in particular, it is not one which my candour as a reasoner, and my humility as a mortal, will permit me to challenge."

"I defy you," said Mr. Hazelden triumphantly. "But to stick to the subject, (which it is monstrous hard to do when one talks with a parson,) I only just ask you to look yonder, and tell me on your conscience—I don't even say as a parson, but as a politician—whether you ever saw a more disreputable spectacle?"

While he spoke, the Squire, leaning heavily on the Parson's left shoulder, extended his cane in a line parallel with the right eye of that disputatious plebeian, so that he might guide the man of sight to the object he had so unflatteringly described.

"I confess," said the Parson, "that, regarded by the eye of the senses, it is nothing that in its best day had small pretensions to beauty, and is not elevated into the picturesque even by age and decay. But, my friend, judged by the eye of the inner man, the rural philosopher and paro-

chial legislator—I say it is by neglect and decay that it is rendered a very pleasing feature in what I may call 'the moral topography of a parish.'"

The Squire looked at the Parson as if he could have beaten him; and, indeed, regarding the object in dispute not only with the eye of the outer man, but the eye of law and order, the eye of a country gentleman and a justice of the peace, the spectacle was scandalously disreputable. It was moss-grown; it was worm-eaten; it was broken right in the middle; through its four socketless eyes, neighboured by the nettle, peered the thistle:—the thistle! a forest of thistles!—and, to complete the degradation of the whole, those thistles had attracted the donkey of an itinerant tinker; and the irreverent animal was in the very act of taking his luncheon out of the eyes and jaws of—THE PARISH STOCKS.

The Squire looked as if he could have beaten the Parson; but, as he was not without some slight command of temper, and a substitute was luckily at hand, he gulped down his resentment, and made a rush—at the donkey!

Now the donkey was hampered by a rope to its fore-feet, to the which was attached a billet of wood, called technically "a clog," so that it had no fair chance of escape from the assault its sacrilegious luncheon had justly provoked. But, the ass turning round with unusual nimbleness at the first stroke of the cane, the Squire caught his foot in the rope, and went head over heels among the thistles. The donkey gravely bent down, and thrice smelt or sniffed its prostrate foe; then, having convinced itself that it had nothing farther to apprehend for

the present, and very willing to make the best of the reprieve, according to the poetical admonition, "Gather your rosebuds while you may," it cropped a thistle in full bloom, close to the ear of the Squire;—so close, indeed, that the Parson thought the ear was gone; and with the more probability, inasmuch as the Squire, feeling the warm breath of the creature, bellowed out with all the force of lungs accustomed to give a View-hallo!

"Bless me, is it gone?" said the Parson, thrusting his person between the ass and the Squire.

"Zounds and the devil!" cried the Squire, rubbing himself as he rose to his feet.

"Hush," said the Parson gently. "What a horrible oath!"

"Horrible oath! If you had my nankeens on," said the Squire, still rubbing himself, "and had fallen into a thicket of thistles, with a donkey's teeth within an inch of your ear!—"

"It is not gone—then?" interrupted the Parson.

"No—that is, I think not," said the Squire dubiously: and he clapped his hand to the organ in question. "No! it is not gone!"

"Thank heaven!" said the good clergyman kindly.

"Hum," growled the Squire, who was now once more engaged in rubbing himself. "Thank heaven indeed, when I am as full of thorns as a porcupine! I should just like to know what use thistles are in the world."

"For donkeys to eat, if you will let them, Squire," answered the Parson.

"Ugh, you beast!" cried Mr. Hazelden, all his wrath re-awakened, whether by the reference to the donkey species, or his inability to reply to the Parson, or perhaps by some sudden prick too sharp for humanity—especially humanity in nankeens—to endure without kicking; "Ugh, you beast!" he exclaimed, shaking his cane

at the donkey, which, at the interposition of the Parson, had respectfully recoiled a few paces, and now stood switching its thin tail, and trying vainly to lift one of its fore-legs—if the flies teased it.

"Poor thing!" said the Parson pityingly. "See, it has a raw place on the shoulder, and the flies have found out the sore."

"I am devilish glad to hear it," said the Squire vindictively.

"Fie, fie!"

"It is very well to say 'Fie, fie!' It was not you who fell among the thistles. What's the man about now I wonder?"

The Parson had walked towards chestnut tree that stood on the village green—he broke off a bough—and turned to the donkey—whisked away the flies, and then tenderly placed the broad leaves over the sore, as a protection from the swarms. The donkey turned round its head, and looked him with mild wonder.

"I would bet a shilling," said the Parson softly, "that this is the first act of kindness thou hast met with this many a day. And slight enough it is, Heaven knows."

With that the Parson put his hand into his pocket, and drew out an apple. It was a fine large rose-cheeked apple, one of the last winter's store, from the celebrated tree in the parsonage garden, and he was taking it as present to a little boy in the village who had notably distinguished himself in the Sunday school. "Nay, in common justice, Lenny Fairfield should have the preference," muttered the Parson. The ass pricked up one of its ears, and advanced its head timidly. "But Lenny Fairfield would be as much pleased with twopence and what could twopence do to thee?" The ass's nose now touched the apple. "Take it, in the name of Charity," quoth the Parson; "Justice is accus-

tomed to be served last:" and the ass took the apple. "How had you the heart!" said the Parson, pointing to the Squire's cane.

The ass stopped munching, and looked askant at the Squire.

"Pooh! eat on; he'll not beat thee now."

"No," said the Squire, apologetically. "But, after all, he is not an Ass of the Parish; he is a vagrant, and he ought to be pounded. But the pound is in as bad a state as the stocks, thanks to your new-fashioned doctrines."

"New-fashioned!" cried the Parson, almost indignantly, for he had a great disdain of new fashions. "They are as old as Christianity; nay, as old as Paradise, which you will observe is

derived from a Greek, or rather a Persian word, and means something more than 'garden,' corresponding (pursued the Parson, rather pedantically) with the Latin *vivarium*—viz., grove or park full of innocent dumb creatures. Depend on it, donkeys were allowed to eat thistles there."

"Very possibly," said the Squire, drily. "But Hazeldean, though a very pretty village, is not Paradise. The stocks shall be mended to-morrow—ay, and the pound too—and the next donkey found trespassing shall go into it, as sure as my name's Hazeldean."

"Then," said the Parson, gravely, "I can only hope that the next parish may not follow your example; or that you and I may never be caught straying."

### CHAPTER III.

PARSON DALE and Squire Hazeldean parted company; the latter to inspect his sheep, the former to visit some of his parishioners, including Lenny Fairfield, whom the donkey had defrauded of his apple.

Lenny Fairfield was sure to be in the way, for his mother rented a few acres of grass-land from the Squire, and it was now hay-time. And Leonard, commonly called Lenny, was an only son, and his mother a widow. The cottage stood apart, and somewhat remote, in one of the many nooks of the long, green, village lane. And a thoroughly English cottage it was—three centuries old at least; with walls of rubble let into oak frames, and duly white-washed every summer, a thatched roof, small panes of glass, an old doorway raised from the ground by two steps. There was about this little dwelling all the homely rustic elegance which pea-

sant life admits of; a honeysuckle was trained over the door; a few flower-pots were placed on the window-sills; the small plot of ground in front of the house was kept with great neatness, and even taste; some large rough stones on either side the little path having been formed into a sort of rockwork, with creepers that were now in flower; and the potato-ground was screened from the eye by sweet-peas and lupine. Simple elegance, all this, it is true; but how well it speaks for peasant and landlord, when you see that the peasant is fond of his home, and has some spare time and heart to bestow upon mere embellishment. Such a peasant is sure to be a bad customer to the alehouse, and a safe neighbour to the Squire's preserves. All honour and praise to him, except a small tax upon both, which is due to the landlord!

Such sights were as pleasant to the

Parson as the most beautiful landscapes of Italy can be to the *dilettante*. He paused a moment at the wicket to look around him, and distended his nostrils voluptuously to inhale the smell of the sweet pease, mixed with that of the new-mown hay in the fields behind, which a slight breeze bore to him. He then moved on, carefully scraped his shoes, clean and well-polished as they were—for Mr. Dale was rather a beau in his own clerical way—on the scraper without the door, and lifted the latch.

Your virtuoso looks with artistical delight on the figure of some nymph painted on an Etruscan vase, engaged in pouring out the juice of the grape from her classic urn. And the Parson felt as harmless, if not as elegant a pleasure, in contemplating Widow Fairfield brimming high a glittering can, which she designed for the refreshment of the thirsty hay-makers.

Mrs. Fairfield was a middle-aged, tidy woman, with that alert precision of movement which seems to come from an active orderly mind; and as she now turned her head briskly at the sound of the Parson's footstep, she showed a countenance prepossessing, though not handsome—a countenance from which a pleasant, hearty smile, breaking forth at that moment, effaced some lines that, in repose, spoke “of sorrows, but of sorrows past;” and her cheek, paler than is common to the complexions even of the fair sex, when born and bred amidst a rural population, might have favoured the guess that the earlier part of her life had been spent in the languid air and “within-doors” occupations of a town.

“Never mind me,” said the Parson, as Mrs. Fairfield dropped her quick curtsy, and smoothed her apron; “If you are going into the hayfield, I will go with you; I have

something to say to Lenny—an excellent boy.”

WIDOW.—“Well, sir, and you are kind to say it—but so he is.”

PARSON.—“He reads uncommonly well, he writes tolerably; he is the best lad in the whole school at his Catechism and in the Bible lessons; and I assure you, when I see his face at church, looking up so attentively, I fancy that I shall read my sermon all the better for such a listener!”

WIDOW, (wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron).—“Deed, sir, when my poor Mark died, I never thought I could have lived on as I have done. But that boy is so kind and good, that when I look at him sitting there in dear Mark's chair, and remember how Mark loved him, and all he used to say to me about him, I feel somehow or other as if my goodman smiled on me, and would rather I was not with him yet, till the lad had grown up, and did not want me any more.”

PARSON, (looking away, and after a pause).—“You never hear anything of the old folks at Lansmere?”

“Deed, sir, sin' poor Mark died, they han't noticed me, nor the boy; but,” added the widow, with all a peasant's pride, “it in't that I wants their money; only it's hard to feel strange like to one's own father and mother!”

PARSON.—“You must excuse them. Your Father, Mr. Avenel, was never quite the same man after that sad event which—but you are weeping, my friend, pardon me:—your mother is a little proud; but so are you, though in another way.”

WIDOW.—“I proud! Lord love ye, sir, I have not a bit o' pride in me! and that's the reason they always looked down on me.”

PARSON.—“Your parents must be well off; and I shall apply to them in a year or two on behalf of Lenny, for

they promised me to provide for him when he grew up, as they ought."

WIDOW, (with flashing eyes).—"I am sure, sir, I hope you will do no such thing; for I would not have Lenny beholden to them as has never given him a kind word sin' he was born!"

The Parson smiled gravely, and shook his head at poor Mrs. Fairfield's hasty confutation of her own self-acquittal from the charge of pride; but he saw that it was not the time or moment for effectual peace-making in the most irritable of all rancours, viz., that nourished against one's nearest relations. He therefore dropped the subject, and said,—"Well, time enough to think of Lenny's future prospects; meanwhile we are forgetting the haymakers. Come."

The widow opened the back door, which led across a little apple orchard into the fields.

PARSON.—"You have a pleasant place here; and I see that my friend

Lenny should be in no want of apples. I had brought him one, but I have given it away on the road."

WIDOW.—"Oh, sir, it is not the deed—it is the will; as I felt when the Squire, God bless him! took two pounds off the rent the year he—that is, Mark—died."

PARSON.—"If Lenny continues to be such a help to you, it will not be long before the Squire may put the two pounds on again."

"Yes, sir," said the Widow, simply; "I hope he will."

"Silly woman!" muttered the Parson. "That's not exactly what the schoolmistress would have said. You don't read nor write, Mrs. Fairfield; yet you express yourself with great propriety."

"You know Mark was a schollard, sir, like my poor, poor sister; and though I was a sad stupid girl afore I married, I tried to take after him when we came together."

#### CHAPTER IV.

THEY were now in the hayfield, and a boy of about sixteen, but, like most country lads, to appearance much younger than he was, looked up from his rake, with lively blue eyes beaming forth under a profusion of brown curly hair.

Leonard Fairfield was indeed a very handsome boy—not so stout nor so ruddy as one would choose for the ideal of rustic beauty; nor yet so delicate in limb and keen in expression as are those children of cities, in whom the mind is cultivated at the expense of the body; but still he had the health of the country in his cheeks, and was not without the grace of the

city in his compact figure and easy movements. There was in his physiognomy something interesting from its peculiar character of innocence and simplicity. You could see that he had been brought up by a woman, and much apart from familiar contact with other children; and such intelligence as was yet developed in him, was not ripened by the jokes and cuffs of his coevals, but fostered by decorous lecturings from his elders, and good little boy maxims in good little boy books.

PARSON.—"Come hither, Lenny. You know the benefit of school, I see: it can teach you nothing better

than to be a support to your mother."

LENNY, (looking down sheepishly, and with a heightened glow over his face).—"Please, sir, that may come one of these days."

PARSON.—"That's right, Lenny. Let me see! why you must be nearly a man. How old are you?"

Lenny looks up inquiringly at his mother.

PARSON.—"You ought to know, Lenny: speak for yourself. Hold your tongue, Mrs. Fairfield."

LENNY, (twirling his hat, and in great perplexity).—"Well, and there is Flop, neighbour Dutton's old sheep dog. He be very old now."

PARSON.—"I am not asking Flop's age, but your own."

LENNY.—"Deed, sir, I have heard say as how Flop and I were pups together. That is, I—I—"

For the Parson is laughing, and so is Mrs. Fairfield; and the haymakers, who have stood still to listen, are laughing too. And poor Lenny has quite lost his head, and looks as it he would like to cry.

PARSON, (patting the curly locks, encouragingly).—"Never mind; it is not so badly answered after all. And how old is Flop?"

LENNY.—"Why, he must be fifteen year and more."

PARSON.—"How old, then, are you?"

LENNY, (looking up, with a beam of intelligence).—"Fifteen year and more."

Widow sighs and nods her head.

"That's what we call putting two and two together," said the Parson. "Or, in other words," and here he raised his eyes majestically towards the haymakers—"in other words—thanks to his love for his book—simple as he stands here, Lenny Fairfield has shown himself capable of **INDUCTIVE RATIOCINATION.**"

At those words, delivered on *tunda*, the haymakers ceased laughing. For even in lay matters he held the Parson to be an oracle, words so long must have a great in them.

Lenny drew up his head proudly. "You are very fond of Flop, suppose?"

"Deed he is," said the Widow, "and of all poor dumb creatures."

"Very good. Suppose, my that you had a fine apple, and you met a friend who wanted it: than you, what would you do it?"

"Please you, sir, I would give half of it."

The Parson's face fell.—"No whole, Lenny?"

Lenny considered.—"If he v friend, sir, he would not like to give him all?"

"Upon my word, Master Leonard, you speak so well that I must tell the truth. I brought you apple, as a prize for good conduct school. But I met by the way a donkey, and some one beat him for ing a thistle, so I thought I w make it up by giving him the apple. Ought I only to have given him half?"

Lenny's innocent face became smile; his interest was aroused.

"And did the donkey like the apple?"

"Very much," said the Parson, fumbling in his pocket, but thinking of Leonard Fairfield's years and derstanding; and moreover, observing, in the pride of his heart, there were many spectators to deed, he thought the meditated pence not sufficient, and he generously produced a silver sixpence.

"There, my man, that will pay the half apple which you would kept for yourself." The Parson patted the curly locks, and, after a hearty word or two with the o

haymakers, and a friendly "Good-day" to Mrs. Fairfield, struck into a path that led towards his own glebe.

He had just crossed the stile, when he heard hasty but timorous feet behind him. He turned, and saw his friend Lenny.

LENNY, (half-crying, and holding out the sixpence.)—"Indeed, sir, I would rather not. I would have given all to the Neddy."

PARSON.—"Why, then, my man, you have a still greater right to the sixpence."

LENNY.—"No, sir; 'cause you only gave it to make up for the half apple. And if I had given the whole, as I ought to have done, why I should have had no right to the sixpence. Please, sir, don't be offended; do take it back, will you?"

The Parson hesitated. And the boy thrust the sixpence into his hand, as the ass had poked its nose there before in quest of the apple.

"I see," said Parson Dale, soliloquising, "that if one don't give Justice the first place at the table, all the other Virtues eat up her share."

Indeed, the case was perplexing. Charity, like a forward, impudent baggage as she is, always thrusting herself in the way, and taking other people's apples to make her own little pie, had defrauded Lenny of his due; and now Susceptibility, who looks like a shy, blush-faced, awkward Virtue in her teens—but who, nevertheless, is always engaged in picking the pockets of her sisters, tried to slich from him his lawful recompense. The case was perplexing; for the Parson held Susceptibility in great honour, despite her hypocritical tricks, and did not like to give her a slap on the face, which might frighten her for ever. So Mr. Dale stood

pence to Lenny, and from Lenny to the sixpence.

"*Buon giorno*, Good-day to you," said a voice behind, in an accent slightly but unmistakably foreign, and a strange-looking figure presented itself at the stile.

Imagine a tall and exceedingly meagre man, dressed in a rusty suit of black—the pantaloons tight at the calf and ankle, and there forming a loose gaiter over thick shoes, buckled high at the instep;—an old cloak, lined with red, was thrown over one shoulder, though the day was sultry;—a quaint, red, outlandish umbrella, with a carved brass handle, was thrust under one arm, though the sky was cloudless;—a profusion of raven hair, in waving curls that seemed as fine as silk, escaped from the sides of a straw hat of prodigious brim; a complexion sallow and swarthy, and features which, though not without considerable beauty to the eye of the artist, were not only unlike what we fair, well-fed, neat-faced Englishmen are wont to consider comely, but exceedingly like what we are disposed to regard as awful and Satanic—to wit, a long hooked nose, sunken cheeks, black eyes, whose piercing brilliancy took something wizard-like and mystical from the large spectacles through which they shone; a mouth round which played an ironical smile, and in which a physiognomist would have remarked singular shrewdness, and some closeness, complete the picture. Imagine this figure, grotesque, perrinate, and to the eye of a peasant certainly diabolical, then perch it on the stile in the midst of those green English fields, and in sight of that primitive English village; there let it sit straddling, its long legs dangling down, a short German pipe emitting clouds from one corner of those sardonic lips, its dark eyes glaring through the spectacles full upon the



Parson, yet askant upon Lenny Fairfield. Lenny Fairfield looked exceedingly frightened.

"Upon my word, Dr. Riccabocca," said Mr. Dale, smiling, "you come in good time to solve a very nice question in casuistry;" and herewith the Parson explained the case, and put

the question—"Ought Lenny Fairfield to have the sixpence, or ought he not?"

"*Cospetto!*" said the Doctor, "if the hen would but hold her tongue, nobody would know that she had laid an egg."

## CHAPTER V.

"GRANTED," said the Parson; "but what follows? The saying is good, but I don't see the application."

"A thousand pardons!" replied Dr. Riccabocca, with all the urbanity of an Italian; "but it seems to me that if you had given the sixpence to the *fanciullo*—that is, to this good little boy—without telling him the story about the donkey, you would never have put him and yourself into this awkward dilemma."

"But, my dear sir," whispered the Parson mildly, as he inclined his lips to the Doctor's ear, "I should then have lost the opportunity of inculcating a moral lesson—you understand."

Dr. Riccabocca shrugged his shoulders, restored his pipe to his mouth, and took a long whiff. It was a whiff eloquent, though cynical—a whiff peculiar to your philosophical smoker—a whiff that implied the most absolute, but the most placid incredulity as to the effect of the Parson's moral lesson.

"Still you have not given us your decision," said the Parson, after a pause.

The Doctor withdrew the pipe. "*Cospetto!*" said he—"he who scrubs the head of an ass wastes his soap."

"If you scrubbed mine fifty times

over with those enigmatical proverbs of yours," said the Parson testily, "you would not make it any the wiser."

"My good sir," said the Doctor, bowing low from his perch on the stile, "I never presumed to say that there were more asses than one in the story; but I thought that I could not better explain my meaning, which is simply this—you scrubbed the ass's head, and therefore you must lose the soap. Let the *fanciullo* have the sixpence; and a great sum it is, too, for a little boy, who may spend it all as pocket-money!"

"There, Lenny—you hear?" said the Parson, stretching out the sixpence. But Lenny retreated, and cast on the umpire a look of great aversion and disgust.

"Please, Master Dale," said he obstinately, "I'd rather not."

"It is a matter of feeling you see," said the Parson, turning to the umpire; "and I believe the boy is right."

"If it be a matter of feeling," replied Dr. Riccabocca, "there is no more to be said on it: When Feeling comes in at the door, Reason has nothing to do but to jump out of the window."

"Go, my good boy," said the Parson, pocketing the coin; "but stop!"

give me your hand first. *There—*I understand you;—good bye!"

Lenny's eyes glistened as the Parson shook him by the hand, and, not trusting himself to speak, he walked off sturdily. The Parson wiped his forehead, and sat himself down on the stile beside the Italian. The view before them was lovely, and both enjoyed it (though not equally) enough to be silent for some moments. On the other side the lane, seen between gaps in the old oaks and chestnuts that lunged over the moss-grown pales of Hazeldean Park, rose gentle, verdant slopes, dotted with sheep and herds of deer; a stately avenue stretched far away to the left, and ended at the right-hand, within a few yards of a ha-ha that divided the park from a level sward of table-land gay with shrubs and flower-pots, relieved by the shade of two mighty cedars. And on this platform, only seen in part, stood the Squire's old-fashioned house, red-brick, with stone mullions, gable-ends, and quaint chimney-pots. On this side the road, immediately facing the two gentlemen, cottage after cottage whitely emerged from the curves in the lane, while, beyond, the ground declining, gave an extensive prospect of woods and corn-fields, spires, and farms. Behind, from a belt of lilacs and evergreens, you caught a peep of the parsonage-house, backed by woodlands, and a little noisy rill running in front. The birds were still in the hedgerows,—only, as if from the very heart of the most distant woods, there came now

and then the mellow note of the cuckoo.

"Verily," said Mr. Dale, softly, "my lot has fallen on a goodly heritage."

The Italian twitched his cloak over him, and sighed almost inaudibly. Perhaps he thought of his own Summer Land, and felt that, amidst all that fresh verdure of the North, there was no heritage for the stranger.

However, before the Parson could notice the sigh, or conjecture the cause, Dr. Riccabocca's thin lips took an expression almost malignant.

"*Per Bacco!*" said he; "in every country I observe that the rooks settle where the trees are the finest. I am sure that, when Noah first landed on Ararat, he must have found some gentleman in black already settled in the pleasantest part of the mountain, and waiting for his tenth of the cattle as they came out of the Ark."

The Parson fixed his meek eyes on the philosopher, and there was in them something so deprecating, rather than reproachful, that Dr. Riccabocca turned away his face, and refilled his pipe. Dr. Riccabocca abhorred priests; but though Parson Dale was emphatically a parson, he seemed at that moment so little of what Dr. Riccabocca understood by a priest, that the Italian's heart smote him for his irreverent jest on the cloth. Luckily at this moment there was a diversion to that untoward commencement of conversation, in the appearance of no less a personage than the donkey himself—I mean the donkey who ate the apple.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE Tinker was a stout swarthy fellow, jovial and musical withal, for he was singing a stave as he flourished his staff, and at the end of each refrain

down came the staff on the quarters of the donkey. The Tinker went behind and sung, the donkey went before and was thrwacked.

"Yours is a droll country," quoth Dr. Riccabocca; "in mine, it is not the ass that walks first in the procession that gets the blows."

The Parson jumped from the stile, and looking over the hedge that divided the field from the road—"Gently, gently," said he; "the sound of the stick spoils the singing! O Mr. Sprott, Mr. Sprott! a good man is merciful to his beast."

The donkey seemed to recognise the voice of its friend, for it stopped short, pricked one ear wistfully, and looked up.

The Tinker touched his hat, and looked up too. "Lord bless your reverence! he does not mind it, he likes it. I would not hurt thee; would I, Neddy?"

The donkey shook his head and shivered: perhaps a fly had settled on the sore, which the chestnut leaves no longer protected.

"I am sure you did not mean to hurt him, Sprott," said the Parson, more politely I fear than honestly—for he had seen enough of that cross-grained thing called the human heart, even in the little world of a country parish, to know that it requires management, and coaxing, and flattering, to interfere successfully between a man and his own donkey—"I am sure you did not mean to hurt him; but he has already got a sore on his shoulder as big as my hand, poor thing!"

"Lord, love 'un! yes; that was done a-playing with the manger, the day I gave 'un oats!" said the Tinker.

Dr. Riccabocca adjusted his spectacles, and surveyed the ass. The ass pricked up his other ear, and surveyed Dr. Riccabocca. In that mutual survey of physical qualifications, each being regarded according to the average symmetry of its species, it may be doubted whether the advantage was on the side of the philosopher.

The Parson had a great notion the wisdom of his friend, in all matters not purely ecclesiastical:

"Say a good word for the donkey," whispered he.

"Sir," said the Doctor, addressing Mr. Sprott, with a respectful salutation, "there's a great kettle at house—the Casino—which wants mending: can you recommend me a tinker?"

"Why, that's all in my line," said Sprott, "and there ben't a tinker in the county that I would recommend like myself, tho' I say it."

"You jest, good sir," said the Doctor, smiling pleasantly. "A man who can't mend a hole in his own donkey, can never demean himself patching up my great kettle."

"Lord, sir!" said the Tinker archly, "if I had known that poor Neddy had had two sitch friends in court, I'd have seen he was a gintleman, and treated him as sitch."

"*Corpo di Bacco!*" quoth the Doctor, "though that jest's not mine. I think the Tinker comes very well out of it."

"True; but the donkey!" said the Parson, "I've a great mind to buy it."

"Permit me to tell you an anecdote in point," said Dr. Riccabocca.

"Well?" said the Parson, interrogatively.

"Once in a time," pursued Dr. Riccabocca, "the Emperor Adrian, going to the public baths, saw an old soldier who had served under him, rubbing his back against the marble wall. The Emperor, who was a wise, and therefore, a curious, inquisitive man, sent for the soldier, and asked him why he resorted to that sort of friction. 'Because,' answered the veteran, 'I am too poor to have slaves to rub me down.' The Emperor was touched, and gave him slaves and money. The next day, when Adrian went to

baths, all the old men in the city were to be seen rubbing themselves against the marble as hard as they could. The Emperor sent for them, and asked them the same question which he had put to the soldier: the cunning old rogues, of course, made the same answer. 'Friends,' said Adrian, 'since there are so many of you, you will just rub one another!' Mr. Dale, if you don't want to have all the donkeys in the county with holes in their shoulders, you had better not buy the Tinker's!"

"It is the hardest thing in the world to do the least bit of good,"

groaned the Parson, as he broke a twig off the hedge nervously, snapped it in two, and flung away the fragments: one of them hit the donkey on the nose. If the ass could have spoken Latin, he would have said, "*Et tu, Brute!*" As it was, he hung down his ears, and walked on.

"Gee hup," said the Tinker, and he followed the ass. Then stopping, he looked over his shoulder, and seeing that the Parson's eyes were gazing mournfully on his *protégé*, "Never fear, your reverence," cried the Tinker kindly; "I'll not spite 'un."

## CHAPTER VII.

"Four o'clock," cried the Parson, looking at his watch: "half an hour after dinner-time, and Mrs. Dale particularly begged me to be punctual, because of the fine trout the Squire sent us. Will you venture on what our homely language calls 'pot luck,' Doctor?"

Now Riccabocca was a professed philosopher, and valued himself on his penetration into the motives of human conduct. And when the Parson thus invited him to pot luck, he smiled with a kind of lofty complacency; for Mrs. Dale enjoyed the reputation of having what her friends styled, "her little tempers." And, as well-bred ladies rarely indulge "little tempers" in the presence of a third person not of the family, so Dr. Riccabocca instantly concluded that he was invited to stand between the pot and the luck! Nevertheless—as he was fond of trout, and a much more good-natured man than he ought to have been according to his principles—he accepted the

look from over his spectacles, which brought a blush into the guilty cheeks of the Parson. Certainly Riccabocca had for once guessed right, in his estimate of human motives.

The two walked on, crossed a little bridge that spanned the mill, and entered the parsonage lawn. Two dogs, that seemed to be sate on watch for their master, sprang towards him, barking; and the sound drew the notice of Mrs. Dale, who, with parasol in hand, sallied out from the sash window which opened on the lawn. Now, O reader! I know that, in thy secret heart, thou art chuckling over the want of knowledge in the sacred arcana of the domestic hearth, betrayed by the author; thou art saying to thyself, "A pretty way to conciliate 'little tempers' indeed, to add to the offence of spoiling the fish the crime of bringing an unexpected friend to eat it. Pot luck, quotha, when the pot's boiled over this half hour!"

But, to thy utter shame and confu-

sion, O reader! learn that both the author and Parson Dale knew very well what they were about.

Dr. Riccabocca was the special favourite of Mrs. Dale, and the only person in the whole county who never put her out, by dropping in. In fact, strange though it may seem at first glance, Dr. Riccabocca had that mysterious something about him, which we of his own sex can so little comprehend, but which always propitiates the other. He owed this, in part, to his own profound but hypocritical policy; for he looked upon woman as the natural enemy to man—against whom it was necessary to be always on the guard; whom it was prudent to disarm by every species of fawning servility and abject complaisance. He owed it also, in part, to the compassionate and heavenly nature of the angels whom his thoughts thus villainously traduced—for women like one whom they can pity without despising; and there was something in Signor Riccabocca's poverty, in his loneliness, in his exile, whether voluntary or compelled, that excited pity; while, despite the threadbare coat, the red umbrella, and the wild hair, he had, especially when addressing ladies, that air of gentleman and cavalier, which is or was more innate in an educated Italian, of whatever rank, than perhaps in the highest aristocracy of any other country in Europe. For, though I grant that nothing is more

exquisite than the politeness of a French marquis of the old *régim*, nothing more frankly gracious than the cordial address of a high-bred English gentleman—nothing more kindly prepossessing than the good-nature of some patriarchal German, who will condescend to for his sixteen quarterings in the pleas of doing you a favour—yet the specimens of the suavity of the several nations are rare; where blandness and polish are common tributes with your Italian. They seem to have been immemorially handed down to him, from ancestors emulating the urbanity of Cæsar, and refined the grace of Horace.

"Dr. Riccabocca consents to dine with us," cried the Parson hastily.

"If Madame permit?" said the Italian, bowing over the hand extended to him, which, however, he forbore to take, seeing it was already full of the watch.

"I am only sorry that the trout must be quite spoiled," began Mr. Dale plaintively.

"It is not the trout one thinks of when one dines with Mrs. Dale," said the infamous dissimulator.

"But I see James coming to that dinner is ready?" observed the Parson.

"He said *that* three quarters of an hour ago, Charles dear," retorted Mr. Dale, taking the arm of Dr. Riccabocca.

## CHAPTER VIII.

WHILE the Parson and his wife are entertaining their guest, I propose to regale the reader with a small treatise apropos of that "Charles dear," murmured by Mrs. Dale;—a

treatise expressly written for the benefit of THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE.

It is an old jest that there is no word in the language that conveys little endearment as the word "dear."

But though the saying itself, like most truths, be trite and hackneyed, no little novelty remains to the search of the inquirer into the varieties of inimical import comprehended in that malign monosyllable. For instance, I submit to the experienced that the degree of hostility it betrays is in much proportioned to its collocation in the sentence. When, gliding indirectly through the rest of the period, it takes its stand at the close, as in that "Charles dear" of Mrs. Dale, it has spilt so much of its natural bitterness by the way that it assumes even a smile, "amara lento temperet risu." Sometimes the smile is plaintive, sometimes arch. *Ex. gr.*

(*Plaintive.*)

"I know very well that whatever I do is wrong, Charles dear."

"Nay, I am very glad you amused yourself so much without me, Charles dear."

"Not quite so loud! If you had but my poor head, Charles dear," &c.

(*Arch.*)

"If you could spill the ink anywhere but on the best table-cloth, Charles dear!"

"But though you must always have your own way, you are not quite faultless, own, Charles dear," &c.

When the enemy stops in the middle of the sentence, its venom is naturally less exhausted. *Ex. gr.*

"Really, I must say, Charles dear, that you are the most fidgetty person," &c.

"And if the house bills were so high last week, Charles dear, I should just like to know whose fault it was—that's all."

"But you know, Charles dear, that you care no more for me and the dreen than—" &c.

It is the fatal word spring up, in its native freshness, at the head of  
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the sentence, bow your head to the storm. It then assumes the majesty of "my" before it; it is generally more than simple oburgation—*It* prefaces a sermon. My candour obliges me to confess that this is the mode in which the hateful monosyllable is more usually employed by the marital part of the one flesh; and has something about it of the odious assumption of the Petruchian *paterfamilias*—the head of the family—boding, not perhaps "peace and love, and quiet life," but certainly "awful rule and right supremacy." *Ex. gr.*

"My dear Jane—I wish you would just put by that everlasting crochet, and listen to me for a few moments," &c.

"My dear Jane—I wish you would understand me for once—don't think I am angry—no, but I am hurt! You must consider," &c.

"My dear Jane—I don't know if it is your intention to ruin me; but I only wish you would do as all other women do who care three straws for their husband's property," &c.

"My dear Jane—I wish you to understand that I am the last person in the world to be jealous; but I'll be damned if that puppy, Captain Prettyman," &c.

Now, few so carefully cultivate the connubial garden, as to feel much surprise at the occasional sting of a homely nettle or two; but who ever expected, before entering that garden, to find himself pricked and lacerated by an insidious exotical "dear," which he had been taught to believe only lived in a hothouse, along with myrtles and other tender and sensitive shrubs, which poets appropriate to Venus? Nevertheless Parson Dale, being a patient man, and a pattern to all husbands, would have found no fault with his garden, though there had not been a single specimen of "dear;" whether the dear humilis, or the dear

*superba*; the dear *pallida*, *rubra*, or *nigra*; the dear *suavis*, or the dear *horrida*;—no, not a single “dear” in the whole horticulture of matrimony, which Mrs. Dale had not brought to perfection. But this was far from

being the case—Mrs. Dale, living much in retirement, was unaware of the modern improvements, in variety of colour and sharpness of prickle, which have rewarded the persevering skill of our female florists.

## CHAPTER IX.

IN the cool of the evening Dr. Riccabocca walked home across the fields. Mr. and Mrs. Dale had accompanied him half-way; and as they now turned back to the parsonage, they looked behind to catch a glimpse of the tall, outlandish figure, winding slowly through the path amidst the waves of the green corn.

“Poor man!” said Mrs. Dale feelingly; “and the button was off his wristband! What a pity he has nobody to take care of him! He seems very domestic. Don’t you think, Charles, it would be a great blessing if we could get him a good wife?”

“Um,” said the Parson; “I doubt if he values the married state as he ought.”

“What do you mean, Charles? I never saw a man more polite to ladies in my life.”

“Yes, but—”

“But what? You are always so mysterious, Charles dear.”

“Mysterious! No, Carry; but if you could hear what the Doctor says of the ladies sometimes.”

“Ay, when you men get together, my dear. I know what that means—pretty things you say of us. But you are all alike; you know you are, love!”

“I am sure,” said the Parson simply, “that I have good cause to speak well of the sex—when I think of you, and my poor mother.”

Mrs. Dale, who, with all her “temper,” was an excellent woman, and loved her husband with the whole of her quick little heart, was touched. She pressed his hand, and did not call him *dear* all the way home.

Meanwhile the Italian passed the fields, and came upon the high-road about two miles from Hazeldean. On one side stood an old-fashioned solitary inn, such as English inns used to be before they became railway hotels—square, solid, old-fashioned, looking so hospitable and comfortable, with their great signs swinging from some elm-tree in front, and the long row of stables standing a little back, with a chaise or two in the yard, and the jolly landlord talking of the crops to some stout farmer, whose rough pony halts of itself at the well-known door. Opposite this inn, on the other side of the road, stood the habitation of Dr. Riccabocca.

A few years before the date of these annals, the stage-coach on its way to London from a seaport town, stopped at the inn, as was its wont, for a good hour, that its passengers might dine like Christian Englishmen—not gulp down a basin of scalding soup, like everlasting heathen Yankees, with that cursed railway whistle shrieking like a fiend in their ears! It was the best dining-place on the whole road, for the trout in the neighbouring river were famous, and so was the mutton which came from Hazeldean Park.

From the outside of the coach had descended two passengers, who, alone insensible to the attractions of mutton and trout, refused to dine—two melancholy-looking foreigners, of whom one was Signor Riccabocca, much the same as we see him now, only that the black suit was less threadbare, the tall form less meagre, and he did not then wear spectacles; and the other was his servant. "They would walk about while the coach stopped." Now the Italian's eye had been caught by a mouldering, dismantled house on the other side the road, which nevertheless was well situated; half-way up a green hill, with its aspect due south, a little cascade falling down artificial rockwork, a terrace with a balustrade, and a few broken urns and statues before its Ionic portico; while on the roadside stood a board, with characters already half effaced, implying that the house was "To be let unfurnished, with or without land."

The abode that looked so cheerless, and which had so evidently hung long on hand, was the property of Squire Hazeldean. It had been built by his grandfather on the female side—a country gentleman who had actually been in Italy, (a journey rare enough to boast of in those days,) and who, on his return home, had attempted a miniature imitation of an Italian villa. He left an only daughter and sole heiress, who married Squire Hazeldean's father; and since that time, the house, abandoned by its proprietors for the larger residence of the Hazeldeans, had been uninhabited and neglected. Several tenants, indeed, had offered themselves; but your true country squire is slow in admitting upon his own property a rival neighbour. Somewanted shooting. "That," said the Hazeldeans, who were great sportsmen and strict preservers, "was quite out of the question." Others were fine folks from London. "Lon-

don servants," said the Hazeldeans, who were moral and prudent people, "would corrupt their own, and bring London prices." Others, again, were retired manufacturers, at whom the Hazeldeans turned up their agricultural noses. In short, some were too grand, and others too vulgar. Some were refused because they were known so well: "Friends are best at a distance," said the Hazeldeans. Others because they were not known at all: "No good comes of strangers," said the Hazeldeans. And finally, as the house fell more and more into decay, no one would take it unless it was put into thorough repair: "As if one was made of money!" said the Hazeldeans. In short, there, stood the house unoccupied and ruinous; and there, on its terrace, stood the two forlorn Italians, surveying it with a smile at each other, as for the first time since they set foot in England, they recognised, in dilapidated pilasters and broken statues, in a weed-grown terrace and the remains of an orangery, something that reminded them of the land they had left behind.

On returning to the inn, Dr. Riccabocca took the occasion to learn from the innkeeper (who was indeed a tenant of the Squire's) such particulars as he could collect; and a few days afterwards Mr. Hazeldean received a letter from a solicitor of repute in London, stating that a very respectable foreign gentleman had commissioned him to treat for Clump Lodge, otherwise called the "Casino:" that the said gentleman did not shoot—lived in great seclusion—and, having no family, did not care about the repairs of the place, provided only it were made weather-proof—if the omission of more expensive reparations could render the rent suitable to his finances, which were very limited. The offer came at a fortunate moment—when the steward had



just been representing to the Squire the necessity of doing something to keep the Casino from falling into positive ruin, and the Squire was cursing the fates which had put the Casino into an entail—so that he could not pull it down for the building materials. Mr. Hazeldean therefore caught at the proposal even as a fair lady, who has refused the best offers in the kingdom, catches, at last, at some battered old captain on half-pay, and replied that, as for rent, if the solicitor's client was a quiet, respectable man, he did not care for that, but that the gentleman might have it for the first year rent-free, on condition of paying the taxes and putting the place a little in order. If they suited each other, they could then come to terms. Ten days subsequently to this gracious reply, Signor Riccabocca and his servant arrived; and, before the year's end, the Squire was so contented with his tenant that he gave him a running lease of seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, at a rent merely nominal, on condition that Signor Riccabocca would put and maintain the place in repair, barring the roof and fences, which the Squire generously renewed at his own expense. It was astonishing, by little and little, what a pretty place the Italian had made of it, and, what is more astonishing, how little it had cost him. He had, indeed, painted the walls of the hall, staircase, and the rooms appropriated to himself, with his own hands. His servant had done the greater part of the upholstery. The two between them had got the garden into order. The Italians seemed to have taken a joint love to the place, and to deck it as they would have done some favourite chapel to their Madonna.

It was long before the natives reconciled themselves to the odd ways of the foreign settlers—the first thing that offended them was the exceeding

smallness of the household bills. Ten days out of the seven, indeed, the man and master dined on nothing but the vegetables in the garden, the fishes in the neighbouring stream when no trout could be caught, and fried the minnows (and certain even in the best streams, minnows are more frequently caught than trouts). The next thing which grieved the natives quite as much, especially the female part of the neighbourhood, was the very spare employment the two he created gave to the sex usually deemed so indispensable in household matters. At first, indeed, they had no woman servant at all. But this created such horror that Parson Dale ventured hint upon the matter, which Riccabocca took in very good part, and the old woman was forthwith engaged after some bargaining—at three shillings a-week—to wash and scrub as much as she liked during the day-time. She always returned to her own cottage to sleep. The man-servant, who was styled in the neighbourhood "Jackeymo," did all for his master—smoothed his red dusted his papers, prepared his cooking his dinner, brushed his clothes and cleaned his pipes, of which Riccabocca had a large collection. However close a man's character generally creeps out in dribbles; on many little occasions the Italian had shown acts of kindness, and some more rare occasions, even generosity, which had served to silence his calumniators, and by degrees had established a very fair reputation—suspected, it is true, of being little inclined to the Black Art, of a strange inclination to stare Jackeymo and himself,—in other respects harmless enough.

Signor Riccabocca had become very intimate, as we have seen, at the house. But not so at the hall.

though the Squire was inclined to be very friendly to all his neighbours, he was, like most country gentlemen, rather easily *huffed*. Riccabocca had, if with great politeness, still with great obstinacy, refused Mr. Hazeldean's earlier invitations to dinner; and when the Squire found that the Italian rarely declined to dine at the Parsonage, he was offended in one of his weak points—viz., his pride in the hospitality of Hazeldean Hall—and he ceased altogether invitations so churlishly rejected. Nevertheless, as it was impossible for the Squire, however huffed, to bear malice, he now and then reminded Riccabocca of his existence by presents of game, and would have called on him more often than he did, but that Riccabocca received him with such excessive politeness that the blunt country gentleman felt shy and put out, and used to say that “to call on Rickeybockey was as bad as going to Court.”

But we have left Dr. Riccabocca on the high-road. By this time he has ascended a narrow path that winds by the side of the cascade, he has passed a trellis-work covered with vines, from the which Jakeymo has positively succeeded in making what he calls *wine*—a liquid, indeed, that if the cholera had been popularly known in those days, would have soured the mildest member of the Board of Health; for Squire Hazeldean, though a robust man who daily carried off his bottle of port with impunity, having once rashly tasted it, did not recover the effect till he had had a bill from the apothecary as long as his own arm. Passing thistrellis, Dr. Riccabocca entered upon the terrace, with its stone pavement smoothed and trimmed as hands could make it. Here, on neat stands, all his favourite flowers were arranged. Here four yew trees were in full blossom; a kind of summerhouse or Bel-

videre, built by Jakeymo and himself, made his chosen morning room from May till October; and from this Belvidere there was as beautiful an expanse of prospect as if our English Nature had hospitably spread on her green board all that she had to offer as a banquet to the exile.

A man without his coat, which was thrown over the balustrade, was employed in watering the flowers; a man with movements so mechanical—with a face so rigidly grave in its tawny hues—that he seemed like an automaton made out of mahogany.

“Giacomo,” said Dr. Riccabocca, softly.

The automaton stopped its hand, and turned its head.

“Put by the watering-pot, and come hither,” continued Riccabocca, in Italian; and, moving towards the balustrade, he leaned over it. Mr. Mitford, the historian, calls Jean Jacques “*John James*.” Following that illustrious example, Giacomo shall be Anglified into Jackeymo. Jackeymo came to the balustrade also, and stood a little behind his master.

“Friend,” said Riccabocca, “enterprises have not always succeeded with us. Don't you think, after all, it is tempting our evil star to rent those fields from the landlord?” Jackeymo crossed himself, and made some strange movement with a little coral charm which he wore set in a ring on his finger.

“If the Madonna send us luck, and we could hire a lad cheap?” said Jackeymo, doubtfully.

“*Più vale un presente che dug futuri*,” said Riccabocca—(“A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.”)

“*Chi non fa quando può, non può, fare quando vuole*”—(“He who will not when he may, when he wills it shall have nay,”)—answered Jackeymo, as sententiously as his master. “And the Padrone should think in

time that he must lay by for the dower of the poor signorina," (young lady).

Riccabocca sighed, and made no reply.

"She must be *that* high now!" said Jackeymo, putting his hand on some imaginary line a little above the balustrade. Riccabocca's eyes, raised over the spectacles, followed the hand.

"If the Padrone could but see her here——"

"I thought I did!" muttered the Italian.

"He would never let her go from his side till she went to a husband's," continued Jackeymo.

"But this climate—she could never stand it," said Riccabocca, drawing his cloak round him, as a north wind took him in the rear.

"The orange trees blossom even here with care," said Jackeymo, turning back to draw down an awning where the orange trees faced the north. "See!" he added, as he returned with a sprig in full bud.

Dr. Riccabocca bent over the blossom, and then placed it in his bosom.

"The *other* one should be there too," said Jackeymo.

"To die—as this does already!" answered Riccabocca. "Say no more."

Jackeymo shrugged his shoulders; and then, glancing at his master, drew his hand over his eyes.

There was a pause. Jackeymo was the first to break it.

"But, whether here or there, beauty without money is the orange tree without shelter.—If a lad could be got cheap, I would hire the land, and trust for the crop to the *Madonna*."

"I think I know of such a lad," said Riccabocca, recovering himself, and with his sardonic smile once more lurking about the corners of his mouth—"a lad made for us."

"*Diavolo!*"

"No, not the *Diavolo!* Friend, I have this day seen a boy who—refused sixpence!"

"*Cosa stupenda!*"—(Stupendous thing!) exclaimed Jackeymo, opening his eyes, and letting fall the watering-pot.

"It is true, my friend."

"Take him, Padrone, in Heaven's name, and the fields will grow gold."

"I will think of it, for it must require management to catch such a boy," said Riccabocca. "Meanwhile, light a candle in the parlour, and bring from my bedroom—that great folio of Machiavelli."

## CHAPTER X.

In my next chapter I shall present Squire Hazeldean in patriarchal state—not exactly under the fig-tree he has planted, but before the stocks he has reconstructed—Squire Hazeldean and his family on the village green! The canvas is all ready for the colours.

*But in this chapter I must so far afford a glimpse into antecedents as*

to let the reader know that there is one member of the family whom he is not likely to meet at present, if ever, on the village green at Hazeldean.

Our Squire lost his father two years after his birth; his mother was very handsome—and so was her jointure; she married again at the expiration of

her year of mourning—the object of her second choice was Colonel Egerton.

In every generation of Englishmen (at least since the lively reign of Charles II.) there are a few whom some elegant Genius skims off from the milk of human nature, and reserves for the cream of society. Colonel Egerton was one of these *terque, quaterque beati*, and dwelt apart on a top shelf in that delicate porcelain dish—not bestowed upon vulgar buttermilk—which persons of fashion call The Great World. Mighty was the marvel of Pall Mall, and profound was the pity of Park Lane, when this super-eminent personage condescended to lower himself into a husband. But Colonel Egerton was not a mere gaudy butterfly; he had the provident instincts ascribed to the bee. Youth had passed from him, and carried off much solid property in its flight; he saw that a time was fast coming when a home, with a partner who could help to maintain it, would be conducive to his comforts, and an occasional hum-drum evening by the fireside beneficial to his health. In the midst of one season at Brighton, to which gay place he had accompanied the Prince of Wales, he saw a widow who, though in the weeds of mourning, did not appear inconsolable. Her person pleased his taste—the accounts of her jointure satisfied his understanding—he contrived an introduction, and brought a brief wooing to a happy close. The late Mr. Hazeldean had so far anticipated the chance of the young widow's second espousals, that, in case of that event, he transferred, by his testamentary dispositions, the guardianship of his infant heir from the mother to two squires whom he had named his executors. This circumstance combined with her new ties somewhat to alienate Mrs. Hazeldean from the pledge of her former loves; and when she had borne

a son to Colonel Egerton, it was upon that child that her maternal affections gradually concentrated.

William Hazeldean was sent by his guardians to a large provincial academy, at which his forefathers had received their education time out of mind. At first he spent his holidays with Mrs. Egerton; but as she now resided either in London, or followed her lord to Brighton, to partake of the gaieties at the Pavilion—so, as he grew older, William, who had a hearty affection for country life, and of whose bluff manners and rural breeding Mrs. Egerton (having grown exceedingly refined) was openly ashamed, asked and obtained permission to spend his vacations either with his guardians or at the old Hall. He went late to a small college at Cambridge, endowed in the fifteenth century by some ancestral Hazeldean; and left it, on coming of age, without taking a degree. A few years afterwards he married a young lady, country born and bred like himself.

Meanwhile his half-brother, Audley Egerton, may be said to have begun his initiation into the *beau monde* before he had well cast aside his coral and bells; he had been fondled in the lap of duchesses, and had galloped across the room astride on the canes of ambassadors and princes. For Colonel Egerton was not only very highly connected—not only one of the *Dii majores* of fashion—but he had the still rarer good fortune to be an exceedingly popular man with all who knew him; so popular, that even the fine ladies whom he had adored and abandoned forgave him for marrying out of “the set,” and continued to be as friendly as if he had not married at all. People who were commonly called heartless were never weary of doing kind things to the Egertons. When the time came for Audley to leave the preparatory school

at which his infancy budded forth amongst the stateliest of the little lilies of the field, and go to Eton, half the fifth and sixth forms had been canvassed to be exceedingly civil to young Egerton. The boy soon showed that he inherited his father's talent for acquiring popularity, and that to this talent he added those which put popularity to use. Without achieving any scholastic distinction, he yet contrived to establish at Eton the most desirable reputation which a boy can obtain—namely, that among his own contemporaries, the reputation of a boy who was sure to do something when he grew to be a man. As a gentleman commoner at Christ Church, Oxford, he continued to sustain this high expectation, though he won no prizes, and took but an ordinary degree; and at Oxford the future "something" became more defined—it was "something in public life" that this young man was to do.

While he was yet at the university, both his parents died—within a few months of each other. And when Audley Egerton came of age, he succeeded to a paternal property which was supposed to be large, and indeed had once been so; but Colonel Egerton had been too lavish a man to enrich his heir, and about £1500 a-year was all that sales and mortgages left of an estate that had formerly approached a rental of ten thousand pounds.

Still, Audley was considered to be opulent, and he did not dispel that favourable notion by any imprudent exhibition of parsimony. On entering the world of London, the Clubs flew open to receive him, and he woke one morning to find himself, not indeed famous—but the fashion. To this fashion he at once gave a certain gravity and value—he associated as much as possible with public men and political ladies—he suc-

ceeded in confirming the notion he was "born to ruin or to rule State."

The dearest and most intimate friend of Audley Egerton was Lord L'Estrange, from whom he had been inseparable at Eton; and who no Audley Egerton was the fashion, absolutely the rage in London.

Harley, Lord L'Estrange, was only son of the Earl of Lansmer, nobleman of considerable wealth, allied, by intermarriages, to the loftiest and most powerful families in England. Lord Lansmere, nevertheless, was but little known in the circle of London. He lived chiefly on his estates, occupying himself with various duties of a great proprietor, and when he came to the metropolis it was rather to save than to spend, so that he could afford to give his son a very ample allowance, when Harley, at the age of sixteen (having already attained to the sixth form at Eton), left school for one of the regiments of the Guards.

Few knew what to make of Harley L'Estrange—and that was, perhaps, the reason why he was so much thought of. He had been by far the most brilliant boy of his time at Eton—not only the boast of the cricket ground, but the marvel of the schoolroom; yet so full of whims and oddities, and seeming to achieve his triumphs with so little aid of steadfast application, that he had left behind him the same expectations of solid eminence which his friend and senior, Audley Egerton, had excited. His eccentricities—his quaint sayings, and out-of-the-ordinary actions, became as notable in the great world as they had been in the small one of a public school. That he was very clever there was no doubt, and that the cleverness was of a high order might be surmised, only from the originality but the

dependence of his character. He dazzled the world, without seeming to care for its praise or its censure—dazzled it, as it were, because he could not help shining. He had some strange notions, whether political or social, which rather frightened his father. According to Southey, "A man should be no more ashamed of having been a republican than of having been young." Youth and extravagant opinions naturally go together. I don't know whether Harley L'Estrange was a republican at the age of eighteen; but there was no young man in London who seemed to care less for being heir to an illustrious name and some forty or fifty thousand pounds a-year. It was a vulgar fashion in that day to play the exclusive, and cut persons who wore bad neckcloths, and called themselves Smith or Johnson. Lord L'Estrange never cut any one, and it was quite enough to slight some worthy man because of his neckcloth or his birth, to insure to the offender the pointed civilities of this eccentric successor to the Belforts and the Wildairs.

It was the wish of his father that Harley, as soon as he came of age, should represent the borough of Lansmere (which said borough was the single plague of the Earl's life). But this wish was never realised. Suddenly, when the young idol of London still wanted some two or three years of his majority, a new whim appeared to seize him. He withdrew entirely from society—he left unanswered the most pressing three-cornered notes of inquiry and invitation that ever strewed the table of a young Guardsman; he was rarely seen anywhere in his former haunts—when seen, was either alone or with Egerton; and his gay spirits seemed to have left him. A profound *choly* was written in his countenance, and breathed in the listless

tones of his voice. About this time a vacancy happening to occur for the representation of Lansmere, Harley made it his special request to his father that the family interest might be given to Audley Egerton—a request which was backed by all the influence of his lady mother, who shared in the esteem which her son felt for his friend. The Earl yielded; and Egerton, accompanied by Harley, went down to Lansmere Park, which adjoined the borough, in order to be introduced to the electors. This visit made a notable epoch in the history of many personages who figure in my narrative; but at present I content myself with saying, that circumstances arose which, just as the canvass for the new election commenced, caused both L'Estrange and Audley to absent themselves from the scene of action, and that the last even wrote to Lord Lansmere expressing his intention of declining to contest the borough.

Fortunately for the parliamentary career of Audley Egerton, the election had become to Lord Lansmere not only a matter of public importance, but of personal feeling. He resolved that the battle should be fought out, even in the absence of the candidate, and at his own expense. Hitherto the contest for this distinguished borough had been, to use the language of Lord Lansmere, "conducted in the spirit of gentlemen,"—that is to say, the only opponents to the Lansmere interest had been found in one or the other of two rival families in the same county; and as the Earl was a hospitable, courteous man, much respected and liked by the neighbouring gentry, so the hostile candidate had always interlarded his speeches with profuse compliments to his Lordship's high character, and civil expressions as to his Lordship's candidate. But, thanks

to successive elections, one of these two families had come to an end, and its actual representative was now residing within the Rules of the Bench; the head of the other family was the sitting member and, by an amicable agreement with the Lansmere interest, he remained as neutral as it is in the power of any sitting member to be amidst the passions of an intractable committee. Accordingly, it had been hoped that Egerton would come in without opposition, when, the very day on which he had abruptly left the place, a handbill, signed "Haverill Dashmore, Captain R.N., Baker Street, Portman Square," announced, in very spirited language, the intention of that gentleman "to emancipate the borough from the unconstitutional domination of an oligarchical faction, not with a view to his own political aggrandisement—indeed, at great personal inconvenience—but actuated solely by abhorrence to tyranny, and patriotic passion for the purity of election."

This announcement was followed, within two hours, by the arrival of Captain Dashmore himself, in a carriage and four, covered with yellow favours, and filled, inside and out, with harum-scarum-looking friends, who had come down with him to share the canvass and partake the fun.

Captain Dashmore was a thorough sailor, who had, however, conceived a disgust to the profession from the date in which a minister's nephew had been appointed to the command of a ship to which the Captain considered himself unquestionably entitled. It is just to the minister to add, that Captain Dashmore had shown as little regard for orders from a distance, as had immortalised Nelson himself; but then the disobedience *had not achieved the same redeeming success as that of Nelson*, and Captain

Dashmore ought to have thought himself fortunate in escaping a severer treatment than the loss of promotion. But no man knows when he is well off; and retiring on half-pay, just as he came into unexpected possession of some forty or fifty thousand pounds, bequeathed by a distant relation, Captain Dashmore was seized with a vindictive desire to enter parliament, and inflict oratorical chastisement on the Administration.

A very few hours sufficed to show the sea-captain to be a most capital electioneerer for a popular but not enlightened constituency. It is true that he talked the saddest nonsense ever heard from an open window; but then his jokes were so broad, his manner so hearty, his voice so big, that in those dark days, before the schoolmaster was abroad, he would have beaten your philosophical Radical and moralising Democrat hollow. Moreover, he kissed all the women, old and young, with the zest of a sailor who has known what it is to be three years at sea without sight of a beardless lip; he threw open all the public-houses, asked a numerous committee every day to dinner, and, chucking his purse up in the air, declared "he would stick to his guns while there was a shot in the locker." Till then, there had been but little political difference between the candidate supported by Lord Lansmere's interest and the opposing parties—for country gentlemen, in those days, were pretty much of the same way of thinking, and the question had been really local—viz., whether the Lansmere interest should or should not prevail over that of the two squirearchical families who had alone, hitherto, ventured to oppose it. But though Captain Dashmore was really a very loyal man, and much too old a sailor to think that the State (which, according to estab-

ished metaphor, is a vessel *par excellence*) should admit Jack upon quarterdeck, yet, what with talking against lords and aristocracy, jobs and abuses, and searching through no very refined vocabulary for the strongest epithets to apply to those irritating nouns-substantive, his bile had got the better of his understanding, and he became fuddled, as it were, by his own eloquence. Thus, though as innocent of Jacobinical designs as he was incapable of setting the Thames on fire, you would have guessed him, by his speeches, to be one of the most determined incendiaries that ever applied a match to the combustible materials of a contested election; while, being by no means accustomed to respect his adversaries, he could not have treated the Earl of Lansmere with less ceremony if his Lordship had been a Frenchman. He usually designated that respectable nobleman, who was still in the prime of life, by the title of "Old Pompos;" and the Mayor, who was never seen abroad but in top-boots, and the solicitor, who was of a large build, received from his irreverent wit the joint *sobriquet* of "Tops and Bottoms!" Hence the election had now become, as I said before, a personal matter with my Lord, and, indeed, with the great heads of the Lansmere interest. The Earl seemed to consider his very coronet at stake in the question. "The Man from Baker Street," with his preternatural audacity, appeared to him a being ominous and awful—not so much to be regarded with resentment as with superstitious terror: he felt as felt the dignified Montezuma, when that villain Cortez, with his handful of Spanish rascallions, bearded him in his own capital, and in the midst of Mexican splendour.—The gods menaced if man could be so insolent! *! wherefore, said my Lord tre-*

mulously,—"The Constitution is gone if the Man from Baker Street comes in for Lansmere!"

But, in the absence of Audley Egerton, the election looked extremely ugly, and Captain Dashmore gained ground hourly, when the Lansmere solicitor happily bethought him of a notable proxy for the missing candidate. The Squire of Hazeldean, with his young wife, had been invited by the Earl in honour of Audley; and in the Squire the solicitor beheld the only mortal who could cope with the sea-captain—a man with a voice as burly and a face as bold—a man who, if permitted for the nonce by Mrs. Hazeldean, would kiss all the women no less heartily than the Captain kissed them; and who was, moreover, a taller, and a handsomer, and a younger man—all three great recommendations in the kissing department of a contested election. Yes, to canvass the borough, and to speak from the window, Squire Hazeldean would be even more popularly presentable than the London-bred and accomplished Audley Egerton himself.

The Squire, applied to and urged on all sides, at first said bluntly, "that he would do anything in reason to serve his brother, but that he did not like, for his own part, appearing, even in proxy, as a Lord's nominee; and moreover, if he was to be sponsor for his brother, why, he must promise and vow, in his name, to be staunch and true to the land they lived by! And how could he tell that Audley, when once he got into the House, would not forget the land, and then he, William Hazeldean, would be made a liar, and look like a turn-coat!"

But these scruples being overruled by the arguments of the gentlemen, and the entreaties of the ladies, who took in the election that intense interest which those gentle creatures



usually do take in all matters of strife and contest, the Squire at length consented to confront the Man from Baker Street, and went accordingly into the thing with that good heart and old English spirit with which he went into everything whereon he had once made up his mind.

The expectations formed of the Squire's capacities for popular electioneering were fully realised. He talked quite as much nonsense as Captain Dashmore on every subject except the landed interest; there he was great, for he knew the subject well—knew it by the instinct that comes with practice, and compared to which all your showy theories are mere cobwebs and moonshine.

The agricultural outvoters—many of whom, not living under Lord Lansmere, but being small yeomen, had hitherto prided themselves on their independence, and gone against my Lord—could not in their hearts go against one who was every inch the farmer's friend. They began to share in the Earl's personal interest against the Man from Baker Street; and big fellows, with legs bigger round than Captain Dashmore's tight little body, and huge whips in their hands, were soon seen entering the shops, "intimidating the electors," as Captain Dashmore indignantly declared.

These new recruits made a great difference in the muster-roll of the Lansmere books; and when the day for polling arrived, the result was a fair question for even betting. At the last hour, after a neck-and-neck contest, Mr. Audley Egerton beat the Captain by two votes. And the names of these voters were John Avenel, resident freeman, and his son-in-law, Mark Fairfield, an outvoter, who, though a Lansmere freeman, had settled in Hazeldean, where he had obtained the situation of head carpenter on the Squire's estate.

These votes were unexpected; for though Mark Fairfield had come Lansmere on purpose to support the Squire's brother, and though the Avenels had been always staunch supporters of the Lansmere Blue interest, yet a severe affliction (as to the nature of which, not desiring to sadden the opening of my story, I am considerably silent) had befallen both these persons, and they had left the town on the very day after Lord L'Estrange and Mr. Egerton had quitted Lansmere Park.

Whatever might have been the gratification of the Squire, as a cavalier and a brother, at Mr. Egerton's triumph, it was much damped when on leaving the dinner given in honour of the victory at the Lansmere Arms and about, with no steady step, enter the carriage which was to convey him to his Lordship's house, a letter was put into his hands by one of the gentlemen who had accompanied the Captain to the scene of action; and the perusal of that letter and a few whispered words from the bearer thereof, sent the Squire back to Mrs. Hazeldean a much soberer man than she had ventured to hope for. The fact was, that on the day of nomination, the Captain having honoured Mr. Hazeldean with many poetical and figurative appellations such as "Prize Ox," "Tony Lumpkin," "Blood-sucking Vampire," and "Brotherly Warming-pan," the Squire had retorted by a joke about "Salt-water jack;" and the Captain, who like all satirists, was extremely susceptible and thin-skinned, could not consent to be called "Salt-water Jack" by a "Prize Ox" and a "Blood-sucking Vampire."

The letter, therefore, now conveyed to Mr. Hazeldean by a gentleman, who, being from the Squire's Country, was deemed the most fit accomplice in the honourable despatch

son of a brother mortal, contained nothing more nor less than an invitation to single combat; and the bearer thereof, with the suave politeness enjoined by etiquette on such well-bred homicidal occasions, suggested the expediency of appointing the place of meeting in the neighbourhood of London, in order to prevent interference from the suspicious authorities of Lancashire.

The natives of some countries—the warlike French in particular—think little of that formal operation which goes by the name of DUELLING. Indeed, they seem rather to like it than otherwise. But there is nothing your thorough-paced Englishman—a Hazeldean of Hazeldean—considers with more repugnance and aversion, than that same cold-blooded ceremonial. It is not within the range of an Englishman's ordinary habits of thinking. He prefers going to law—a much more destructive proceeding of the two. Nevertheless, if an Englishman must fight, why, he will fight. He says "it is very foolish;" he is sure "it is most unchristianlike;" he agrees with all that Philosophy, Preacher, and Press have laid down on the subject; but he makes his will, says his prayers, and goes out—like a heathen.

It never, therefore, occurred to the Squire to show the white feather upon this unpleasant occasion. The next day, feigning excuse to attend the sale of a hunting stud at Tattersall's, he ruefully went up to London, after taking a peculiarly affectionate leave of his wife. Indeed, the Squire felt convinced that he should never return home except in a coffin. "It stands to reason," said he to himself, "that a man who has been actually paid by the King's Government for shooting people ever since he was a little boy in a midshipman's jacket, must be a dead hand at the job. I

should not mind if it was with double-barrelled Mantons and small shot; but, ball and pistol! they aren't human nor sportsmanlike!" However, the Squire, after settling his worldly affairs, and hunting up an old college friend who undertook to be his second, proceeded to a sequestered corner of Wimbledon Common, and planted himself, not sideways, as one ought to do in such encounters, (the which posture the Squire swore was an unmanly way of shirking,) but full front to the mouth of his adversary's pistol, with such sturdy composure that Captain Dashmore, who, though an excellent shot, was at bottom as good-natured a fellow as ever lived, testified his admiration by letting off his gallant opponent with a ball in the fleshy part of the shoulder, after which he declared himself perfectly satisfied. The parties then shook hands, mutual apologies were exchanged, and the Squire, much to his astonishment, to find himself still alive, was conveyed to Limmer's Hotel, where, after a considerable amount of anguish, the ball was extracted and the wound healed. Now it was all over, the Squire felt very much raised in his own conceit; and when he was in a humour more than ordinarily fierce, that perilous event became a favourite allusion with him.

He considered, moreover, that his brother had incurred at his hand the most lasting obligations; and that, having procured Audley's return to Parliament, and defended his interests at risk of his own life, he had an absolute right to dictate to that gentleman how to vote—upon all matters, at least, connected with the landed interest. And when, not very long after Audley took his seat in Parliament, (which he did not do for some months,) he thought proper both to vote and to speak in a manner wholly belying the promises the Squire had

made on his behalf, Mr. Hazeldean wrote him such a trimmer that it could not but produce an unconciliatory reply. Shortly afterwards, the Squire's exasperation reached the culminating point; for, having to pass through Lansmere on a market day, he was hooted by the very farmers whom he had induced to vote for his brother; and, justly imputing the disgrace to Audley, he never heard the name of that traitor to the

land mentioned without a heightened colour and an indignant expletive. Monsieur de Ruqueville—who was the greatest wit of his day—like the Squire, a half-brother, with whom he was not on the best of terms, and of whom he always spoke as his "*frère de loin*!" And Egerton was thus Squire Hazeldean's "*distant-brother*!"—Enough of these explanatory antecedents—let us return to the Stocks.

## CHAPTER XI.

THE Squire's carpenters were taken from the park pales, and set to work at the Parish Stocks. Then came the painter and coloured them a beautiful dark blue, with white border—and a white rim round the holes—with an ornamental flourish in the middle. It was the gayest public edifice in the whole village—though the village possessed no less than three other monuments of the Vitruvian genius of the Hazeldeans—to wit, the almshouse, the school, and the parish pump.

A more elegant, enticing, coquetish pair of stocks never gladdened the eye of a justice of the peace.

And Squire Hazeldean's eye was gladdened. In the pride of his heart he brought all the family down to look at the stocks. The Squire's family (omitting the *frère de loin*) consisted of Mrs. Hazeldean, his wife; next, of Miss Jemima Hazeldean, his first cousin; thirdly, of Mr. Francis Hazeldean, his only son; and fourthly, of Captain Barnabas Higginbotham, a distant relation—who, indeed, strictly speaking, was not of the family, but only a visitor ten months in the year. Mrs. Hazeldean was every

inch the lady—the lady of the parish. In her comely, florid, and somewhat sunburnt countenance, there was an equal expression of majesty and benevolence; she had a blue eye that invited liking, and an aquiline nose that commanded respect. Mrs. Hazeldean had no affectation of fine airs—no wish to be greater and handsomer and cleverer than she was. She knew herself, and her station, and thanked heaven for it. There was about her speech and manner something of the shortness and bluntness which often characterise royalty: and if the lady of a parish is not a queen in her own circle, it is never the fault of a parish. Mrs. Hazeldean dressed her part to perfection. She wore silks that seemed heirlooms—so thick were they, so substantial and imposing. And over these, when she was in her own domain, the whitest of aprons; while at her waist was seen no fiddle-faddle *chatelaine*, with *breloques* and trumpery, but a good honest gold watch to mark the time, and a long pair of scissors to cut off the dead leaves from her flowers—for she was a great horticulturist. When occasion needed, Mrs. Hazeldean could, however, be

more sumptuous and imperial t for a stout riding-habit, of axony, and canter by her husband to see the hounds throw ay, on the days on which Mr. can drove his famous fast-cob to the market town, it rely that you did not see his the left side of the gig. She us little as her lord did for ad weather, and in the midst pelting shower, her pleasant eped over the collar and capes tout dreadnought, expanding tiles and bloom as some frank at opens from its petals, and in the dew. It was easy to t the worthy couple had mar-r love; they were as little as they could help it. And i the First of September, if use was not full of company demanded her cares, Mrs. can "stepped out" over the s by her husband's side, with a tread and as blithe an eye t, in the first bridal year, she chanted the Squire by her ympathy with his sports. ere now stands Harriet Hazel-e hand leaning on the Squire's boulder, the other thrust into on, and trying her best to er husband's enthusiasm for public-spirited patriotism, in ovation of the parish stocks. behind, with two fingers on the thin arm of Captain us, stood Miss Jemima, the laughter of the Squire's uncle, maway imprudent marriage ous lady who belonged to a hich had been at war with zeldeans since the reign of the First, respecting a right to a small wood (or rather of about an acre, through a furze land, which was let to maker at twelve shillings a- The wood belonged to the

Hazeldeans, the furze land to the Sticktorights (an old Saxon family, if ever there was one). Every twelfth year when the faggots and timber were felled, this feud broke out afresh; for the Sticktorights refused to the Hazeldeans the right to cart off the said faggots and timber through the only way by which a cart could possibly pass. It is just to the Hazeldeans to say that they had offered to buy the land at ten times its value. But the Sticktorights, with equal magnanimity, had declared that they would not "alienate the family property for the convenience of the best squire that ever stood upon shoe leather." Therefore, every twelfth year, there was always a great breach of the peace on the part of both Hazeldeans and Sticktorights, magistrates and deputy-lieutenants though they were. The question was fairly fought out by their respective dependents, and followed by various actions for assault and trespass. As the legal question of right was extremely obscure, it never had been properly decided; and, indeed, neither party wished it to be decided, each at heart having some doubt of the propriety of its own claim. A marriage between a younger son of the Hazeldeans, and a younger daughter of the Sticktorights, was viewed with equal indignation by both families; and the consequence had been that the runaway couple, unblessed and unforgiven, had scrambled through life as they could, upon the scanty pay of the husband, who was in a marching regiment, and the interest of £1000, which was the wife's fortune independent of her parents. They died and left an only daughter (upon whom the maternal £1000 had been settled), about the time that the Squire came of age and into possession of his estates. And though he inherited all the ancestral hostility towards the Sticktorights, it

was not in his nature to be unkind to a poor orphan, who was, after all, the child of a Hazeldean. Therefore, he had educated and fostered Jemima with as much tenderness as if she had been his sister; put out her £1000 at nurse, and devoted, from the ready money which had accrued from the rents during his minority, as much as made her fortune (with her own accumulated at compound interest), no less than £4000, the ordinary marriage portion of the daughters of Hazeldean. On her coming of age, he transferred this sum to her absolute disposal, in order that she might feel herself independent, see a little more of the world than she could at Hazeldean, have candidates to choose from if she deigned to marry; or enough to live upon, if she chose to remain single. Miss Jemima had somewhat availed herself of this liberty, by occasional visits to Cheltenham and other watering-places. But her grateful affection to the Squire was such, that she could never bear to be long away from the Hall. And this was the more praise to her heart, inasmuch as she was far from taking kindly to the prospect of being an old maid. And there were so few bachelors in the neighbourhood of Hazeldean, that she could not but have that prospect before her eyes whenever she looked out of the Hall windows. Miss Jemima was indeed one of the most kindly and affectionate of beings feminine; and if she disliked the thought of single blessedness, it really was from those innocent and womanly instincts towards the tender charities of hearth and home, without which a lady, however otherwise estimable, is little better than a Minerva in bronze. But whether or not, despite her fortune and her face, which last, though not strictly handsome, was pleasing, and would have *been positively pretty if she had*

laughed more often, (for when laughed, there appeared three charming dimples, invisible when she grave)—whether or not, I say, it the fault of our insensibility her own fastidiousness, Miss Jem approached her thirtieth year, was still Miss Jemima. Now, therefore, that beautifying laugh of was very rarely heard, and she late become confirmed in two opinions not at all conducive to laughter. was a conviction of the general progressive wickedness of the sex, and the other was a decided lugubrious belief that the world coming to an end. Miss Jemima now accompanied by a small favourite, true Blenheim, with a nose. It was advanced in life, somewhat obese. It sat on haunches, with its tongue out of mouth, except when it snapped at flies. There was a strong plat friendship between Miss Jemima and Captain Barnabas Higginbotham; he too was unmarried, and he the same ill opinion of your sex, dear madam, that Miss Jemima has ours. The Captain was a man of a and elegant figure;—the less about the face the better, a truth which the Captain himself was able, for it was a favourite maxim his—"that in a man, everything slight, gentleman-like figure." Captain Barnabas did not absolutely think that the world was coming to an only he thought it would last time.

Quite apart from all the rest, the nonchalant survey of virgin daisism, Francis Hazeldean looked one of the high starched necks which were then the fashion—a handsome lad, fresh from Eton for summer holidays, but at that august age, when one disdains sports of the boy, and has not yet arrived at the resources of the man

"I should be glad, Frank," said the re, suddenly turning round to his "to see you take a little more interest in duties which, one day or other, may be called upon to discharge. I can't bear to think that the property should fall into the hands of a gentleman, who will let things go to rack and ruin, instead of keeping it up as I do."

And the Squire pointed to the stocks.

Master Frank's eye followed the action of the cane, as well as his cat would permit; and he said, by—

"Yes, sir; but how came the stocks so long out of repair?"

"Because one can't see to everything at once," retorted the Squire, slyly. "When a man has got eight hundred acres to look after, he must be a bit at a time."

"Yes," said Captain Barnabas. "I can't say by experience."

"The deuce you do!" cried the Squire, bluntly. "Experience in eight hundred acres!"

"No; in my apartments in the city—No. 3 A. I have had them repaired, and it was only last Christmas that I bought my Japan cat."

"Dear me," said Miss Jemima; "a Japan cat! that must be very curious. What sort of a creature is it?"

"Don't you know? Bless me, a cat with three legs, and holds its tail! I never thought of it, I assure you, till my friend Cosey said to me, this morning when he was breakfasting at my rooms—'Higginbotham, is it that you, who like to have legs comfortable about you, don't you have a cat?' 'Upon my life,' said I, 'I can't think of everything at a moment's notice, just like you, Squire.'"

"Bah," said Mr. Hazeldean, "not at all like me. And I'll see you another time, Cousin William, not to put me out, but

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when I'm speaking on matters of importance; poking your cat into my stocks! They look something like now, my stocks—don't they, Harry? I declare that the whole village seems more respectable. It is astonishing how much a little improvement adds to the—to the—"

"Charm of the landscape," put in Miss Jemima, sentimentally.

The Squire neither accepted nor rejected the suggested termination; but, leaving his sentence uncompleted, broke suddenly off with—

"And if I had listened to Parson Dale—"

"You would have done a very wise thing," said a voice behind, as the Parson presented himself in the rear.

"Wise thing! Why, surely, Mr. Dale," said Mrs. Hazeldean, with spirit, for she always resented the least contradiction to her lord and master—perhaps as an interference with her own special right and prerogative!—"why, surely if it is necessary to have stocks, it is necessary to repair them."

"That's right—go it, Harry!" cried the Squire, chuckling, and rubbing his hands as if he had been setting his terrier at the Parson: "St—St—at him! Well, Master Dale, what do you say to that?"

"My dear ma'am," said the Parson, replying in preference to the lady, "there are many institutions in the country which are very old, look very decayed, and don't seem of much use; but I would not pull them down for all that."

"You would reform them, then," said Mrs. Hazeldean, doubtfully, and with a look at her husband, as much as to say, "He is on politics now—that's your business."

"No, I would not, ma'am," said the Parson, stoutly.

"What on earth would you do, then?" quoth the Squire.

"Just let 'em alone," said the Parson. "Master Frank, there's a Latin maxim which was often in the mouth of Sir Robert Walpole, and which they ought to put into the Eton grammar—'*Quiescit non movere*.' If things are quiet let them be quiet! I would not destroy the stocks, because that might seem to the ill-disposed like a license to offend; and I would not repair the stocks, because that puts it into people's heads to get into them."

The Squire was a staunch politician of the old school, and he did not like to think that, in repairing the stocks, he had perhaps been conniving at revolutionary principles.

"This constant desire of innovation," said Miss Jemima, suddenly mounting the more funeral of her two favourite hobbies, "is one of the great symptoms of the approaching crash. We are altering, and mending, and reforming, when in twenty years at the utmost the world itself may be destroyed!" The fair speaker paused, and—

Captain Barnabas said thoughtfully—"Twenty years!—the insurance offices rarely compute the best life at more than fourteen." He struck his hand on the stocks as he spoke, and added, with his usual consolatory conclusion—"The odds are, that it will last our time, Squire."

But whether Captain Barnabas meant the stocks or the world, he did not clearly explain, and no one took the trouble to inquire.

"Sir," said Master Frank to his father, with that furtive spirit of quizzing, which he had acquired amongst other polite accomplishments at Eton—"sir, it is no use now considering whether the stocks should or should not have been repaired. The only question is, whom you will get to put into them?"

"True," said the Squire, with much gravity.

"Yes, there it is!" said the Parson mournfully. "If you would but let '*non quiescit movere*!'"

"Don't spout your Latin at a Parson!" cried the Squire, angrily. "I can give you as good as you hit any day."

*'Propria quæ maribus tribuantur mœdicae.*—

As in presenti, perfectum format in ætate. There," added the Squire, turning triumphantly towards his Harry, who looked with great admiration at this unprecedented burst of learning on the part of Mr. Hazelden—"then two can play at that game! And now that we have all seen the stocks, we may as well go home, and drink tea. Will you come up and play rubber, Dale? No!—hang it, now I've not offended you—you know my ways."

"That I do, and they are among the things I would not have altered," cried the Parson—holding out his hand cheerfully. The Squire gave a hearty shake, and Mrs. Hazelden hastened to do the same.

"Do come; I am afraid we've been very rude; we are sad blunt fellows. Do come; that's a dear good man, and of course poor Mrs. Dale too. Mrs. Hazelden's favourite epithet for Mrs. Dale was *poor*, and that is the reason to be explained hereafter."

"I fear my wife has got one of those bad headaches, but I will give you your kind message, and at all events you may depend upon me."

"That's right," said the Squire, "in half-an-hour, eh?—How do you do my little man?" as Lenny Fairfield on his way home from some errand in the village, drew aside and pulled off his hat with both hands. "See—you see those stocks—eh? That's all the bad boys in the parish to care how they get into them—a"

"—you'll never be in such a  
ry!"

at at least I will answer for,"  
e Parson.

d I too," added Mrs. Hazel-  
sitting the boy's curly head.  
your mother I shall come and  
good chat with her to-morrow  
;"

so the party passed on, and  
stood still on the road, staring  
the stocks, which stared back  
from its four great eyes.

Lenny did not remain long

As soon as the great folks had  
disappeared, a large number of  
blks emerged timorously from  
ighbouring cottages, and ap-  
ed the site of the stocks with  
nervel, fear, and curiosity.

bet, the renovated appearance  
monster—*à propos de bottes*,  
may say—had already excited  
rable sensation among the po-  
n of Hazeldean. And even as  
an unexpected owl makes his  
uice in broad daylight, all the  
irds rise from tree and hedge-  
d cluster round their ominous  
so now gathered all the much-  
villagers round the intrusive  
tentuous phenomenon.

'e know what the diggins  
were did it for, Gaffer Solo-  
asked one many-childed ma-  
with a baby in arms, an

of three years old clinging  
her petticoat, and her hand  
ally holding back a more ad-  
ous hero of six, who had a great  
to thrust his head into one of  
sly apertures. All eyes turned  
ge old man, the oracle of the  
who, leaning both hands on  
teh, shook his head bodingly.

ew be," said Gaffer Solomons,  
of the boys ha' been robbing  
bards."

shards!"—cried a big lad who  
to think himself personally

appealed to—"why, the bud's scarce  
off the trees yet!"

"No more it in't!" said the dame  
with many children, and she breathed  
more freely.

"Maw be," said Gaffer Solomons,  
"some o' ye has been sitting snares."

"What for?" said a stout sullen-  
looking young fellow, whom conscience  
possibly pricked to reply—"what for,  
when it bean't the season? And if a  
poor man did find a hear in his  
pocket i' the hay time, I should like  
to know if ever a Squire in the world  
would let un off with the stocks—eh?"

This last question seemed a settler,  
and the wisdom of Gaffer Solomons  
went down fifty per cent. in the public  
opinion of Hazeldean.

"Maw be," said the Gaffer—this  
time with a thrilling effect, which re-  
stored his reputation—"maw be some  
o' ye ha' been getting drunk, and  
making beestises o' yoursels!"

There was a dead pause, for this  
suggestion applied too generally to be  
met with a solitary response. At  
last one of the women said, with a  
meaning glance at her husband,  
"God bless the Squire; he'll make  
some on us happy women if that's all!"

There then arose an almost unani-  
mous murmur of approbation among  
the female part of the audience; and  
the men looked at each other, and  
then at the phenomenon, with a very  
hang-dog expression of countenance.

"Or, maw be," resumed Gaffer  
Solomons, encouraged to a fourth sug-  
gestion by the success of its predecessor—  
"maw be some o' the Misseses ha'  
been making a rumpus, and scolding  
their goodmen. I heard say in my  
granfeythir's time, that arter old  
Mother Bang nigh died o' the duck-  
ing-stool, them 'ere stocks were first  
made for the women, out o' compas-  
sion like! And every one knows the  
Squire is a kind-hearted man, God  
bless un!"



"God bless un!" cried the men heartily; and they gathered lovingly round the phenomenon, like heathens of old round a tutelary temple. But then there rose one shrill clamour among the females, as they retreated with involuntary steps towards the verge of the green, whence they glared at Solomons and the phenomenon with eyes so sparkling, and pointed at both with gestures so menacing, that Heaven only knows if a morsel of either would have remained much longer to offend the eyes of the justly enraged matronage of Hazeldean, if fortunately Master Stirn, the Squire's right-hand man, had not come up in the nick of time.

Master Stirn was a formidable personage—more formidable than the Squire himself—as, indeed, a Squire's right hand is generally more formidable than the head can pretend to be. He inspired the greater awe, because, like the stocks, of which he was deputed guardian, his powers were undefined and obscure, and he had no particular place in the out-of-door establishment. He was not the steward, yet he did much of what ought to be the steward's work; he was not the farm-bailiff, for the Squire called himself his own farm-bailiff; nevertheless, Mr. Hazeldean sowed and ploughed, cropped and stocked, bought and sold, very much as Mr. Stirn condescended to advise. He was not the park-keeper, for he neither shot the deer nor superintended the preserves; but it was he who always found out who had broken a park-pale or snared a rabbit. In short, what may be called all the harsher duties of a large landed proprietor devolved, by custom and choice, upon Mr. Stirn. If a labourer was to be discharged, or a rent enforced, and the Squire knew that he should be talked over and that the steward would be as soft as himself, Mr. Stirn was sure to be the avenging *αγγελος*

or messenger, to pronounce of fate; so that he appeared to the inhabitants of Hazeldean as a *Poet's Sæva Necessitas*, a carnation of remorseless power with whips, nails, and wedges very brute creation stood in awe of Mr. Stirn. The calves' knee was he who singled out who would be sold to the butcher, and up into a corner with beating at his grim footstep; the sow the duck quacked, the hen her feathers and called to him when Mr. Stirn drew near. He had set her stamp upon her deed, it may be questioned the great M. de Chambray surnamed the brave, had an awe inspiring as that of M. albeit the face of that hero terrible, that a man who had lackey, seeing his portrait after been dead twenty years, falling all over like a leaf!

"And what the plague are you doing here?" said Mr. Stirn, waving and smacking a great cut which he held in his hand, "such a hullabaloo, you women! that I suspect the Squire is sending out to know if the village is on fire. Go home, will ye! it is time indeed to have the stock on fire. Go home, will ye! when you get squalling and crying under the very nose of a justice of the peace, just as the French revolutionaries did afore they cut a king's head; my hair stands to look at ye." But already half this address was delivered and the crowd had dispersed in all directions—the women still keeping together and the men sneaking off towards the ale-house. Such was the effect of the fatal stocks on the day of their resuscitation!

However, in the break-up of the crowd there must always be a few who get off the last; and it is so in

that our friend Lenny Fairfield, who had mechanically approached close to the stocks, the better to hear the oracular opinions of Gaffer Solomons, had no less mechanically, on the abrupt appearance of Mr. Stirn, crept, as he hoped, out of sight behind the trunk of the elm-tree which partially shaded the stocks; and there now, as if fascinated, he still cowered, not daring to emerge in full view of Mr. Stirn, and in immediate reach of the cart-whip—when the quick eye of the right-hand man detected his retreat.

"Hallo you, sir—what the deuce, laying a mine to blow up the stocks! just like Guy Fox and the Gunpowder Plot, I declares! What ha' you got in your villainous little fist there?"

"Nothing, sir," said Lenny, opening his palm.

"Nothing—um!" said Mr. Stirn, much dissatisfied; and then, as he gazed more deliberately, recognising the pattern boy of the village, a cloud yet darker gathered over his brow;—for Mr. Stirn, who valued himself much on his learning—and who, indeed, by dint of more knowledge as well as more wit than his neighbours, had attained his present eminent station of life—was extremely anxious that his only son should also be a scholar; that wish

"The gods dispersed in empty air."

Master Stirn was a notable dunce at the Parson's school, while Lenny Fairfield was the pride and boast of it; therefore Mr. Stirn was naturally, and almost justifiably, ill-disposed towards Lenny Fairfield, who had appropriated to himself the praises which Mr. Stirn had designed for his son.

"Um!" said the right-hand man, frowning on Lenny malignantly, "you are the pattern boy of the village, are you? Very well, sir—then I put these here stocks under your nose—and you'll keep off the other

boys from sitting on 'em, and picking off the paint, and playing three-holes and chuck-farthing, as I declare they've been a-doing, just in front of the elevation. Now, you knows your 'sponsibilities, little boy—and a great honour they are too, for the like o' you. If any damage be done, it is to you I shall look; d'ye understand?—and that's what the Squire says to me. So you sees what it is to be a pattern boy, Master Lenny!"

With that Mr. Stirn gave a loud crack of the cart-whip, by way of military honours, over the head of the vicegerent he had thus created, and strode off to pay a visit to two young unsuspecting pups, whose ears and tails he had graciously promised their proprietor to crop that evening. Nor, albeit few charges could be more obnoxious than that of deputy-governor or *chargé-d'affaires extraordinaires* to the Parish Stocks, nor one more likely to render Lenny Fairfield odious to his contemporaries, ought he to have been insensible to the signal advantage of his condition over that of the two sufferers, against whose ears and tails Mr. Stirn had no special motives of resentment. To every bad there is a worse—and fortunately for little boys, and even for grown men, whom the Sturns of the world regard malignly, the majesty of law protects their ears, and the merciful forethought of nature deprived their remote ancestors of the privilege of entailing tails upon them. Had it been otherwise—considering what handles tails would have given to the oppressor, how many traps envy would have laid for them, how often they must have been scratched and mutilated by the briars of life, how many good excuses would have been found for lopping, docking, and trimming them—I fear that only the lap-dogs of Fortune would have gone to the grave tail-whole.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE card-table was set out in the drawing-room at Hazeldean Hall; though the little party were still lingering in the deep recess of the large bay window—which (in itself of dimensions that would have swallowed up a moderate-sized London parlour) held the great round tea-table, with all appliances and means to boot—for the beautiful summer moon shed on the sward so silvery a lustre, and the trees cast so quiet a shadow, and the flowers and new-mown hay sent up so grateful a perfume, that, to close the windows, draw the curtains, and call for other lights than those of heaven would have been an abuse of the prose of life which even Captain Barnabas, who regarded whist as the business of town and the holiday of the country, shrank from suggesting. Without, the scene, beheld by the clear moonlight, had the beauty peculiar to the garden-ground round those old-fashioned country residences which, though a little modernised, still preserve their original character: the velvet lawn, studded with large plots of flowers, shaded and scented—here, to the left by lilacs, laburnums, and rich seringas—there, to the right, giving glimpses, over low-clipped yews, of a green bowling-alley, with the white columns of a summerhouse built after the Dutch taste, in the reign of William III.; and in front—stealing away under covert of those still cedars, into the wilder landscape of the well-wooded undulating park. Within, viewed by the placid glimmer of the moon, the scene was no less characteristic of the abodes of that race which has no parallel in other lands, and which, *alas!* is somewhat losing its native

idiosyncrasies in this—the ~~the~~ country gentleman, not the fine gentleman of the country—the count gentleman somewhat softened as civilised from the mere sportsman farmer, but still plain and homes reliniquishing the old hall for the drawing-room, and with books a three months old on his table, instead of *Fox's Martyrs* and *Baker's Chronicle*—yet still retaining ~~was~~ a sacred old prejudice, that, like the knots in his native oak, rather added to the ornament of the grain than takes from the strength of the tree. Opposite to the window, the big chimney-piece rose to the heavy cornice of the ceiling, with dark panel glistening against the moonlight. The broad and rather clumsy ~~chairs~~ sofas and settees of the reign of George III., contrasted at intervals with the tall-backed chairs of a more distant generation, when ladies in fardingales and gentlemen in truss hose, seem never to have indulged horizontal positions. The walls, shining wainscot, were thickly covered chiefly with family pictures; those now and then some Dutch fair, battle-piece, showed that a former proprietor had been less exclusive his taste for the arts. The pianoforte stood open near the fireplace; a low dwarf bookcase, at the far end, added its sober smile to the room. The bookcase contained what was called “The Lady’s Library,” a collection commenced by the Squire’s grandmother, of pious memory, and completed by his mother, who had no taste for the lighter letters, with a little addition from the bibliomane tendencies of the present Mrs. Hasdean, who, being no great reader

contented herself with subscribing to the Book Club. In this feminine Bodleian, the sermons collected by Mrs. Hazelden, the grandmother, stood cheek-by-jowl beside the novels purchased by Mrs. Hazelden, the mother. "Mirtaque ridenti colocasia fundet scantho!"

But, to be sure, the novels, in spite of very inflammatory titles, such as "Fatal Sensibility," "Errors of the Heart," &c., were so harmless that I doubt if the sermons could have had much to say against their next-door neighbours—and that is all that can be expected by the best of us.

A parrot dozing on his perch—some gold fish fast asleep in their glass bowl—two or three dogs on the rug, and Flimsey, Miss Jemima's spaniel, curled into a ball on the softest sofa—Mrs. Hazelden's work-table rather in disorder, as if it had been lately used—the *St. James's Chronicle* dangling down from a little tripod near the Squire's arm-chair—a high screen of gilt and stamped leather fencing off the card-table: all these, dispersed about a room large enough to hold them all and not seem crowded, offered many a pleasant resting-place for the eye, when it turned from the world of nature to the home of man.

But see, Captain Barnabas, fortified by his fourth cup of tea, has at length summoned courage to whisper to Mrs. Hazelden, "Don't you think the Parson will be impatient for his rubber?" Mrs. Hazelden glanced at the Parson and smiled; but she gave the signal to the Captain, and the bell was rung, lights were brought in, the curtains let down; in a few moments more, the group had collected round the card-table. The rest of us are but human—that is not a new truth, I confess, but yet people forget it every day of their lives—and I dare say there are many who are charitably thinking at this

very moment, that my Parson ought not to be playing at whist. All I can say to those rigid disciplinarians is, "Every man has his favourite sin: whist was Parson Dale's!—ladies and gentlemen, what is yours?" In truth, I must not set up my poor parson now-a-days, as a pattern parson—it is enough to have one pattern in a village no bigger than Hazelden, and we all know that Lenny Fairfield has bespoken that place, and got the patronage of the stocks for his emoluments! Parson Dale was ordained, not indeed so very long ago, but still at a time when churchmen took it a great deal more easily than they do now. The elderly parson of that day played his rubber as a matter of course, the middle-aged parson was sometimes seen riding to cover, (I knew a schoolmaster, a doctor of divinity, and an excellent man, whose pupils were chiefly taken from the highest families in England, who hunted regularly three times a-week during the season,) and the young parson would often sing a capital song—not composed by David—and join in those rotatory dances, which certainly David never danced before the ark.

Does it need so long an exordium to excuse thee, poor Parson Dale, for turning up that ace of spades with so triumphant a smile at thy partner? I must own that nothing which could well add to the Parson's offence was wanting. In the first place, he did not play charitably, and merely to oblige other people. Hedelighted in the game—he rejoiced in the game—his whole heart was in the game—neither was he indifferent to the mammon of the thing, as a Christian pastor ought to have been. He looked very sad when he took his shillings out of his purse, and exceedingly pleased when he put the shillings that had just before belonged to other people into it. Finally, by one of those arrangements

common with married people, who play at the same table, Mr. and Mrs. Hazeldean were invariably partners, and no two people could play worse; while Captain Barnabas, who had played at Graham's with honour and profit, necessarily became partner to Parson Dale, who himself played a good steady parsonic game. So that, in strict truth, it was hardly fair play—it was almost swindling—the combination of these two great dons against that innocent married couple! Mr. Dale, it is true, was aware of this disproportion of force, and had often proposed, either to change partners or to give odds—propositions always scornfully scouted by the Squire and his lady, so that the Parson was obliged to pocket his conscience, together with the ten points which made his average winnings.

The strangest thing in the world is the different way in which whist affects the temper. It is no test of temper, as some pretend—not at all! The best-tempered people in the world grow snappish at whist; and I have seen the most testy and peevish in the ordinary affairs of life bear their losses with the stoicism of Epictetus. This was notably manifested in the contrast between the present adversaries of the Hall and the Rectory. The Squire, who was esteemed as choleric a gentleman as most in the county, was the best-humoured fellow you could imagine when you set him down to whist opposite the sunny face of his wife. You never heard one of those incorrigible blunderers scold each other; on the contrary, they only laughed when they threw away the game, with four by honours in their hands. The utmost that was ever said was a "Well, Harry, that was the oddest trump of yours. Ho—ho—ho!" or a "Bless me, Hazeldean—why, they made three tricks in clubs, and you had the ace in

your hand all the time! Ha—ha—ha!"

Upon which occasions Captain Barnabas, with great good humour, always echoed both the Squire's Ho—ho—ho! and Mrs. Hazeldean's Ha—ha—ha!

Not so the Parson. He had a keen and sportsmanlike an interest in the game, that even his adversarial mistakes ruffled him. And you would hear him, with elevated voice and agitated gestures, laying down the law, quoting Hoyle, appealing to all the powers of memory and common sense against the very delinquencies by which he was enriched—a waste of eloquence that always heightened the hilarity of Mr. and Mrs. Hazeldean. While these four were thus engaged, Mrs. Dale, who had come with her husband despite her headache, sat on the sofa beside Miss Jemima, or rather beside Miss Jemima's Flimsey, which had already secured the centre of the sofa, and snarled at the very idea of being disturbed. And Master Frank—at a table by himself—was employed sometimes in looking at his pumps, and sometimes at Gilray's Caricatures, which his mother had provided for his intellectual requirements. Mrs. Dale, in her heart, liked Miss Jemima better than Mrs. Hazeldean, of whom she was rather in awe, notwithstanding they had been little girls together and occasionally still called each other Harry and Carry. But those tender diminutives belonged to the "Dear" genus, and were rarely employed by the ladies, except at times when—had they been little girls still, and the governess out of the way, they would have slapped and pinched each other. Mrs. Dale was still a very pretty woman, as Mrs. Hazeldean was still a very fine woman. Mrs. Dale painted in water colours and sang, and made card-racks and pen-holders, and

lled an "elegant accomplished  
l." Mrs. Hazeldean cast up  
nre's accounts, wrote the best  
f his letters, kept a large esta-  
ment in excellent order, and was  
"a clever, sensible woman."  
dale had headaches and nerves,  
Hazeldean had neither nerves  
adaches. Mrs. Dale said "Harry  
real harm in her, but was cer-  
very masculine." Mrs. Hazel-  
said, "Carry would be a good  
re but for her airs and graces."  
dale said, Mrs. Hazeldean was  
made to be a country squire's

Mrs. Hazeldean said, "Mrs.  
as the last person in the world  
ught to have been a parson's  
Carry, when she spoke of  
to a third person, said, "Dear  
Hazeldean." Harry, when she  
d incidentally to Carry, said,  
Mrs. Dale." And now the  
knows why Mrs. Hazeldean  
Mrs. Dale "poor," at least as  
I do. For, after all, the word  
ed to that class in the female  
lary which may be called "ob-  
significants," resembling the  
Ompax, which hath so puzzled  
quirers into the Eleusinian Mys-  
the application is rather to be  
sted than the meaning to be  
explained.

at's really a sweet little dog of  
Jemima," said Mrs. Dale, who  
broidering the word CAROLINE  
order of a cambric pocket hand-  
sf, but edging a little farther  
she added, "he'll not bite, will  
- "Dear me, no!" said Miss  
a; but (she added, in a confi-  
whisper) "don't say *he*—'tis  
dog!" "Oh," said Mrs. Dale,  
off still farther, as if that con-  
of the creature's sex did not  
to allay her apprehensions—  
hem, you carry your aversion to  
lemen, even to lap-dogs—that  
g assistant indeed, Jemima!"

Miss JEMIMA.—"I had a gen-  
tleman dog once—a pug!—pugs are  
getting very scarce now. I thought  
he was so fond of me—he snapped at  
every one else; the battles I fought  
for him! Well, will you believe—I  
had been staying with my friend Miss  
Smilecox at Cheltenham. Knowing  
that William is so hasty, and his boots  
are so thick, I trembled to think what  
a kick might do. So, on coming here,  
I left Buff—that was his name—with  
Miss Smilecox." (A pause.)

MRS. DALE, (looking up languidly.)  
—"Well, my love?"

MISS JEMIMA.—"Will you believe  
it, I say, when I returned to Chal-  
tenham, only three months after-  
wards, Miss Smilecox had seduced his  
affections from me, and the ungrate-  
ful creature did not even know me  
again. A pug, too—yet people *say*  
pugs are faithful!!! I am sure they  
ought to be, nasty things. I have  
never had a gentleman dog since—  
they are all alike, believe me—heart-  
less, selfish creatures."

MRS. DALE.—"Pugs? I dare say  
they are!"

MISS JEMIMA, (with spirit).—  
"MEN!—I told you it was a gen-  
tleman dog!"

MRS. DALE, (apologetically).—  
"True, my love, but the whole thing  
was so mixed up!"

MISS JEMIMA.—"You saw that  
cold-blooded case of Breach of Pro-  
mise of Marriage in the papers—an  
old wretch, too, of sixty-four. No age  
makes them a bit better. And when  
one thinks that the end of all flesh is  
approaching, and that——"

MRS. DALE, (quickly, for she pre-  
fers Miss Jemima's other hobby to  
that black one upon which she is pre-  
paring to precede the bier of the  
universe).—"Yes, my love, we'll avoid  
that subject, if you please. Mr. Dale  
has his own opinions, and it becomes  
me, you know, as a parson's wife,"

(said smilingly: Mrs. Dale has as pretty a dimple as any of Miss Jemima's, and makes more of that one than Miss Jemima of three,) "to agree with him—that is in theology."

MISS JEMIMA, (earnestly).—"But the thing is so clear, if you will but look into——"

MRS. DALE, (putting her hand on Miss Jemima's lips playfully).—"Not a word more. Pray, what do you think of the Squire's tenant at the Casino, Signor Riccabocca? An interesting creature, is not he?"

MISS JEMIMA.—"Interesting! not to me. Interesting? Why is he interesting?"

Mrs. Dale is silent, and turns her handkerchief in her pretty little white hands, appearing to contemplate the R. in Caroline.

MISS JEMIMA, (half pettishly, half coaxingly).—"Why is he interesting? I scarcely ever looked at him; they say he smokes, and never eats. Ugly, too!"

MRS. DALE.—"Ugly—no. A fine head—very like Dante's—but what is beauty?"

MISS JEMIMA.—"Very true: what is it indeed? Yes, as you say, I think there is something interesting about him; he looks melancholy, but that may be because he is poor."

MRS. DALE.—"It is astonishing how little one feels poverty when one loves. Charles and I were very poor once—before the Squire——" Mrs. Dale paused, looked towards the Squire, and murmured a blessing, the warmth of which brought tears into her eyes. "Yes," she added, after a pause, "we were very poor, but we were happy even then—more thanks to Charles than to me;" and tears from a new source again dimmed those quick, lively eyes, as the little woman gazed fondly on her husband, whose brows were knit into a black frown over a bad hand.

MISS JEMIMA.—"It is only those

horrid men who think of money as a source of happiness. I should be the last person to esteem a gentleman less because he was poor."

MRS. DALE.—"I wonder the Squire does not ask Signor Riccabocca here more often. Such an acquisition we find him!"

The Squire's voice from the card-table.—"Whom ought I to ask more often, Mrs. Dale?"

Parson's voice, impatiently.—"Come—come—come, Squire: play to my queen of diamonds—do!"

SQUIRE.—"There, I trump it—pick up the trick, Mrs. H."

PARSON.—"Stop! stop! trump my diamond?"

The CAPTAIN, (solemnly).—"Trick turned—play on, Squire."

SQUIRE.—"The king of diamonds."

MRS. HAZELDEAN.—"Lord! Hazeldean—why, that's the most barefaced revoke—ha—ha—ha! trump the queen of diamonds and play out the king! well I never—ha—ha—ha!"

CAPTAIN BARNABAS, (in tenor).—"Ha, ha, ha!"

SQUIRE.—"Ho—ho—ho! bless my soul—ho, ho, ho!"

CAPTAIN BARNABAS, (in base).—"Ho—ho—ho!"

Parson's voice raised, but drowned by the laughter of his adversaries and the firm, clear tone of Captain Barnabas—"Three to our score!—game!"

SQUIRE, (wiping his eyes).—"No help for it, Harry—deal for me! Whom ought I to ask, Mrs. Dale?" (waxing angry.) First time I ever heard the hospitality of Hazeldean called in question!"

MRS. DALE.—"My dear sir, I beg a thousand pardons, but listeners—you know the proverb."

SQUIRE, (growling like a bear).—"I hear nothing but proverbs ever since we had that Mounseer among us. Please to speak plainly, ma'am."

MRS. DALE, (sliding into a little temper at being thus roughly accosted.)—"It was of Mounseer, as you call him, that I spoke, Mr. Hazelden."

SQUIRE.—"What! Rickeybockey?"

MRS. DALE, (attempting the pure Italian accentuation.)—"Signor Riccabocca."

PARSON, (slapping his cards on the table in despair.)—"Are we playing at whist, or are we not?"

The Squire, who is fourth player, drops the king to Captain Higginbotham's lead of the ace of hearts. Now the Captain has left queen, knave, and two other hearts—four trumps to the queen and nothing to win a trick with in the two other suits. This hand is therefore precisely one of those in which, especially after the fall of that king of hearts in the adversary's hand, it becomes a matter of reasonable doubt whether to lead trumps or not. The Captain hesitates, and not liking to play out his good hearts with the certainty of their being trumped by the Squire, nor, on the other hand, liking to open the other suits, in which he has not a card that can assist his partner, resolves, as becomes a military man, in such dilemma, to make a bold push and lead out trumps, in the chance of finding his partner strong, and so bringing in his long suit.

SQUIRE, (taking advantage of the much meditating pause made by the Captain.)—"Mrs. Dale, it is not my fault. I have asked Rickeybockey—gone out of mind. But I suppose I am not fine enough for those foreign traps. He'll not come—that's all I know."

PARSON, (aghast at seeing the Captain play out trumps, of which he, Dale, has only two, wherewith he is to ruff the suit of spades of which he has only one—the cards all in suits—while he has not a

single other chance of a trick in his hand.)—"Really, Squire, we had better give up playing if you put out my partner in this extraordinary way—jabber—jabber—jabber!"

SQUIRE.—"Well, we must be good children, Harry. What!—trumps, Barney? Thank ye for that!" And the Squire might well be grateful, for the unfortunate adversary has led up to ace king knave—with two other trumps. Squire takes the Parson's ten with his knave, and plays out ace king; then, having cleared all the trumps except the Captain's queen and his own remaining two, leads off tierce major in that very suit of spades of which the Parson has only one—and the Captain, indeed, but two—forces out the Captain's queen, and wins the game in a canter.

PARSON, (with a look at the Captain which might have become the awful brows of Jove, when about to thunder.)—"That, I suppose, is the new-fashioned London play! In my time the rule was, 'First save the game, then try to win it.'"

CAPTAIN.—"Could not save it, sir."

PARSON, (exploding.)—"Not save it!—two ruffs in my own hand—two tricks certain till you took them out! Monstrous! The rashest trump!" Seizes the cards—spreads them on the table, lip quivering, hands trembling—tries to show how five tricks could have been gained—(N.B. It is short whist, which Captain Barnabas had introduced at the Hall) can't make out more than four—Captain smiles triumphantly—Parson in a passion, and not at all convinced, mixes all the cards together again, and falling back in his chair, groans, with tears in his voice.—"The cruellest trump! the most wanton cruelty!"

The Hazeldens in chorus.—"Ho—ho—ho! Ha—ha—ha!"

The Captain, who does not laugh this time, and whose turn it is to deal,



shuffles the cards for the conquering game of the rubber with as much caution and prolixity as Fabius might have employed in posting his men. The Squire gets up to stretch his legs, and, the insinuation against his hospitality recurring to his thoughts, calls out to his wife—"Write to Rickey-bockey to-morrow yourself, Harry, and ask him to come and spend two or three days here. There, Mrs. Dale, you hear me?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Dale, putting her hands to her ears in implied rebuke at the loudness of the Squire's tone. "My dear sir, do remember that I'm a sad nervous creature."

"Beg pardon," muttered Mr. Hazeldean, turning to his son, who, having got tired of the caricatures, had fished out for himself the great folio County History, which was the only book in the library that the Squire much valued, and which he usually kept under lock and key, in his study, together with the field-books and steward's accounts, but which he had reluctantly taken into the drawing-room that day, in order to oblige Captain Higginbotham. For the Higginbothams—an old Saxon family, as the name evidently denotes—had once possessed lands in that very county. And the Captain, during his visits to Hazeldean Hall, was regularly in the habit of asking to look into the County History, for the purpose of refreshing his eyes, and renovating his sense of ancestral dignity, with the following paragraph therein:—"To the left of the village of Dunder, and pleasantly situated in a hollow, lies Botham Hall, the residence of the ancient family of Higginbotham, as it is now commonly called. Yet it appears by the county rolls, and sundry old deeds, that the family formerly styled itself Higges, till the Manor House lying in Botham, *they gradually assumed the appella-*

*tion of Higges-in-Botham, and in process of time, yielding to the corruptions of the vulgar, Higginbotham.*"

"What, Frank! my County History!" cried the Squire. "Mrs. H., he has got my County History!"

"Well, Hazeldean, it is time he should know something about the County."

"Ay, and History too," said Mrs. Dale, malevolently, for the little temper was by no means blown over.

FRANK.—"I'll not hurt it, I assure you, sir. But I'm very much interested just at present."

The CAPTAIN, (putting down the cards to cut.)—"You've got hold of that passage about Botham Hall, page 706, eh?"

FRANK.—"No; I was trying to make out how far it is to Mr. Leslie's place, Rood Hall. Do you know, mother?"

MRS. HAZELDEAN.—"I can't say I do. The Leslies don't mix with the county; and Rood lies very much out of the way."

FRANK.—"Why don't they mix with the county?"

MRS. HAZELDEAN.—"I believe they are poor, and therefore I suppose they are proud: they are an old family."

PARSON, (thrumming on the table with great impatience.)—"Old fiddle-dee!—talking of old families when the cards have been shuffled this half-hour!"

CAPTAIN BARNABAS.—"Will you cut for your partner, ma'am?"

SQUIRE, (who has been listening to Frank's inquiries with a musing air.)—"Why do you want to know the distance to Rood Hall?"

FRANK, (rather hesitatingly.)—"Because Randal Leslie is there for the holidays, sir."

PARSON.—"Your wife has cut for you, Mr. Hazeldean. I don't think it was quite fair; and my partner

ned up a deuce—deuce of  
Please to come and play, if  
to play.”

Squire returns to the table,  
a few minutes the game is  
by a dexterous finesse of the  
against the Hazeldeans. The  
rises ten; the servants enter  
tray; the Squire counts up  
and his wife's losings; and  
tain and Parson divide six-  
llings between them.

RE.—“There, Parson, I hope  
u'll be in a better humour.  
enough out of us to set up  
and-four.”

“I” muttered the Parson; “at  
of the year, I'm not a penny  
er for it all.”

indeed, monstrous as that  
seemed, it was perfectly  
the Parson portioned out his  
to three divisions. One-third  
to Mrs. Dale, for her own  
pocket-money; what became  
second third he never owned  
his better half—but certain  
that every time the Parson  
en-and sixpence, half-a-crown,  
nobody could account for,  
a way to the poor-box; while  
aining third, the Parson, it is  
only and avowedly retained;  
ave no manner of doubt that,  
ear's end, it got to the poor  
safely as if had been put  
box.

arty had now gathered round  
, and were helping themselves  
and water, or wine without  
except Frank, who still re-  
poring over the map in the  
History, with his head lean-  
his hands, and his fingers  
in his hair.

nk,” said Mrs. Hazeldean, “I  
aw you so studious before.”

started up and coloured, as  
and of being accused of too  
in anything.

The SQUIRE, (with a little em-  
barrassment in his voice).—“Pray,  
Frank, what do you know of Randal  
Leslie?”

“Why, sir, he is at Eton.”

“What sort of a boy is he?”  
asked Mrs. Hazeldean.

Frank hesitated, as if reflecting,  
and then answered—“They say he is  
the cleverest boy in the school. But  
then he saps.”

“In other words,” said Mr. Dale,  
with proper parsonic gravity, “he  
understands that he was sent to  
school to learn his lessons, and he  
learns them. You call that sapping  
—I call it doing his duty. But  
pray, who and what is this Randal  
Leslie, that you look so discomposed,  
Squire?”

“Who and what is he?” repeated  
the Squire, in a low growl. “Why,  
you know, Mr. Audley Egerton mar-  
ried Miss Leslie the great heiress;  
and this boy is a relation of hers. I  
may say,” added the Squire, “that he  
is a near relation of mine, for his  
grandmother was a Hazeldean. But  
all I know about the Leslies is, that  
Mr. Egerton, as I am told, having no  
children of his own, took up young  
Randal, (when his wife died, poor  
woman,) pays for his schooling, and  
has, I suppose, adopted the boy as  
his heir. Quite welcome. Frank and  
I want nothing from Mr. Audley  
Egerton, thank heaven!”

“I can well believe in your bro-  
ther's generosity to his wife's kindred,”  
said the Parson sturdily, “for I am  
sure Mr. Egerton is a man of strong  
feeling.”

“What the deuce do you know  
about Mr. Egerton? I don't suppose  
you could ever have even spoken to  
him.”

“Yes,” said the Parson, colouring  
up, and looking confused, “I had  
some conversation with him once,”  
and, observing the Squire's surprise

he added—"when I was curate at Lansmere—and about a painful business connected with the family of one of my parishioners."

"Oh! one of your parishioners at Lansmere—one of the constituents Mr. Audley Egerton threw over, after all the pains I had taken to get him his seat. Rather odd you should never have mentioned this before, Mr. Dale!"

"My dear sir," said the Parson, sinking his voice, and in a mild tone of conciliatory expostulation, "you are so irritable whenever Mr. Egerton's name is mentioned at all."

"Irritable!" exclaimed the Squire, whose wrath had been long simmering, and now fairly boiled over.—"Irritable, sir! I should think so: a man for whom I stood godfather at the hustings, Mr. Dale! a man for whose sake I was called a 'prize ox,' Mr. Dale! a man for whom I was liessed in a market-place, Mr. Dale! a man for whom I was shot at, in cold blood, by an officer in His Majesty's service, who lodged a ball in my right shoulder, Mr. Dale! a man who had the ingratitude, after all this, to turn his back on the landed interest—to deny that there was any agricultural distress in a year which broke three of the best farmers I ever had, Mr. Dale!—a man, sir, who made a speech on the Currency which was complimented by Ricardo, a Jew! Good heavens! a pretty parson you are, to stand up for a fellow complimented by a Jew! Nice ideas you must have of Christianity. Irritable, sir!" now fairly roared the Squire, adding to the thunder of his voice the cloud of a brow, which evinced a menacing ferocity that might have done honour to Bussy d'Amboise or Fighting Fitzgerald. "Sir, if that man had not been my own half-brother, I'd have called him out. I have stood my ground before now. I

have had a ball in my right shoulder. Sir, I'd have called him out."

"Mr. Hazelden! Mr. Hazelden! I'm shocked at you," cried the Parson; and, putting his lips close to the Squire's ear, he went on in a whisper—"What an example to your son! You'll have him fighting duels one of these days, and nobody to blame but yourself."

This warning cooled Mr. Hazelden; and muttering, "Why the deuce did you set me off?" he fell back into his chair, and began to fan himself with his pocket handkerchief.

The Parson skilfully and remorselessly pursued the advantage he had gained. "And now, that you may have it in your power to show civility and kindness to a boy whom Mr. Egerton has taken up, out of respect to his wife's memory—a kinsman, you say, of your own—and who has never offended you—a boy whose diligence in his studies proves him to be an excellent companion to your son;—Frank," (here the Parson raised his voice,) "I suppose you would like to call on young Leslie, as you were studying the county map so attentively?"

"Why, yes," answered Frank, rather timidly, "if my father does not object to it. Leslie has been very kind to me, though he is in the sixth form, and, indeed, almost the head of the school."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Hazelden, "one studious boy has a fellow feeling for another; and though you enjoy your holidays, Frank, I am sure you read hard at school."

Mrs. Dale opened her eyes very wide, and stared in astonishment.

MRS. HAZELDEAN retorted that look with great animation. "Yes, Carry," said she, tossing her head, "though you may not think Frank clever, his masters find him so. He got a prize last half. That beautiful

rank—hold up your head, my hat did you get it for?" K, (reluctantly.)—"Verree,

HAZELDEAN, (with triumph.)—"Yes!—there, Carry, verses!" K, (in a hurried tone.)—"Yes, lie wrote them for me."

HAZELDEAN, (recoiling.)—"nk! a prize for what another you—that was mean."

K, (ingenuously.)—"You can't be ashamed, mother, than I was say gave me the prize."

DALE, (though previously said at being snubbed by Harry, owing the triumph of generous temper.)—"I beg your

Frank. Your mother must roud of that shame as she was rize."

Hazeldean puts her arm Frank's neck, smiles beam- Mrs. Dale, and converses er son in a low tone about Leelia. Miss Jemima now shed Carry, and said in an—"But we are forgetting fr. Riccabocca. Mrs. Hazel- hough the dearest creature in rld, has such a blunt way of ; people—don't you think if ere to say a word to him,

. DALE, (kindly, as she wraps wi round her.)—"Suppose you be note yourself. Meanwhile, see him, no doubt."

SON, (putting his hand on the s shoulder.)—"You forgive ertinence, my kind friend. We , you know, are apt to take , liberties, when we honour e folks, as I do."

h," said the Squire; but his smile came to his lips in spite self—"You always get your y, and I suppose Frank must er and see this pet of my—"

others," quoth the Parson,

concluding the sentence in a tone which gave to the sweet word so sweet a sound that the Squire would not correct the Parson, as he had been about to correct himself.

Mr. Dale moved on; but as he passed Captain Barnabas, the benignant character of his countenance changed sadly.

"The cruellest trump, Captain Higginbotham!" said he sternly, and stalked by—majestic.

The night was so fine that the Parson and his wife, as they walked home, made a little *détour* through the shrubbery.

MRS. DALE—"I think I have done a good piece of work to-night."

PARSON, (rousing himself from a reverie.)—"Have you, Carry?—it will be a very pretty handkerchief."

MRS. DALE—"Handkerchief!—nonsense, dear. Don't you think it would be a very happy thing for both if Jemima and Signor Riccabocca could be brought together?"

PARSON—"Brought together!"

MRS. DALE—"You do snap up one so, my dear—I mean if I could make a match of it."

PARSON—"I think Riccabocca is a match already, not only for Jemima, but yourself into the bargain."

MRS. DALE, (smiling loftily.)—"Well, we shall see. Was not Jemima's fortune about £4000?"

PARSON, (dreamily, for he is relapsing fast into his interrupted reverie.)—"Ay—ay—I dare say."

MRS. DALE—"And she must have saved! I dare say it is nearly £6000 by this time;—eh! Charles dear, you really are so—good gracious, what's that!"

As Mrs. Dale made this exclamation, they had just emerged from the shrubbery into the village green.

PARSON—"What's what?"

MRS. DALE, (pinching her

band's arm very nippingly.)—"That thing—there—there."

PARSON.—"Only the new stocks, Carry; I don't wonder they frighten you, for you are a very sensible woman. I only wish they would frighten the Squire."

## CHAPTER XIII.

*Supposed to be a letter from Mrs. Hazeldean to A. Riccabocca, Esq., The Casino; but edited, and indeed composed, by Miss Jemima Hazeldean.*

"DEAR SIR,—To a feeling heart it must always be painful to give pain to another, and (though I am sure unconsciously) you have given the greatest pain to poor Mr. Hazeldean and myself, indeed to all our little circle, in so cruelly refusing our attempts to become better acquainted with a gentleman we so highly esteem. Do, pray, dear sir, make us the *amende honorable*, and give us the pleasure of your company for a few days at the Hall! May we expect you Saturday next?—our dinner hour is six o'clock.

"With the best compliments of Mr. and Miss Jemima Hazeldean,

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Yours truly,

"H. H.

"HAZELDEAN HALL."

Miss Jemima having carefully sealed this note, which Mrs. Hazeldean had very willingly deputed her to write, took it herself into the stable-yard, in order to give the groom proper instructions to wait for an answer. But while she was speaking to the man, Frank, equipped for riding with more than his usual dandyism, came into the yard, calling for his pony in a loud voice, and singling

out the very groom whom Miss Jemima was addressing—for, indeed, he was the smartest of all in the Squire's stables—told him to saddle the grey pad, and accompany the pony.

"No, Frank," said Miss Jemima, "you can't have George; your father wants him to go on a message—you can take Mat."

"Mat, indeed!" said Frank, grumbling with some reason; for Mat was a surly old fellow, who tied a most indefensible neckcloth, and always contrived to have a great patch in his boots;—besides, he called Frank "Master," and obstinately refused to trot down hill;—"Mat, indeed!—let Mat take the message, and George go with me."

But Miss Jemima had also her reasons for rejecting Mat. Mat's foible was not servility, and he always showed true English independence in all houses where he was not invited to take his ale in the servants' hall. Mat might offend Signor Riccabocca, and spoil all. An animated altercation ensued, in the midst of which the Squire and his wife entered the yard, with the intention of driving in the conjugal gig to the market town. The matter was referred to the natural umpire by both the contending parties.

The Squire looked with great contempt on his son. "And what do you want a groom at all for? Are you afraid of tumbling off the pony?"

FRANK.—"No, sir; but I like the

go as a gentleman, when I pay a visit to a gentleman!"

SQUIRE, (in high wrath.)—"You precious puppy! I think I'm as good a gentleman as you any day, and I should like to know when you ever saw me ride to call on a neighbour with a fellow jingling at my heels, like that upstart Ned Spankie, whose father kept a cotton mill. First time I ever heard of a Hazeldean thinking a livery-coat was necessary to prove his gentility!"

MRS. HAZELDEAN, (observing Frank colouring, and about to reply.)—"Hush, Frank, never answer your father,—and you are going to call on Mr. Leslie?"

"Yes, ma'am, and I am very much obliged to my father for letting me," said Frank, taking the Squire's hand.

"Well, but Frank," continued Mrs. Hazeldean, "I think you heard that the Leslies were very poor."

FRANK.—"Eh, mother?"

MRS. HAZELDEAN.—"And would you run the chance of wounding the pride of a gentleman, as well born as yourself, by affecting any show of being richer than he is?"

SQUIRE, (with great admiration.)

—"Harry, I'd give ten pounds to have said that!"

FRANK, (leaving the Squire's hand to take his mother's.)—"You're quite right, mother—nothing could be more *mobbish*!"

SQUIRE.—"Give us your fist, too, sir; you'll be a chip of the old block, after all."

Frank smiled and walked off to his pony.

MRS. HAZELDEAN, (to Miss Je-

mima.)—"Is that the note you were to write for me?"

MISS JEMIMA.—"Yes; I supposed you did not care about seeing it, so I have sealed it, and given it to George."

MRS. HAZELDEAN.—"But Frank will pass close by the Casino on his way to the Leslies'. It may be more civil if he leaves the note himself."

MISS JEMIMA, (hesitatingly.)—"Do you think so?"

MRS. HAZELDEAN.—"Yes, certainly. Frank—Frank—as you pass by the Casino, call on Mr. Riccabocca, give this note, and say we shall be heartily glad if he will come."

Frank nods.

"Stop a bit," cried the Squire. "If Rickeybockey's at home, 'tis ten to one if he don't ask you to take a glass of wine! If he does, mind, 'tis worse than asking you to take a turn on the rack. Faugh! you remember, Harry?—I thought it was all up with me."

"Yes," cried Mrs. Hazeldean; "for Heaven's sake, not a drop. Wine, indeed!"

"Don't talk of it," cried the Squire, making a wry face.

"I'll take care, sir!" said Frank, laughing as he disappeared within the stable, followed by Miss Jemima, who now coaxingly makes it up with him, and does not leave off her admonitions to be extremely polite to the poor foreign gentleman till Frank gets his foot into the stirrup, and the pony, who knows whom he has got to deal with, gives a preparatory plunge or two, and then darts out of the yard.

## BOOK SECOND.

## INITIAL CHAPTER.

INFORMING THE READER HOW THIS WORK CAME TO HAVE INITIAL CHAPTERS.

"THERE can't be a doubt," said my father, "that to each of the main divisions of your work—whether you call them Books or Parts—you should prefix an Initial or Introductory Chapter."

PISISTRATUS.—"Can't be a doubt, sir! Why so?"

MR. CAXTON.—"Fielding lays it down as an indispensable rule, which he supports by his example; and Fielding was an artistical writer, and knew what he was about."

PISISTRATUS.—"Do you remember any of his reasons, sir?"

MR. CAXTON.—"Why, indeed, Fielding says, very justly, that he is not bound to assign any reason; but he does assign a good many, here and there—to find which, I refer you to *Tom Jones*. I will only observe, that one of his reasons, which is unanswerable, runs to the effect that thus, in every Part or Book, the reader has the advantage of beginning at the fourth or fifth page instead of the first—'a matter by no means of trivial consequence,' saith Fielding, 'to persons who read books with no other view than to say they have read them—a more general motive to reading than is commonly imagined; and from which not only *law books* and good books, but the

pages of *Homer* and *Virgil*, of *Sett* and *Cervantes*, have been often turned over.' There," cried my father triumphantly, "I will lay a shilling to twopence that I have quoted the very words."

MRS. CAXTON.—"Dear me, that only means skipping: I don't see any great advantage in writing a chapter, merely for people to skip it."

PISISTRATUS.—"Neither do I!"  
MR. CAXTON, (dogmatically).—"It is the repose in the picture—Fielding calls it 'contrast'—(still more dogmatically) I say there can't be a doubt about it. Besides, (added my father after a pause,) besides, this usage gives you opportunities to explain what has gone before, or to prepare for what's coming; or, since Fielding contends, with great truth, that some learning is necessary in this kind of historical composition, it allows you, naturally and easily, the introduction of light and pleasant ornaments of that nature. At each flight in the terrace, you may give the eye the relief of an urn or a statue. Moreover, when so inclined, you create proper pausing places for reflection and complete by a separate, yet harmonious ethical department, the sign of a work, which is but a Mother Goose's tale if it does not

general view of the thoughts  
of mankind."

FRATUS.—"But then, in these  
hapters, the author thrusts  
forward; and just when you  
get on with the *dramatic per-*  
son find yourself face to face  
with himself."

CAXTON.—"Pooh! you can  
to prevent that! Imitate  
us of the Greek stage, who  
in intervals between the ac-  
toring what the author would  
say in his own person."

FRATUS, (silly).—"That's a  
man, sir—and I have a chorus,  
horegas too, already in my

CAXTON, (unexpectingly).—"You  
are not so dull a fellow  
would make yourself out to  
even if an author did thrust  
forward, what objection is  
that? It is a mere affecta-  
tation that a book can come  
into the world without an author.  
The Duke has a father—one father  
as the great Condé says very  
in a poem."

FRATUS.—"The great Condé  
—I never heard that before."

CAXTON.—"I don't say he was  
it he sent a poem to Madame  
de Mazarin. Envious critics think  
must have paid somebody  
to write it; but there is no rea-  
son a great Captain should not  
write a poem—I don't say a good  
one in a poem. I wonder, Ro-  
land Duke ever tried his hand  
as to Mary, or 'Lines to a  
sister.'"

CN ROLAND.—"Austin, I'm  
if you. Of course the Duke  
likes poetry if he pleased—

something, I dare say, in the way of  
the great Condé—that is, something  
warlike and heroic, I'll be bound.  
Let's hear!"

MR. CAXTON, (reciting).—

"Telle est du Ciel la loi sévère  
Qu'il faut qu'un enfant ait un père;  
On dit même quelque fois  
Tel enfant en a jusqu'à trois."

CAPTAIN ROLAND, (greatly dis-  
gusted).—"Condé write such stuff!—  
I don't believe it."

PISISTRATUS.—"I do, and accept  
the quotation—you and Roland shall  
be joint fathers to my child as well as  
myself."

"Tel enfant en a jusqu'à trois."

MR. CAXTON, (solemnly).—"I re-  
fuse the proffered paternity; but so  
far as administering a little whole-  
some castigation, now and then, I  
have no objection to join in the dis-  
charge of a father's duty."

PISISTRATUS.—"Agreed. Have  
you anything to say against the in-  
fant hitherto?"

MR. CAXTON.—"He is in long  
clothes at present; let us wait till he  
can walk."

BLANCHE.—"But pray whom do  
you mean for a hero?—and is Miss  
Jemima your heroine?"

CAPTAIN ROLAND.—"There is  
some mystery about the—"

PISISTRATUS, (hastily).—"Hush,  
Uncle: no letting the cat out of the  
bag yet. Listen all of you! I left  
Frank Hazeldean on his way to the  
Casino."

\* Paraphrase:—

"That each child has a father  
Is Nature's decree;  
But, to judge by a rumour,  
Some children have three."



## CHAPTER II.

"It is a sweet pretty place," thought Frank, as he opened the gate which led across the fields to the Casino, that smiled down upon him with its plaster pilasters. "I wonder, though, that my father, who is so particular in general, suffers the carriage-road to be so full of holes and weeds. Mounseer does not receive many visits I take it."

But when Frank got into the ground immediately before the house, he saw no cause of complaint as to want of order and repair. Nothing could be kept more neatly. Frank was ashamed of the dint made by the pony's hoofs in the smooth gravel: he dismounted, tied the animal to the wicket, and went on foot towards the glass door in front.

He rang the bell once, twice, but nobody came, for the old woman-servant, who was hard of hearing, was far away in the yard, searching for any eggs which the hen might have scandalously hidden from culinary purposes; and Jackeymo was fishing for the sticklebacks and minnows, which were, when caught, to assist the eggs, when found, in keeping together the bodies and souls of himself and his master. The old woman had been lately put upon board wages—lucky old woman! Frank rang a third time, and with the impetuosity of his age. A face peeped from the Belvedere on the terrace. "Diavolo!" said Dr. Riccabocca to himself. "Young cocks crow hard on their own dunghill; it must be a cock of a high race to crow so loud at another's."

Therewith he shamled out of the summer-house, and appeared suddenly before Frank, in a very wizard-like

dressing-robe of black cap on his head, and a coming rapidly from the final consolatory whiff, moved the pipe from the had indeed seen the but never in scholastic he was a little startled tion at his elbow, as he

"Signorino," (young said the Italian, taking with his usual urbanity, negligence of my people happy to receive your person."

"Dr. Rickeybockey? Frank, much confused address, and the low, yet with which it was according—I have a note from Mamma—that is, my Aunt Jemima beg their ments, and hope you will

The Doctor took the another bow, and, opening door, invited Frank to enter

The young gentleman schoolboy's usual bluntness to say that he was in had rather not: but Dr. grand manner averted the glimpse of the hall excitement—so he silently oblation.

The hall, which was in shape, had been originally off into compartments, the Italian had painted rich with the warm sun of his native climate. For judge of the art display was greatly struck with depicted: they were all lake, real or imaginary—blue shining waters re

placid skies. In one, a flight of descended to the lake, and a gay was seen feasting on the margin in another, sunset threw its rose over a vast villa or palace, d by Alpine hills, and flanked ng arcades of vines, while pleats skimmed over the waves. In short, throughout all the compartments, the scene, though fered in details, preserved the general character, as if illustrasome favourite locality. The n did not, however, evince any to do the honours of his own ut, preceding Frank across the pened the door of his usual sitoom, and requested him to enter. did so, rather reluctantly, and l himself with unwonted bashs on the edge of a chair. But new specimens of the Doctor's raft soon riveted attention. om had been originally papered; Riccabocca had stretched canvas he walls, and painted thereon satirical devices, each separated he other by scroll-works of fanarabesques. Here a Cupid was ing a wheel-barrow full of , which he appeared to be sell; an ugly old fellow, with a -bag in his hand — probably t. There Diogenes might be alking through a market-place, is lantern in his hand, in search onest man, whilst the children at him, and the curs snapped heels. In another place, a was seen half dressed in a ide, while a wolf in a sheep's was conversing very amicably a young lamb. Here again be seen the geese stretching air necks from the Roman l in full cackle, while the stout rs were beheld in the distance, g off as hard as they could. In

these quaint entablatures  
sarcasm was symbolically

conveyed; only over the mantelpiece was the design graver and more touching. It was the figure of a man in a pilgrim's garb, chained to the earth by small but innumerable ligaments, while a phantom likeness of himself, his shadow, was seen hastening down what seemed an interminable vista; and underneath were written the pathetic words of Horace—

“*Patriæ quis exul  
Se quoque fugit?*”

(“What exile from his country can also fly from himself?”) The furniture of the room was extremely simple, and somewhat scanty; yet it was arranged so as to impart an air of taste and elegance to the room. Even a few plaster busts and statues, though bought but of some humble itinerant, had their classical effect, glistening from out stands of flowers that were grouped around them, or backed by graceful screen-works formed from twisted osiers, which, by the simple contrivance of trays at the bottom, filled with earth, served for living parasitical plants, with gay flowers contrasting thick ivy leaves, and gave to the whole room the aspect of a bower.

“May I ask your permission?” said the Italian, with his finger on the seal of the letter.

“Oh yes,” said Frank with *naïveté*.

Riccabocca broke the seal, and a slight smile stole over his countenance. Then he turned a little aside from Frank, shaded his face with his hand, and seemed to muse. “Mrs. Hazeldean,” said he at last, “does me very great honour. I hardly recognise her handwriting, or I should have been more impatient to open the letter.” The dark eyes were lifted over the spectacles, and went right into Frank's unprotected and undiplomatic heart. The doctor raised the note, and

pointed to the characters with his forefinger.

"Cousin Jimmie's hand," said Frank, as directly as if the question had been put to him.

The Italian smiled. "Mr. Hazelden has company staying with him?"

"No; that is, only Barney—the Captain. There's seldom much company before the shooting season," added Frank with a slight sigh; "and then, you know, the holidays are over. For my part, I think we ought to break up a month later."

The Doctor seemed re-assured by the first sentence in Frank's reply, and, seating himself at the table, wrote his answer—not hastily, as we English write, but with care and precision, like one accustomed to weigh the nature of words—in that stiff Italian hand, which allows the writer so much time to think while he forms his letters. He did not, therefore, reply at once to Frank's remark about the holidays, but was silent till he had concluded his note, read it three times over, sealed it by the taper he slowly lighted, and then, giving it to Frank, he said—

"For your sake, young gentleman, I regret that your holidays are so early; for mine, I must rejoice, since I accept the kind invitation you have rendered doubly gratifying by bringing it yourself."

"Deuce take the fellow and his fine speeches! One don't know which way to look," thought English Frank.

The Italian smiled again, as if this time he had read the boy's heart, without need of those piercing black eyes, and said, less ceremoniously than before, "You don't care much for compliments, young gentleman?"

"No, I don't indeed," said Frank heartily.

"So much the better for you, since your way in the world is made:

it would be so much the worse had to make it!"

Frank looked puzzled: it was too deep for him—so to the pictures.

"Those are very funny," "they seem capitalily done," "am?"

"Signorino Hazelden, giving me what you ref self."

"Eh?" said Frank inquiringly.

"Compliments?"

"Oh—I—no; but they done: arn't they, sir?"

"Not particularly: you the artist."

"What! you painted them?"

"Yea."

"And the pictures in the album?"

"Those too."

"Taken from nature, eh?"

"Nature," said the Italian, perhaps evasively, "thing be taken from her."

"Oh!" said Frank, puzzled.

"Well, I must wish you good-bye, sir; I am very glad to come."

"Without compliment?"

"Without compliment."

"*A rivedersi*—good-bye present, my young Signor way," observing Frank in towards the wrong door.

"Can I offer you a glass—it is pure, of our own make."

"No, thank you, indeed, Frank, suddenly recollecting the admonition. "Good-bye, trouble yourself, sir; I know now."

But the bland Italian first guest to the wicket, where he left the pony. The young gentleman, afraid lest so courteous a host should hold the stirrup for him, to the bridle, and mounted in even staying to ask if he could put him in the way

of which way he was profoundly ignorant. The Italian's eye saw the boy as he rode up the lane, and the Doctor heavily. The wiser we said he to himself, "the more regret the age of our follies: it is to gallop with a light heart a stony hill than sit in the sun-house and cry 'How true!' to any truths of Machiavelli!"

That he turned back into the lane; but he could not resume his rides. He remained some minutes on the prospect, till the prospect reminded him of the fields which Lenny was bent on his hiring, and the fields reminded him of Lenny's old. He returned to the house, and a few moments re-emerged in out-of-door trim, with cloak and bell, re-lighted his pipe, and rode towards Hazeldean village.

Meanwhile Frank, after cantering some distance, stopped at a gate, and there learned that there was a short cut across the fields to

Hall, by which he could save three miles. Frank, however, took the short cut, and came out on the high road: a turnpike keeper, first taking his toll, put him again into the short cut; and then, he got into some green lanes, a dilapidated finger-post directed him to Rood. Late at noon, after fifteen miles in the desire to reach ten to seven, he came suddenly upon a wild and primitive piece of ground, that seemed half chase, common, with crazy tumble-down cottages of villanous aspect red about in odd nooks and corners; idle dirty children were playing mud pies on the road; slovenly women were plaiting straw thresholds; a large but forlorn and decayed church, that seemed to be the generation which saw it was more pious than the

generation which now resorted to it, stood boldly and nakedly out by the roadside.

"Is this the village of Rood?" asked Frank of a stout young man breaking stones on the road—said sign that no better labour could be found for him!

The man sullenly nodded, and continued his work.

"And where's the Hall—Mr. Leslie's?"

The man looked up in stolid surprise, and this time touched his hat.

"Be you going there?"

"Yes, if I can find out where it is."

"I'll show your honour," said the man alertly.

Frank reined in the pony, and the man walked by his side.

Frank was much of his father's son, despite the difference of age, and that more fastidious change of manner which characterises each succeeding race in the progress of civilisation. Despite all his Eton finery, he was familiar with peasants, and had the quick eye of one country-born as to country matters.

"You don't seem very well off in this village, my man?" said he, knowingly.

"No; there be a deal of distress here in the winter time, and summer too, for that matter; and the parish ben't much help to a single man."

"But, surely, the farmers want work here as well as elsewhere?"

"Deed, and there ben't much farming work here—most o' the parish be all wild ground loike."

"The poor have a right of common, I suppose," said Frank, surveying a large assortment of vagabond birds and quadrupeds.

"Yes; neighbour Timmins keeps his geese on the common, and some has a cow—and them be neighbour Jowlas's pigs. I don't know if there's

a right, loike; but the folks at the Hall does all they can to help us, and that ben't much: they ben't as rich as some folks; but," added the peasant proudly, "they be as good blood as any in the shire."

"I'm glad to see you like them, at all events."

"Oh yes, I loikes them well eno';

mayhap you are at school with the young gentleman?"

"Yes," said Frank.

"Ah! I heard the clergyman say as how Master Randal was a mighty clever lad, and would get rich some day. I see sure I wish he would, for a poor squire makes a poor parish. There's the Hall, sir."

### CHAPTER III.

FRANK looked right ahead, and saw a square house that, in spite of modern sash-windows, was evidently of remote antiquity; a high conical roof; a stack of tall quaint chimney-pots of red baked clay (like those at Button Place in Surrey) dominating over isolated vulgar smoke-conductors, of the ignoble fashion of present times; a dilapidated groin-work, encasing within a Tudor arch a door of the comfortable date of George III., and the peculiarly dingy and weather-stained appearance of the small finely-finished bricks, of which the habitation was built—all showed the abode of former generations adapted with tasteless irreverence to the habits of descendants unenlightened by Pugin, or indifferent to the poetry of the past. The house had emerged suddenly upon Frank out of the gloomy waste land, for it was placed in a hollow, and sheltered from sight by a disorderly group of ragged, dismal, valetudinarian fir-trees, until an abrupt turn of the road cleared that screen, and left the desolate abode bare to the discontented eye. Frank dismounted; the man held his pony; and after smoothing his cravat, the smart Etonian sauntered up to the door, and startled the solitude of the place with a loud peal from the mo-

dern brass knocker—a knock which instantly brought forth an astonished starling who had built under the eaves of the gable roof, and called up a cloud of sparrows, tom-tits, and yellow-hammers, who had been regaling themselves amongst the litter of a slovenly farmyard that lay in full sight to the right of the house, fenced off by a primitive, paintless wooden rail. In process of time a sow, accompanied by a thriving and inquisitive family, strolled up to the gate of the fence, and, leaning her nose on the lower bar of the gate, contemplated the visitor with much curiosity and some suspicion.

While Frank is still without, impatiently swingeing his white trousers with his whip, we will steal a hurried glance towards the respected members of the family within. Mr. Leslie, the *pater-familias*, is in a little room called his "study," to which he regularly retires every morning after breakfast, rarely re-appearing till one o'clock, which is his unfashionable hour for dinner. In what mysterious occupations Mr. Leslie passes those hours no one ever formed a conjecture. At the present moment he is seated before a little rickety bureau, one leg of which (being shorter than the other) is propped up by sundry old letters.

traps of newspapers: and the is open, and reveals a great er of pigeon-holes and divisions, with various odds and ends, the ion of many years. In some of compartments are bundles of , very yellow, and tied in s with faded tape; in another, itself, is a fragment of plum- g stone, which Mr. Leslie has up in his walks, and considered mineral. It is neatly labelled, d in Hollow Lane, May 21st, by Maunder Slugge Leslie. The next division holds several f iron in the shape of nails, ents of horse-shoes, &c., which elsie had also met with in his s, and, according to a harmless r superstition, deemed it highly y not to pick up, and, once up, no less unlucky to throw

*Item*, in the adjoining pigeon- a goodly collection of pebbles oles in them, preserved for the reason, in company with a dispendence: *item*, neatly arranged iful mosaics, several periwinkles, moor's teeth, (I mean the shell d,) and other specimens of the ferous ingenuity of Nature, inherited from some ancestral r, partly amassed by Mr. Leslie f in a youthful excursion to the e. There were the farm-bailiff's ts, several files of bills, an old , three sets of knee and shoe s which had belonged to Mr. s father, a few seals tied to- by a shoe-string, a shagreen ick case, a tortoise-shell mag- ; glass to read with, his eldest ret copybooks, his second son's is daughter's ditto, and a lock wife's hair arranged in a true knot, framed and glazed. were also a small mouse-trap; a corkscrew, too good to be used mon; fragments of a silver on, that had, by natural decay,

arrived at a dissolution of its parts; a small brown Holland bag, containing halfpence of various dates, as far back as Queen Anne, accompanied by two French *sous*, and a German *silber gros*; — the which miscellany Mr. Leslie magniloquently called "his coins," and had left in his will as a family heir-loom. There were many other curiosities of congenial nature and equal value—*qua nunc describere longum est*. Mr. Leslie was engaged at this time in what is termed "putting things to rights"—an occupation he performed with exemplary care once a-week. This was his day; and he had just counted his coins, and was slowly tying them up again in the brown Holland bag, when Frank's knock reached his ears.

Mr. Maunder Slugge Leslie paused, shook his head as if incredulously, and was about to resume his occupation, when he was seized with a fit of yawning which prevented the bag being tied for full two minutes.

While such the employment of the study, let us turn to the recreations in the drawing-room, or rather parlour. A drawing-room there was on the first floor, with a charming look-out, not on the dreary fir-trees, but on the romantic undulating forest-land; but the drawing-room had not been used since the death of the last Mrs. Leslie. It was deemed too good to sit in, except when there was company: there never being company, it was never sate in. Indeed, now the paper was falling off the walls with the damp, and the rats, mice, and moths—those "*edaces rerum*"—had eaten, between them, most of the chair-bottoms and a considerable part of the floor. Therefore, the parlour was the sole general sitting-room; and being breakfasted in, dined and supped in, and, after supper, smoked in by Mr. Leslie to the accompani- ment of rum-and-water, it is impossi-

ble to deny that it had what is called "a smell"—a comfortable wholesome family smell—speaking of numbers, meals, and miscellaneous social habitation. There were two windows: one looked full on the fir-trees; the other on the farmyard, with the pigsty closing the view. Near the fir-tree window sat Mrs. Leslie; before her, on a high stool, was a basket of the children's clothes that wanted mending. A work-table of rose-wood inlaid with brass, which had been a wedding present, and was a costly thing originally, but in that peculiar taste which is vulgarly called "Brumagem," stood at hand: the brass had started in several places, and occasionally made great havoc in the children's fingers and in Mrs. Leslie's gown; in fact, it was the liveliest piece of furniture in the house, thanks to that petulant brass-work, and could not have been more mischievous if it had been a monkey. Upon the work-table lay a housewife and thimble, and scissors, and skeins of worsted and thread, and little scraps of linen and cloth for patches. But Mrs. Leslie was not actually working—she was preparing to work; she had been preparing to work for the last hour and a half. Upon her lap she supported a novel, by a lady who wrote much for a former generation, under the name of "Mrs. Bridget Blue Mantle." She had a small needle in her left hand, and a very thick piece of thread in her right; occasionally she applied the end of the said thread to her lips, and then—her eyes fixed on the novel—made a blind vacillating attack at the eye of the needle. But a camel would have gone through it with quite as much ease. Nor did the novel alone engage Mrs. Leslie's attention, for ever and anon she interrupted herself to scold the children, to inquire "what o'clock it was;" to observe that "Sarah would never

swit;" and to wonder "why Leslie would not see that the table was mended." Mrs. I been rather a pretty woman spite of a dress at once staid economical, she has still the lady—rather too much so, and duties of her situation con. She is proud of the antiquity family on both sides; her mother of the venerable stock of the of Daudle Place, a race that before the Conquest. Indeed, only to read our earliest chronicles and to glance over some of the winded moralising poems written by the thetanes and ealdern in order to see that the Dauds have been a very influential before William the First the country topsy-turvy. While the race was thus indigenous, the father's had not a name but the peculiar idiosyncrasy the Normans, and went far to blish that crotchet of the author of *Sybil, or the Two*. as to the continued distinction the conquering and conquered nations. Mrs. Leslie's father the name of Montfydget; of the same kith and kind great barons Montfichet, who owned such broad lands and so bulent castles. A high-nosed nervous excitable, progeny same Montfydgets, as the most some Norman could pretend. This fusion of race was notable most ordinary physiognomist *physique* and in the *morale* Leslie. She had the speculative eye of the Saxon, and the high nose of the Norman; the musing do-nothingness Daudlers, and the reckless every-thingness of the Mont. At Mrs. Leslie's feet, a little of her hair about her ears (and her hair it was too) was amusing

broken-nosed doll. At the far  
the room, before a high desk,  
rank's Eton school-fellow, the  
son. A minute or two before  
; alarm had disturbed the  
lity of the household, he had  
is eyes from the books on the  
glance at a very tattered copy  
Greek Testament, in which his  
Oliver had found a difficulty  
came to Randal to solve. As  
ng Etonian's face was turned  
ight, your first impression, on  
t, would have been melancholy,  
pectful, interest—for the face  
eady lost the joyous character  
h—there was a wrinkle be-  
the brows: and the lines that  
f fatigue were already visible  
he eyes and about the mouth:  
mplexion was sallow, the lips  
ale. Years of study had al-  
own in the delicate organisa-  
e seeds of many an infirmity  
ny a pain: but if your look  
ed longer on that countenance,  
ly your compassion might have  
lace to some feeling uneasy  
ister—a feeling akin to fear.  
ras in the whole expression so  
f cold calm force, that it belied  
ility of the frame. You saw  
e evidence of a mind that was  
ed, and you felt that in that  
ion there was something for-  
. A notable contrast to this  
ance, prematurely worn, and  
ly intelligent, was the round  
face of Oliver, with slow blue  
ed hard on the penetrating  
his brother, as if trying with  
nd main to catch from them  
a of that knowledge with  
hey shone clear and frigid as

rank's knock, Oliver's slow  
e sparkled into animation, and  
ng from his brother's side.  
le girl flung back the hair  
e free, and stared at her mo-

ther with a look which spoke wonder  
and fright.

The young student knit his brows,  
and then turned wearily back to the  
books on his desk.

"Dear me," cried Mrs. Leslie, "who  
can that possibly be? Oliver, come  
from the window, sir, this instant:  
you will be seen! Juliet, run—ring  
the bell—no, go to the head of the  
kitchen stairs, and call out to Jenny  
'Not at home.' Not at home on any  
account," repeated Mrs. Leslie, ner-  
vously, for the Montfydget blood was  
now in full flow.

In another minute or so, Frank's  
loud, boyish voice was distinctly heard  
at the outer door.

Randal slightly started.

"Frank Hazeldean's voice," said  
he; "I should like to see him, mother."

"See him," repeated Mrs. Leslie,  
in amaze; "see him!—and the room  
in this state!"

Randal might have replied that the  
room was in no worse state than usual;  
but he said nothing. A slight flush  
came and went over his pale face;  
and then he leaned his cheek on his  
hand, and compressed his lips firmly.

The outer door closed with a *sullen*,  
inhospitable jar, and a slipshod female  
servant entered with a card between  
her finger and thumb.

"Who is that for?—give it to me.  
Jenny," cried Mrs. Leslie.

But Jenny shook her head, laid the  
card on the desk beside Randal, and  
vanished without saying a word.

"Oh look, Randal, look up," cried  
Oliver, who had again rushed to the  
window; "such a pretty grey pony!"

Randal did look up; nay, he went  
deliberately to the window, and gazed  
a moment on the high-mettled pony,  
and the well-dressed, spirited rider.  
In that moment changes passed over  
Randal's countenance more rapidly  
than clouds over the sky in a gusty  
day. Now envy and discontent, with



the curled lip and the gloomy scowl; and close, as he walked he now hope and proud self-esteem, with books, seated himself resolutely clearing brow and the lofty smile; said, half aloud—  
and then again all became cold, firm, “Well, KNOWLEDGE IS PO

## CHAPTER IV.

MRS. LESLIE came up in fidget and in fuss; she leant over Randal's shoulder and read the card. Written in pen and ink, with an attempt at imitation of printed Roman character, there appeared first “MR. FRANK HAZELDEAN;” but just over these letters, and scribbled hastily and less legibly in pencil, was—

“Dear Leslie,—sorry you were out—come and see us—*Do!*”

“You will go, Randal?” said Mrs. Leslie, after a pause.

“I am not sure.”

“Yes, *you* can go; *you* have clothes like a gentleman; *you* can go anywhere, not like those children;” and Mrs. Leslie glanced almost spitefully at poor Oliver's coarse threadbare jacket, and little Juliet's torn frock.

“What I have I owe at present to Mr. Egerton, and I should consult his wishes; he is not on good terms with these Hazeldeans.” Then turning towards his brother, who looked mortified, he added, with a strange sort of haughty kindness, “What I may have hereafter, Oliver, I shall owe to myself; and then if I rise, I will raise my family.”

“Dear Randal,” said Mrs. Leslie, fondly kissing him on the forehead, “what a good heart you have!”

“No, mother; my books don't tell me that it is a good heart that gets on in the world: it is a hard head,” replied Randal, with a rude and scornful candour. “But I can read no more just now: come out, Oliver.”

So saying, he slid from his hand and left the room.

When Oliver joined him was already on the common without seeming to notice him; he continued to walk quickly with long strides, in profound silence. At length he paused under the trunk of an old oak, that, too old to be of value save for firewood, had been left to rot. The tree stood on a spot that commanded a view of the decayed house—the dilapidated church—the dreary village.

“Oliver,” said Randal, between his teeth, so that his voice had the sound of a hiss, “it was under this tree I first resolved to—”

He paused.

“What, Randal?”

“Read hard: knowledge is power.”

“But you are so fond of reading!”

“I!” cried Randal. “I

think, when Wolsey and Thomas Becket became priests, they were not of telling their beads and saying Ave's? I fond of reading!”

Oliver stared; the historical allusions were beyond his comprehension.

“You know,” continued

“that we Leslies were not all beggarly poor gentlemen we were. You know that there is a fine house lives in Grosvenor Square, and a rich—very. His riches come from a Leslie; that man is my father, Oliver, and he—is very good.”

Randal's smile was withering. “Come on,” he said

pause—"come on." Again the walk was quick, and the brothers were silent.

They came at length to a little shallow brook, across which some large stones had been placed at short intervals, so that the boys walked over the ford dryshod. "Will you pull down that bough, Oliver?" said Randal, abruptly, pointing to a tree. Oliver obeyed mechanically; and

Randal, stripping the leaves, and snapping off the twigs, left a fork at the end; with this he began to remove the stepping-stones.

"What are you about, Randal?" asked Oliver, wonderingly.

"We are on the other side of the brook now, and we shall not come back this way. We don't want the stepping-stones any more!—away with them!"

## CHAPTER V.

THE morning after this visit of Frank Hazeldean's to Rood Hall, the Right Honourable Audley Egerton, member of parliament, privy councillor, and minister of a high department in the state—just below the rank of the cabinet—was seated in his library, awaiting the delivery of the post, before he walked down to his office. In the meanwhile, he sipped his tea, and glanced over the newspapers with that quick and half-disdainful eye with which your practical man in public life is wont to regard the abuse or the eulogium of the Fourth Estate.

There is very little likeness between Mr. Egerton and his half-brother; none, indeed, except that they are both of tall stature, and strong, snowy, English build. But even in this last they do not resemble each other; for the Squire's athletic shape is already beginning to expand into that portly *embonpoint* which seems the natural development of contented men as they approach middle life. Audley, on the contrary, is inclined to be spare; and his figure, though the muscles are as firm as iron, has enough of the slender to satisfy metropolitan ideas of elegance. His

dress, his look—his *tout ensemble*—are those of the London man. In the first, there is more attention to fashion than is usual amongst the busy members of the House of Commons; but then Audley Egerton has always been something more than a mere busy member of the House of Commons. He has always been a person of mark in the best society; and one secret of his success in life has been his high reputation as "a gentleman."

As he now bends over the journals, there is an air of distinction in the turn of the well-shaped head, with the dark brown hair—dark in spite of a reddish tinge—cut close behind, and worn away a little towards the crown, so as to give additional height to a commanding forehead. His profile is very handsome, and of that kind of beauty which imposes on men if it pleases women; and is, therefore, unlike that of your mere pretty fellows, a positive advantage in public life. It is a profile with large features clearly cut, masculine, and somewhat severe. The expression of his face is not open, like the Squire's; nor has it the cold closeness which accompanies the intellectual character of young Lealie's;

but it is reserved and dignified, and significant of self-control, as should be the physiognomy of a man accustomed to think before he speaks. When you look at him, you are not surprised to learn that he is not a florid orator nor a smart debater—he is a “weighty speaker.” He is fairly read, but without any great range either of ornamental scholarship or constitutional lore. He has not much humour: but he has that kind of wit which is essential to grave and serious irony. He has not much imagination, nor remarkable subtlety in reasoning; but if he does not dazzle, he does not bore: he is too much of the man of the world for that. He is considered to have sound sense and accurate judgment. Withal, as he now lays aside the journals, and his face relaxes its auster lines, you will not be astonished to hear that he is a man who is said to have been greatly beloved by women, and still to exercise much influence in drawing-rooms and boudoirs. At least, no one was surprised when the great heiress, Clementina Leslie, kinswoman and ward to Lord Lansmere—a young lady who had refused three earls and the heir-apparent to a dukedom—was declared by her dearest friends to be dying of love for Audley Egerton. It had been the natural wish of the Lansmeres that this lady should marry their son, Lord L’Estrange. But that young gentleman, whose opinions on matrimony partook of the eccentricity of his general character, could never be induced to propose, and had, according to the *on-dits* of town, been the principal party to make up the match between Clementina and his friend Audley; for the match required making-up, despite the predilections of the young heiress. Mr. Egerton had had scruples of delicacy. He *avowed*, for the first time, that his *fortune* was much less than had been

generally supposed, and he did like the idea of owing all to a woman, however highly he might esteem and admire her. Now, Lord L’Estrange (not long after the election at Lansmere, which had given to Audley his first seat in parliament) had suddenly exchanged from the battalion of the Guards to which he belonged, and which was detained at home, into cavalry regiment on active service: the Peninsula. Nevertheless, even abroad, and amidst the distraction of war, his interest in all that concerned Egerton’s career was unabated; and, by letters to his father and to his cousin Clementina, he assisted in the negotiations for the marriage between Miss Leslie and his friend; and, before the year in which Audley was returned for Lansmere had expired, the young senator received the hand of the great heiress. The settlement of her fortune, which was chiefly in the funds, had been unusually advantageous to the husband; for though the capital was divided up so long as both survived—for the benefit of any children they might have—yet, in the event of one of the parties dying without issue by the marriage, the whole passed without limitation to the survivor. Miss Leslie, in spite of all remonstrance from her own legal adviser, had settled this clause with Egerton’s confidential solicitor, one Mr. Levy, of whom we shall see more hereafter; and Egerton was to be kept in ignorance of it till after the marriage. If in the Miss Leslie showed a generous trust in Mr. Egerton, she still inflicted a positive wrong on her relations, as she had none sufficiently near to be to warrant their claim to the succession. Her nearest kinsman, and therefore her natural heir, was Harry L’Estrange; and if he was contented, no one had a right to complain. The tie of blood between herself and

of Rood Hall was, as we shall presently, extremely distant.

Mr. Egerton took an active part in the business of the House of Com-

He was then at the most ageous starting-point for the of ambition. His words on the of the country took importance his stake in it. His talents accessories in the opulence of mor Square, the dignity of a ly establishment, the respecta- of one firmly settled in life, the tion of a fortune in reality very and which was magnified by r report into the revenues of a s. Audley Egerton succeeded rliament beyond the early ex- ions formed of him. He took, the first, that station in the which it requires tact to esta- and great knowledge of the to free from the charge of im- ability and crotchet, but which, tablished, is peculiarly imposing he rarity of its independence;

to say, the station of the mo- man who belongs sufficiently arty to obtain its support, but sufficiently disengaged from a o make his vote and word, on : questions, matter of anxiety eculation.

lessing Toryism, (the word Con- vance, which would have suited tier, was not then known,) he ad himself from the country and always avowed great re- for the opinions of the large

The epithet given to the of Audley Egerton was "en- ed." Never too much in ad- of the passion of the day, ver behind its movement, l that shrewd calculation of hich a consummate mastery of ed sometimes bestows upon me—perceived the chances for sicut a certain question being

carried within a certain time, and nicked the question between wind and water. He was so good a baro- meter of that changeful weather called Public Opinion, that he might have had a hand in the *Times* news- paper. He soon quarrelled, and pur- posely, with his Lansmere consti- tuents; nor had he ever revisited that borough — perhaps because it was associated with unpleasant reminis- cences in the shape of the Squire's epistolary trimmer, and in that of his own effigies which his agricultural constituents had burned in the corn- market. But the speeches that pro- duced such indignation at Lansmere had delighted one of the greatest of our commercial towns, which at the next general election honoured him with its representation. In those days, before the Reform Bill, great commercial towns chose men of high mark for their members: and a proud station it was for him who was dele- gated to speak the voice of the princely merchants of England.

Mrs. Egerton survived her mar- riage but a few years—she left no children; two had been born, but died in their first infancy. The prop- erty of the wife, therefore, passed without control or limit to the hus- band.

Whatever might have been the grief of the widower, he disdained to betray it to the world. Indeed, Audley Egerton was a man who had early taught himself to conceal emo- tion. He buried himself in the country, none knew where, for some months. When he returned, there was a deep wrinkle on his brow: but no change in his habits and avoca- tions, except that, shortly afterwards, he accepted office, and thus became more busy than ever.

Mr. Egerton had always been lavish and magnificent in money matters. A rich man in public life

has many claims on his fortune, and no one yielded to those claims with an air so regal as Audley Egerton. But amongst his many liberal actions, there was none which seemed more worthy of panegyric than the generous favour he extended to the son of his wife's poor and distant kinsfolk, the Leslies of Rood Hall.

Some four generations back, there had lived a certain Squire Leslie, a man of large acres and active mind. He had cause to be displeased with his elder son, and though he did not disinherit him, he left half his property to a younger.

The younger had capacity and spirit, which justified the parental provision. He increased his fortune; lifted himself into notice and consideration by public services and a noble alliance. His descendants followed his example, and took rank among the first commoners in England, till the last male, dying, left his sole heiress and representative in one daughter, Clementina, afterwards married to Mr. Egerton.

Meanwhile the elder son of the fore-mentioned squire had muddled and sotted away much of his share in the Leslie property; and, by low habits and mean society, lowered in repute his representation of the name.

His successors imitated him, till nothing was left to Randal's father, Mr. Maunder Slugge Leslie, but the decayed house, which was what the Germans call the *stamm schloss*, or "stem hall" of the race, and the wretched lands immediately around it.

Still, though all intercourse between the two branches of the family had ceased, the younger had always felt a respect for the elder, as the head of the house. And it was supposed that, on her death-bed, Mrs. Egerton had recommended her impoverished namesakes and kindred to the care of *her husband*; for, when he returned

to town, after Mrs. Egerton's death, Audley had sent to Mr. Maunder Slugge Leslie the sum of £5000, which he said his wife, leaving a written will, had orally bequeathed as a legacy to that gentleman; and he requested permission to charge himself with the education of the elder son.

Mr. Maunder Slugge Leslie might have done great things for his little property with those £5000, or even (kept in the three-per-cent) the interest would have afforded a material addition to his comforts. But a neighbouring solicitor, having caught scent of the legacy, hunted it down into his own hands, on pretence of having found a capital investment in a canal. And when the solicitor had got possession of the £5000, he was off with them to America.

Meanwhile Randal, placed by Mr. Egerton at an excellent preparatory school, at first gave no signs of industry or talent; but just before he left it, there came to the school, as classical tutor, an ambitious young Oxford man; and his zeal—for he was capital teacher—produced a great effect generally on the pupils, and especially on Randal Leslie. He talked to him much in private on the advantages of learning, and shortly afterwards he exhibited those advantages in his own person; for, having edited a Greek play with much subtle scholarship at his college, which some slight irregularities of his had displeased, recalled him to its venerable bosom by the presentation of a fellowship.

After this he took orders, became a college tutor, distinguished himself yet more by a treatise on the Greek accent, got a capital living, and was considered on the high road to a bishopric. The young man, then, communicated Randal the thirst for knowledge when the boy went afterwar to Eton, he applied with such ex-

resolve that his fame soon  
the ears of Audley; and that  
who had the sympathy for  
and yet more for purpose,  
often characterises ambitious  
went to Eton to see him. From  
there, Audley evinced great and  
fatherly interest in the bril-  
lontian; and Randal always  
told him some days in each va-

He said that Egerton's conduct,  
respect to this boy, was more  
worthy than most of those ge-  
nerations for which he was re-  
sponsible to this the world gave  
praise. What a man does  
within the range of his family con-  
duct does not carry with it that  
which invests a munificence  
shown on public occasions. Either  
are nothing about it, or tacitly  
it to be but his duty. It was  
not, as the Squire had observed,  
that Randal Leslie was even less dis-  
tanced to the Hazeldeans than  
Egerton, since Randal's  
brother had actually married a  
Hazeldean (the highest worldly  
man in that branch of the family  
remembered since the great split I  
never forgot.) But Audley

Egerton never appeared aware of that  
fact. As he was not himself descended  
from the Hazeldeans, he did not  
trouble himself about their genea-  
logy; and he took care to impress it  
upon the Leslies that his generosity  
on their behalf was solely to be  
ascribed to his respect for his wife's  
memory and kindred. Still the Squire  
had felt as if his "distant brother"  
implied a rebuke on his own neglect  
of these poor Leslies, by the liberality  
Audley evinced towards them; and  
this had made him doubly sore  
when the name of Randal Leslie  
was mentioned. But the fact really  
was, that the Leslies of Rood had so  
shrunk out of all notice that the  
Squire had actually forgotten their  
existence, until Randal became thus  
indebted to his brother; and then he  
felt a pang of remorse that any one  
save himself, the head of the Hazel-  
deans, should lend a helping hand to  
the grandson of a Hazeldean.

But having thus, somewhat too  
tediously, explained the position of  
Audley Egerton, whether in the world  
or in relation to his young *protégé*, I  
may now permit him to receive and  
to read his letters.

## CHAPTER VI.

EGERTON glanced over the  
letters placed beside him, and  
tore up some, scarcely read,  
tossing them into the waste-bas-  
ket. Men have such odd, out-  
raged letters, that their waste-  
baskets are never empty: letters  
from financiers proposing new  
ways to pay off the National Debt;  
from America (never free!)  
for autographs; letters from  
L—No. 359.

fond mothers in country villages, re-  
commending some miracle of a son for  
a place in the King's service; letters  
from free-thinkers in reproof of big-  
otry; letters from bigots in reproof  
of free-thinking; letters signed Brutus  
Redivivus, containing the agreeable  
information that the writer has a  
dagger for tyrants, if the Danish  
claims are not forthwith adjusted;  
letters signed Matilda or Caroline,

stating that Caroline or Matilda has seen the public man's portrait at the Exhibition, and that a heart sensible to its attractions may be found at No. — Piccadilly; letters from beggars, impostors, monomaniacs, speculators, jobbers—all food for the wastebasket.

From the correspondence thus winnowed, Mr. Egerton first selected those on business, which he put methodically together in one division of his pocket-book; and secondly, those of a private nature, which he as carefully put into another. Of these last there were but three—one from his steward, one from Harley L'Estrange, one from Randal Leslie. It was his custom to answer his correspondence at his office; and to his office, a few minutes afterwards, he slowly took his way. Many a passenger turned back to look again at the firm figure, which, despite the hot summer day, was buttoned up to the throat; and the black frock-coat thus worn well became the erect air, and the deep, full chest of the handsome senator. When he entered Parliament Street, Audley Egerton was joined by one of his colleagues, also on his way to the cares of office.

After a few observations on the last debate, this gentleman said—

"By the way, can you dine with me next Saturday, to meet Lansmere? He comes up to town to vote for us on Monday."

"I had asked some people to dine with me," answered Egerton, "but I will put them off. I see Lord Lansmere too seldom to miss any occasion to meet a man whom I respect so much."

"So seldom! True, he is very little in town; but why don't you go and see him in the country? Good shooting — pleasant, old-fashioned house."

"My dear Westbourne, his house is

'*ninium vicina Cremona*,' close to a borough in which I have been burned in effigy."

"Ha—ha—yes—I remember you first came into Parliament for that snug little place; but Lansmere himself never found fault with your vote, did he?"

"He behaved very handsomely, and said he had not presumed to consider me his mouthpiece; and then, too, I am so intimate with L'Estrange."

"Is that queer fellow ever coming back to England?"

"He comes, generally, every year, for a few days, just to see his father and mother, and then returns to the Continent."

"I never meet him."

"He comes in September or October, when you, of course, are not in town, and it is in town that the Lansmeres meet him."

"Why does not he go to them?"

"A man in England but once a year, and for a few days, has so much to do in London, I suppose?"

"Is he as amusing as ever?"

Egerton nodded.

"So distinguished as he might be!" remarked Lord Westbourne.

"So distinguished as he is!" said Egerton formally; "an officer selected for praise, even in such fields as Quatre Bras and Waterloo; a scholar, too, of the finest taste; and as an accomplished gentleman, matchless!"

"I like to hear one man praise another so warmly in these ill-natured days," answered Lord Westbourne. "But still, though L'Estrange is doubtless all you say, don't you think he rather wastes his life—living abroad?"

"And trying to be happy, Westbourne? Are you sure it is not we who waste our lives? But I can't stay to hear your answer. Here we are the door of my prison."

"On Saturday, then?"

"On Saturday. Good day."

For the next hour, or more, Mr. Egerton was engaged on the affairs of the state. He then snatched an interval of leisure, (while awaiting a report, which he had instructed a clerk to make him,) in order to reply to his letters. Those on public business were soon despatched; and throwing his replies aside, to be sealed by a subordinate hand, he drew out the letters which he had put apart as private.

He attended first to that of his steward: the steward's letter was long, the reply was contained in three lines. Pitt himself was scarcely more negligent of his private interests and concerns than Audley Egerton—yet, withal, Audley Egerton was said by his enemies to be an egotist.

The next letter he wrote was to Randal, and that, though longer, was as from prolix: it ran thus—

"Dear Mr. Lealie,—I appreciate your delicacy in consulting me, whether you should accept Frank Hazledean's invitation to call at the Hall. Since you are asked, I can see no objection to it. I should be sorry if you appeared to force yourself there; and for the rest, as a general rule, I think a young man who has his own way to make in life had better avoid all intimacy with those of his own age who have no kindred objects nor congenial pursuits.

"As soon as this visit is paid, I wish you to come to London. The report I receive of your progress at school renders it unnecessary, in my judgment, that you should return there. If your father has no objection, I propose that you should go to us at the ensuing term. Meanwhile, I have engaged a gentleman, a fellow of Balliol, to read with you. He is of opinion, judging only

by your high repute at Eton, that you may at once obtain a scholarship in that college. If you do so, I shall look upon your career in life as assured.

"Your affectionate friend, and sincere well-wisher,

"A. E."

The reader will remark that, in this letter, there is a certain tone of formality. Mr. Egerton does not call his protégé "Dear Randal," as would seem natural, but coldly and stiffly, "Dear Mr. Lealie." He hints, also, that the boy has his own way to make in life. Is this meant to guard against too sanguine notions of inheritance, which his generosity may have excited?

The letter to Lord L'Estrange was of a very different kind from the others. It was long, and full of such little scraps of news and gossip as may interest friends in a foreign land; it was written gaily, and as with a wish to cheer his friend; you could see that it was a reply to a melancholy letter; and in the whole tone and spirit there was an affection, even to tenderness, of which those who most liked Audley Egerton would have scarcely supposed him capable. Yet, notwithstanding, there was a kind of constraint in the letter, which perhaps only the fine tact of a woman would detect. It had not that *abandon*, that hearty self-outpouring, which you might expect would characterise the letters of two such friends, who had been boys at school together, and which did breathe indeed in all the abrupt rambling sentences of his correspondent. But where was the evidence of the constraint? Egerton is off-hand enough where his pen runs glibly through paragraphs that relate to others; it is simply that he says nothing about himself—that he avoids all reference



to the inner world of sentiment and feeling. But perhaps, after all, the man has no sentiment and feeling! How can you expect that a steady personage in practical life, whose mornings are spent in Downing Street, and whose nights are consumed in watching Government bills through a committee, can write in the same style as an idle dreamer amidst the pines of Ravenna, or on the banks of Como?

Audley had just finished this epistle, such as it was, when the attendant in waiting announced the arrival of a deputation from a provincial trading town, the members of which deputation he had appointed to meet at two o'clock. There was no office in London at which deputations were kept waiting less than at that over which Mr. Egerton presided.

The deputation entered — some score or so of middle-aged, comfortable looking persons, who, nevertheless, had their grievance — and considered their own interests, and those of the country, menaced by a certain clause in a bill brought in by Mr. Egerton.

The Mayor of the town was the chief spokesman, and he spoke well — but in a style to which the dignified official was not accustomed. It was a slap-dash style — unceremonious, free, and easy — an American style. And, indeed, there was something altogether in the appearance and bearing of the Mayor which savoured of residence in the Great Republic. He was a very handsome man, but with a look sharp and domineering — the look of a man who did not care a straw for president or monarch, and who enjoyed the liberty to speak his mind and “wallop his own nigger!”

His fellow-burgers evidently regarded him with great respect; and Mr. Egerton had penetration enough to perceive that Mr. Mayor must be a rich man, as well as an eloquent

one, to have overcome those impressions of soreness or jealousy which tone was calculated to create in the self-love of his equals.

Mr. Egerton was far too wise to be easily offended by mere manner, and, though he stared somewhat haughtily when he found his observations actually pooh-poohed, he was not above being convinced. There was much sense and much justice in Mr. Mayor's arguments, and the statesman civilly promised to take them into full consideration.

He then bowed out the deputation, but scarcely had the door closed before it opened again, and Mr. Mayor presented himself alone, saying aloud to his companions in the passage, “I forgot something I had to say to Mr. Egerton; wait below for me.”

“Well, Mr. Mayor,” said Audley, pointing to a seat, “what else would you suggest?”

The Mayor looked round to see that the door was closed; and then drawing his chair close to Mr. Egerton's, laid his forefinger on the gentleman's arm, and said, “I think I speak to a man of the world, sir!”

Mr. Egerton bowed, and made no reply by word, but he gently removed his arm from the touch of the forefinger.

MR. MAYOR. — “You observe, sir, that I did not ask the members when we return to Parliament to accompany us. Do better without ‘em. You know they are both in Opposition — out-and-outers.”

MR. EGERTON. — “It is a mistake which the Government cannot remember, when the question is whether the trade of the town itself is to be served or injured.”

MR. MAYOR. — “Well, I guess you speak handsome, sir. But you'd be glad to have two members to support Ministers after the next election.”

MR. EGERTON, (smiling.)—"Unquestionably, Mr. Mayor."

MR. MAYOR.—"And I can do it, Mr. Egerton. I may say I have the town in my pocket; so I ought—I spend a great deal of money in it. Now, you see, Mr. Egerton, I have passed a part of my life in a land of liberty—the United States—and I come to the point when I speak to a man of the world. I'm a man of the world myself, sir. And so, if the Government will do something for me, why, I'll do something for the Government. Two votes for a free and independent town like ours—that's something, isn't it?"

MR. EGERTON, (taken by surprise.)—"Really, I—"

MR. MAYOR, (advancing his chair still nearer, and interrupting the official.)—"No nonsense, you see, on one side or the other. The fact is, that I've taken it into my head that I should like to be knighted. You may well look surprised, Mr. Egerton—trumpety thing enough, I dare say; still, every man has his weakness, and I should like to be Sir Richard. Well, if you can get me made Sir Richard, you may just name your two members for the next election—that is, if they belong to your own set, enlightened men, up to the times. That's speaking fair and manful, isn't it?"

MR. EGERTON, (drawing himself up.)—"I am at a loss to guess why you should select me, sir, for this very extraordinary proposition."

MR. MAYOR, (nodding good-humouredly.)—"Why, you see, I don't go along with the Government; you're the best of the bunch. And maybe you'd like to strengthen your own ty. This is quite between you me, you understand; honour's a lot."

MR. EGERTON, (with great gravity.)—"I am obliged by your good

opinion; but I agree with my colleagues in all the great questions that affect the government of the country, and—"

MR. MAYOR, (interrupting him.)—"Ah, of course, you must say so; very right. But I guess things would go differently if you were Prime Minister. However, I have another reason for speaking to you about my little job. You see you were member for Lansmere once, and I think you only came in by a majority of two, eh?"

MR. EGERTON.—"I know nothing of the particulars of that election; I was not present."

MR. MAYOR.—"No; but luckily for you, two relations of mine were, and they voted for you. Two votes, and you came in by two. Since then, you have got into very snug quarters here, and I think we have a claim on you—"

MR. EGERTON.—"Sir, I acknowledge no such claim; I was and am a stranger to Lansmere; and, if the electors did me the honour to return me to Parliament, it was in compliment rather to—"

MR. MAYOR, (again interrupting the official.)—"Rather to Lord Lansmere, you were going to say; unconstitutional doctrine that, I fancy. Peer of the realm. But never mind, I know the world; and I'd ask Lord Lansmere to do my affair for me, only he is a pompous sort of man; might be qualmish: antiquated notions. Not up to snuff like you and me."

MR. EGERTON, (in great disgust, and settling his papers before him.)—"Sir, it is not in my department to recommend to his Majesty candidates for the honour of knighthood, and it is still less in my department to make bargains for seats in Parliament."

MR. MAYOR.—"Oh, if that's the case you'll excuse me; I don't know

much of the etiquette in these matters. But I thought that, if I put two seats in your hands, for your own friends, you might contrive to take the affair into your department, whatever it was. But, since you say you agree with your colleagues, perhaps it comes to the same thing. Now, you must not suppose I want to sell the town, and that I can change and chop my politics for my own purpose. No such thing! I don't like the sitting members; I'm all for progressing, but they go *too* much a-head for me; and, since the Government is disposed to move a little, why, I'd as lief support them as not. But, in common gratitude, you see (added the Mayor, coaxingly,) I ought to be knighted! I can keep up the dignity, and do credit to His Majesty."

MR. EGERTON, (without looking up from his papers.)—"I can only refer you, sir, to the proper quarter."

MR. MAYOR, (impatiently.)—"Proper quarter! Well, since there is so much humbug in this old country of ours, that one must go through all the forms and get at the job regularly, just tell me whom I ought to go to."

MR. EGERTON, (beginning to be amused as well as indignant.)—"If you want a knighthood, Mr. Mayor, you must ask the Prime Minister; if you want to give the Government information relative to seats in Parliament, you must introduce yourself to Mr. — the Secretary of the Treasury."

MR. MAYOR.—"And if I go to the last chap, what do you think he'll say?"

MR. EGERTON, (the amusement preponderating over the indignation.)—"He will say, I suppose, that you must not put the thing in the light in which you have put it to me; that the Government will be very proud to have the confidence of yourself and

your brother electors; and that a gentleman like you, in the proud position of Mayor, may well hope to be knighted on some fitting occasion, but that you must not talk about the knighthood just at present, and must confine yourself to converting the unfortunate political opinions of the town."

MR. MAYOR.—"Well, I guess that chap there would want to do me! Not quite so green, Mr. Egerton. Perhaps I'd better go at once to the fountain-head. How d'ye think the Premier would take it?"

MR. EGERTON, (the indignation preponderating over the amusement.)—"Probably just as I am about to do."

Mr. Egerton rang the bell; the attendant appeared.

"Show Mr. Mayor the way out," said the Minister.

The Mayor turned round sharply, and his face was purple. He walked straight to the door; but suffering the attendant to precede him along the corridor, he came back with a rapid stride, and clenching his hands, and with a voice thick with passion, cried, "Some day or other I will make you smart for this, as sure as my name's Dick Avenel!"

"Avenel!" repeated Egerton, recoiling—"Avenel!"

But the Mayor was gone.

Audley fell into a deep and morose reverie, which seemed gloomy, and lasted till the attendant announced that the horses were at the door.

He then looked up, still abstractedly, and saw his letter to Harry L'Estrange open on the table. He drew it towards him, and wrote, "A man has just left me, who calls himself Avenel—" In the middle of the name his pen stopped. "No, no," muttered the writer, "what folly to re-open the old wounds *there*," and he carefully erased the words.

Audley Egerton did not ride in the Park that day, as was his wont, but dismissed his groom; and, turning his horse's head towards Westminster Bridge, took his solitary way into the country. He rode at first slowly, as

if in thought; then fast, as if trying to escape from thought. He was later than usual at the House that evening, and he looked pale and fatigued. But he had to speak, and he spoke well.

## CHAPTER VII.

IN spite of all his Machiavellian wisdom, Dr. Riccabocca had been ailed in his attempt to seduce Leonard Fairfield into his service, even though he succeeded in partially winning over the widow to his views. For to her he represented the worldly advantages of the thing. Lenny would learn to be fit for more than a lay-labourer; he would learn gardening, in all its branches—rise some day to be a head gardener. "And," said Riccabocca, "I will take care of his book-learning, and teach him whatever he has a head for."

"He has a head for everything," said the widow.

"Then," said the wise man, "everything shall go into it."

The widow was certainly dazzled; for, as we have seen, she highly prized scholarly distinction, and she knew that the Parson looked upon Riccabocca as a wondrous learned man. But still Riccabocca was said to be a Papist, and suspected to be a conjuror. Her scruples on both these points the Italian, who was an adept in the art of talking over the fair sex, would no doubt have dissipated, if there had been any use in it; but Lenny put a dead stop to all negotiations.

He had taken a mortal dislike to Riccabocca: he was very much annoyed by him—and the spectacle of the pipe, the cloak, the long coat, and the red umbrella; and said

so sturdily, in reply to every overture—"Please, sir, I'd rather not; I'd rather stay along with mother,"—that Riccabocca was forced to suspend all further experiments in his Machiavellian diplomacy. He was not at all cast down, however, by his first failure; on the contrary, he was one of those men whom opposition stimulates. And what before had been but a suggestion of prudence, became an object of desire. Plenty of other lads might no doubt be had, on as reasonable terms as Lenny Fairfield; but the moment Lenny presumed to baffle the Italian's designs upon him, the special acquisition of Lenny became of paramount importance in the eyes of Signor Riccabocca.

Jackeymo, however, lost all his interest in the traps, snares, and gins which his master proposed to lay for Leonard Fairfield, in the more immediate surprise that awaited him on learning that Dr. Riccabocca had accepted an invitation to pass a few days at the Hall.

"There will be no one there but the family," said Riccabocca. "Poor Giacomo, a little chat in the servants' hall will do you good; and the Squire's beef is more nourishing, after all, than the sticklebacks and minnows. It will lengthen your life."

"The Padrone jests," said Jackeymo statelily; "as if any one could starve in his service."

"Um," said Riccabocca. "At least, faithful friend, you have tried that experiment as far as human nature will permit;" and he extended his hand to his fellow-exile with that familiarity which exists between servant and master in the usages of the Continent. Jackeymo bent low, and a tear fell upon the hand he kissed.

"*Cospetto!*" said Dr. Riccabocca, "a thousand mock pearls do not make up the cost of a single true one! The tears of women—we know their worth; but the tear of an honest man—Fie, Giacomo!—at least I can never repay you this! Go and see to our wardrobe."

So far as his master's wardrobe was concerned, that order was pleasing to Jackeymo; for the Doctor had in his drawers suits which Jackeymo pronounced to be as good as new, though many a long year had passed since they left the tailor's hands. But when Jackeymo came to examine the state of his own clothing department, his face grew considerably longer. It was not that he was without other clothes than those on his back—quantity was there, but the quality! Mournfully he gazed on two suits, complete in the three separate members of which man's raiments are composed: the one suit extended at length upon his bed, like a veteran stretched by pious hands after death; the other brought piecemeal to the invidious light—the *torso* placed upon a chair, the limbs dangling down from Jackeymo's melancholy arm. No bodies long exposed at the Morgue could evince less sign of resuscitation than those respectable defuncts! For, indeed, Jackeymo had been less thrifty of his apparel—more *profusus sui*—than his master. In the earliest days of their exile, he preserved the decorous habit of dressing for dinner—it was a respect due to the Padrone—and that habit had lasted till the two

habits on which it necessarily depended had evinced the first symptoms of decay; then the evening clothes had been taken into morning wear, in which hard service they had breathed their last.

The Doctor, notwithstanding his general philosophical abstraction from such household details, had more than once said, rather in pity to Jackeymo than with an eye to that respectability which the costume of the servant reflects on the dignity of the master—"Giacomo, thou wastest clothes; fit thyself out of mine!"

And Jackeymo had bowed his gratitude, as if the donation had been accepted; but the fact was that that same fitting-out was easier said than done. For though—thanks to an existence mainly upon sticklebacks and minnows—both Jackeymo and Riccabocca had arrived at that state which the longevity of misers proves to be most healthful to the human frame—viz., skin and bone—yet the bones contained in the skin of Riccabocca all took longitudinal directions; while those in the skin of Jackeymo spread out latitudinally. And you might as well have made the bark of a Lombardy poplar serve for the trunk of some dwarfed and pollarded oak—in whose hollow the Babes of the Wood could have slept at their ease—as have fitted out Jackeymo from the garb of Riccabocca. Moreover, if the skill of the tailor could have accomplished that undertaking, the faithful Jackeymo would never have had the heart to avail himself of the generosity of his master. He had a sort of religious sentiment, too, about those vestments of the Padrone. The ancients, we know, when escaping from shipwreck, suspended in the votive temple the garments in which they had struggled through the wave. Jackeymo looked on those relics of the past with a kindred superstition.

"This coat the Padrone wore on such an occasion. I remember the very evening the Padrone last put on those pantaloons!" And coat and pantaloons were tenderly dusted, and carefully restored to their sacred rest.

But now, after all, what was to be done? Jackeymo was much too proud to exhibit his person to the eyes of the Squire's butler, in habiliments discreditable to himself and the Padrone. In the midst of his perplexity the bell rang, and he went down into the parlour.

Riccabocca was standing on the hearth under his symbolical representation of the "Patriæ Exul."

"Giacomo," quoth he, "I have been thinking that thou hast never done what I told thee, and fitted thyself out from my superfluities. But we are going now into the great world: visiting once begun, Heaven knows where it may stop! Go to the nearest town and get thyself clothes. Things are dear in England. Will this suffice?" And Riccabocca extended a £5 note.

Jackeymo, we have seen, was more familiar with his master than we formal English permit our domestics to be with us. But in his familiarity he was usually respectful. This time, however, respect deserted him.

"The Padrone is mad!" he exclaimed; "he would fling away his whole fortune if I would let him. Five pounds English, or a hundred and twenty-six pounds Milanese!\* Santa Maria! Unnatural father! And what is to become of the poor Signorina? Is this the way you are to marry her in the foreign land?"

"Giacomo," said Riccabocca, bowing his head to the storm; "the Signorina to-morrow; to-day the honour of the house. Thy small-clothes,

Giacomo. Miserable man, thy small-clothes!"

"It is just," said Jackeymo, recovering himself, and with humility; "and the Padrone does right to blame me, but not in so cruel a way. It is just—the Padrone lodges and boards me, and gives me handsome wages, and he has a right to expect that I should not go in this figure."

"For the board and the lodgment, good," said Riccabocca. "For the handsome wages, they are the visions of thy fancy!"

"They are no such thing," said Jackeymo, "they are only in arrear. As if the Padrone could not pay them some day or other—as if I was demeaning myself by serving a master who did not intend to pay his servants! And can't I wait? Have I not my savings too? But be cheered, be cheered; you shall be contented with me. I have two beautiful suits still. I was arranging them when you rang for me. You shall see, you shall see."

And Jackeymo hurried from the room, hurried back into his own chamber, unlocked a little trunk which he kept at his bed head, tossed out a variety of small articles, and from the deepest depth extracted a leathern purse. He emptied the contents on the bed. They were chiefly Italian coins, some five-franc pieces, a silver medallion, enclosing a little image of his patron saint—San Giacomo—one solid English guinea, and somewhat more than a pound's worth in English silver. Jackeymo put back the foreign coins, saying prudently, "One will lose on them here:" he seized the English coins, and counted them out. "But are you enough, you rascals?" quoth he angrily, giving them a good shake. His eye caught sight of the medallion—he paused; and after eyeing the tiny representation of the saint with great delibera-

*he pounds Milanese, Giacomo means mass lira.*

tion, he added, in a sentence which he must have picked up from the proverbial aphorisms of his master—

"What's the difference between the enemy who does not hurt me, and the friend who does not serve me? *Monsignore San Giacomo*, my patron saint, you are of very little use to me in the leathern bag. But if you help me to get into a new pair of small-clothes on this important occasion, you will be a friend indeed. *Alle bisogna, Monsignore.*" Then, gravely kissing the medallion, he thrust it into one pocket, the coins into the other, made up a bundle of the two defunct suits, and muttering to himself, "Beast, miser, that I am, to disgrace the Padrone with all these savings in his service!" ran down stairs into his pantry, caught up his hat and stick, and in a few moments more was seen

trudging off to the neighbor of L——.

Apparently the poor It ceased, for he came back th in time to prepare the t which made his master's su a suit of black—a little t but still highly respectable- fronts, and two white crav out of all this finery, Jack the small-clothes in espec tion; for, as they had ce what the medallion had sol seemed to him that San Gi heard his prayer in that which he had more exclusiv the saint's direction. The c liments came to him in t human process of sale and t small-clothes were the pen tuity of San Giacomo!

## CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE has been subjected to many ingenious comparisons; and if we do not understand it any better, it is not for want of what is called "reasoning by illustration." Amongst other resemblances, there are moments when, to a quiet contemplator, it suggests the image of one of those rotatory entertainments commonly seen in fairs, and known by the name of "whirligigs or roundabouts," in which each participant of the pastime, seated on his hobby, is always apparently in the act of pursuing some one before him, while he is pursued by some one behind. Man, and woman too, are naturally animals of chase; the greatest still find something to follow, and there is no one too humble not to be an object of prey to another. Thus, confining our view to the village of

Hazeldean, we behold in this Dr. Riocabocca spurring after Lenny Fairfield; Jemima, on her decorous whipping after Dr. Riocabocca with so long and intimate tion of the villany of our Jemima should resolve up the male animal one more redeeming itself in her ey to the explanation of those who profess to find "their in woman's looks." Perhaps from the over-tender clemency of Miss Jemima perhaps it might be that, had only experienced the man born and reared in northern climates; and in Petrarch and Romeo, of and myrtle, there was rea

at the native monster would be menable to gentle influences, stinately hardened in his ini-

Without entering farther the hypotheses, it is sufficient that, on Signor Riccabocca's nce in the drawing-room at an, Miss Jemima felt more er rejoiced that she had re- his favour her general hos- o men. In truth, though aw something quizzical in the ioned and outlandish cut of an's sober dress; in his long l the *chapeau bras*, over which d so gracefully, and then it, as if to his heart, before it under his arm, after the in which the gizzard reposes he wing of a roasted pullet; as impossible that even Frank my to Riccabocca that praise due to the air and manner of mistakable gentleman. And as, after dinner, conversation ore familiar, and the Parson s. Dale, who had been invited their friend, did their best to m out, his talk, though some- little too wise for his listeners, eminently animated and agree- it was the conversation of a o, besides the knowledge which red from books and life, had the art which becomes a gen- -that of pleasing in polite

result was, that all were l with him; and that even

Barnabas postponed the ble for a full hour after the me. The Doctor did not play us became the property of the jes, Miss Jemima and Mrs.

d between the two, in the ghtfully appertaining to Flim- so this time was fairly dis- to her great wonder and dis- the Doctor was the emblem

of true Domestic Felicity, placed between Friendship and Love.

Friendship, as became her, worked quietly at the embroidered pocket-handkerchief, and left Love to more animated operations. "You must be very lonely at the Casino," said Love, in a sympathising tone.

"Madam," replied Riccabocca gallantly, "I shall think so when I leave you."

Friendship cast a sly glance at Love—Love blushed or looked down on the carpet,—which comes to the same thing. "Yet," began Love again—"yet solitude to a feeling heart—"

Riccabocca thought of the note of invitation, and involuntarily buttoned his coat, as if to protect the individual organ thus alarmingly referred to.

"Solitude, to a feeling heart, has its charms. It is so hard even for us poor ignorant women to find a congenial companion—but for *you!*" Love stopped short, as if it had said too much, and smelt confusedly at its bouquet.

Dr. Riccabocca cautiously lowered his spectacles, and darted one glance, which, with the rapidity and comprehensiveness of lightning, seemed to envelope and take in, as it were, the whole inventory of Miss Jemima's personal attractions. - Now, Miss Jemima, as I have before observed, had a mild and pensive expression of countenance, and she would have been positively pretty had the mildness looked a little more alert, and the pensiveness somewhat less lackadaisical. In fact, though Miss Jemima was constitutionally mild, she was not *de natura* pensive; she had too much of the Hazelden blood in her veins for that sullen and viscid humour called melancholy, and therefore this assumption of pensiveness really spoiled her character of features, which only wanted to be lighted up by a cheerful smile to be extremely prepossessing.



The same remark might apply to the figure, which—thanks to the same pensiveness—lost all the undulating grace which movement and animation bestow on the fluent curves of the feminine form. The figure was a good figure, examined in detail—a little thin, perhaps, but by no means emaciated—with just and elegant proportions, and naturally light and flexible. But that same unfortunate pensiveness gave to the whole a character of inertness and languor; and when Miss Jemima reclined on the sofa, so complete seemed the relaxation of nerve and muscle that you would have thought she had lost the use of her limbs. Over her face and form, thus defrauded of the charms Providence had bestowed on them, Dr. Riccabocca's eye glanced rapidly; and then moving nearer to Mrs. Dale—"Defend me" (he stopped a moment, and added)—"from the charge of not being able to appreciate congenial companionship."

"Oh, I did not say that!" cried Miss Jemima.

"Pardon me," said the Italian, "if I am so dull as to misunderstand you. One may well lose one's head, at least, in such a neighbourhood as this." He rose as he spoke, and bent over Frank's shoulder to examine some Views of Italy, which Miss Jemima (with what, if wholly unselfish, would have been an attention truly delicate) had extracted from the library in order to gratify the guest.

"Most interesting creature, indeed," sighed Miss Jemima, "but too—too flattering!"

"Tell me," said Mrs. Dale gravely, "do you think, love, that you could put off the end of the world a little longer, or must we make haste in order to be in time?"

"How wicked you are!" said Miss Jemima, turning aside.

Some few minutes afterwards, Mrs.

Dale contrived it so that Dr. Riccabocca and herself were in a far<sup>th</sup> corner of the room, looking at a picture said to be by Wouvermans.

MRS. DALE.—"She is very amiable, Jemima, is she not?"

RICCABOCCA.—"Exceedingly so. Very fine battle-piece!"

MRS. DALE.—"So kind-hearted."

RICCABOCCA.—"All ladies are. How naturally that warrior makes his desperate cut at the runaway!"

MRS. DALE.—"She is not what I called regularly handsome, but she has something very winning."

RICCABOCCA, (with a smile).—"So winning, that it is strange she is not won. That grey mare in the foreground stands out very boldly!"

MRS. DALE, (distrusting the smile of Riccabocca, and throwing in a more effective grape charge).—"No won yet; and it is strange! she will have a very pretty fortune."

RICCABOCCA.—"Ah!"

MRS. DALE.—"Six thousand pounds, I dare say—certainly four."

RICCABOCCA, (suppressing a sigh and with his wonted address).—"If Mrs. Dale were still single, she would never need a friend to say what her portion might be; but Miss Jemima is so good that I am quite sure it is not Miss Jemima's fault that she is still—Miss Jemima!"

The foreigner slipped away as he spoke, and sate himself down beside the whist-players.

Mrs. Dale was disappointed; but certainly not offended.—"It would be such a good thing for both," muttered she, almost inaudibly.

"Giacomo," said Riccabocca, as he was undressing that night in the large, comfortable, well-carpeted English bedroom, with that great English four-posted bed in the recess which seems made to shame folks out of single-blessedness—"Giacomo, I had had this evening the offer of probab

ousand pounds—certainly of  
ousand.”

*va meravigliosa!*” exclaimed  
mo—“miraculous thing!” and  
ed himself with great fervour.  
ousand pounds English! why,  
ist be a hundred thousand—  
ad that I am!—more than a  
l and fifty thousand pounds  
e!” And Jackeymo, who was  
ably enlivened by the Squire’s  
menced a series of gesticula-  
d capers, in the midst of  
ie stopped and cried, “But  
othing?”

hing! no!”  
se mercenary English!—the  
ent wants to bribe you.”  
t’s not it.”

priests want you to turn  
rse than that,” said the phi-

se than that! O Padrone!  
ie!”

’t be a fool, but pull off my  
ns—they want me never to  
se again!”

er to wear what?” exclaimed  
io, staring outright at his

master’s long legs in their linen  
drawers—“never to wear—”

“The breeches,” said Riccabocca  
laconically.

“The barbarians!” faltered Jack-  
eymo.

“My nightcap!—and never to  
have any comfort in this,” said Ricca-  
bocca, drawing on the cotton head-  
gear; “and never to have any sound  
sleep in that,” pointing to the four-  
posted bed. “And to be a bondsman  
and a slave,” continued Riccabocca,  
waxing wroth; “and to be wheedled  
and purred at, and pawed, and clawed,  
and scolded, and fondled, and blinded,  
and deafened, and bridled, and sad-  
dled—bedevilled and—married!”

“Married!” said Jackeymo, more  
dispassionately—“that’s very bad,  
certainly; but more than a hundred  
and fifty thousand *lire*, and perhaps  
a pretty young lady, and—”

“Pretty young lady!” growled  
Riccabocca, jumping into bed and  
drawing the clothes fiercely over him.  
“Put out the candle, and get along  
with you—do, you villainous old in-  
cendiary!”

## CHAPTER IX.

as not many days since the  
tion of those ill-omened stocks,  
was evident already, to an  
observer, that something  
ad got into the village. The  
wore a sullen expression of  
mce; when the Squire passed,  
k off their hats with more  
inary formality, but they did  
rn the same broad smile to  
k, hearty “Good day, my  
The women peered at him  
threshold or the casement,

but did not, as was their wont, (at  
least the wont of the prettiest), take  
occasion to come out to catch his  
passing compliment on their own  
good looks, or their tidy cottages.  
And the children, who used to play  
after work on the site of the old  
stocks, now shunned the place, and,  
indeed, seemed to cease play alto-  
gether.

On the other hand, no man likes to  
build, or rebuild, a great public work  
for nothing. Now that the Squire

had resuscitated the stocks, and made them so exceedingly handsome, it was natural that he should wish to put somebody into them. Moreover, his pride and self-esteem had been wounded by the Parson's opposition; and it would be a justification to his own forethought, and a triumph over the Parson's understanding, if he could satisfactorily and practically establish a proof that the stocks had not been repaired before it was wanted.

Therefore, unconsciously to himself, there was something about the Squire more burly, and authoritative, and menacing than heretofore. Old Gaffer Solomons observed, "that they had better moind well what they were about, for that the Squire had a wicked look in the tail of his eye—just as the dun bull had afore it tossed neighbour Barnes's little boy."

For two or three days these mute signs of something brewing in the atmosphere had been rather noticeable than noticed, without any positive overt act of tyranny on the one hand, or rebellion on the other. But on the very Saturday night in which Dr. Riccabocca was installed in the four-posted bed in the chintz chamber, the threatened revolution commenced. In the dead of that night personal outrage was committed on the stocks. And on the Sunday morning, Mr. Stirn, who was the earliest riser in the parish, perceived, in going to the farmyard, that the knob of the column that flanked the board had been feloniously broken off; that the four holes were bunged up with mud; and that some jacobinical villain had carved, on the very centre of the flourish or scroll-work, "Dam the stoks!" Mr. Stirn was much too vigilant a right-hand man, much too zealous a friend of law and order, not to regard such proceedings with horror and alarm. And when the Squire came into his dressing-room at half-

past seven, his butler (and also the duties of valet) in with a mysterious air, then had something "very" to communicate, about a most midnight 'sspiracy and 'sas.

The Squire stared, and Stirn be admitted.

"Well?" cried the Squire, pending the operation of his razor.

Mr. Stirn groaned.

"Well, man, what now?"

"I never knowed such this here parish afore," Stirn, "and I can only 's'pose that them forers have been semminatin."

"Been what?"

"Semminatin—"

"Disseminating, you disseminating what?"

"Damn the stocks," Stirn, plunging right in, and by a fine use of one o' figures in rhetoric.

"Mr. Stirn!" cried reddening, "did you say, stocks?"—damn my new pair of stocks!"

"Lord forbid, sir; 'they say: that's what digged on it with knives: and they have stuffed mu' holes, and broken the elevation."

The Squire took the his shoulder, laid down razor; he seated himself chair majestically, cross and, in a voice that at quillity, said—

"Compose yourself, have a deposition to make an assault upon—can senses?—upon my new 's'pose yourself—be calm. 'The devil is come to the 'j

"Ah, sir, what index Mr. Stirn: and then lay

'the right hand on the palm  
ft, he narrated the case.

whom do you suspect? Be  
v; don't speak in a passion.  
witness, sir—a dispassionate,  
iced witness. Zounds and  
is is the most insolent, un-  
, diabolical—but whom do  
ect, I say?"

twirled his hat, elevated his  
, jerked his thumb over his  
and whispered—"I hear as  
two Papishers slept at your  
last night."

t, dolt! do you suppose Dr.  
ckey got out of his warm  
ing up the holes in my new

; he's too cunning to do it  
but he may have been sem-  
. He's mighty thick with  
dale, and your honour knows  
he Parson set his face ag'in  
ks. Wait a bit, sir—don't  
; yet. There be a boy in this  
ish—"

oy—ah, fool, now you are  
he mark. The Parson write  
the stocks," indeed! What  
ou mean?"

that boy be cockered up  
y Mister Dale; and the  
went and sat with him and  
er a whole hour t'other day;  
boy is as deep as a well; and  
im lurking about the place,  
ng hisself under the tree the  
stocks was put up—and that  
is Lenny Fairfield."

rw," said the Squire, whist-  
n have not your usual senses  
n to-day, man. Lenny Fair-  
tern boy of the village.

Hold your tongue. I dare say it is  
not done by any one in the parish,  
after all: some good-for-nothing va-  
grant—that cursed tinker, who goes  
about with a very vicious donkey—a  
donkey that I caught picking thistles  
out of the very eyes of the old stocks!  
Shows how the tinker brings up his  
donkeys! Well, keep a sharp look-  
out. To-day is Sunday; worst day  
of the week, I'm sorry and ashamed  
to say, for rows and depredations.  
Between the services, and after eve-  
ning church, there are always idle  
fellows from all the neighbouring  
country about, as you know too well.  
Depend on it, the real culprits will  
be found gathering round the stocks,  
and will betray themselves; have your  
eyes, ears, and wits about you, and  
I've no doubt we shall come to the  
rights of the matter before the day's  
out. And if we do," added the  
Squire, "we'll make an example of  
the ruffian!"

"In course," said Stirn; "and if  
we don't find him, we must make an  
example all the same. That's what  
it is, sir. That's why the stocks ben't  
respected; they has not had an ex-  
ample yet—we wants an example.

"On my word, I believe that's  
very true; and we'll clap in the first  
idle fellow you catch in anything  
wrong, and keep him there for two  
hours at least."

"With the biggest pleasure, your  
honour—that's what it is."

And Mr. Stirn, having now got  
what he considered a complete and  
unconditional authority over all the  
legs and wrists of Hazeldean parish,  
quoad the stocks, took his departure.

## CHAPTER X.

"RANDAL," said Mrs. Leslie, on this memorable Sunday—"Randal, do you think of going to Mr. Hazledean's?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Randal. "Mr. Egerton does not object to it; and as I do not return to Eton, I may have no other opportunity of seeing Frank for some time. I ought not to fail in respect to Mr. Egerton's natural heir."

"Gracious me!" cried Mrs. Leslie, who, like many women of her cast and kind, had a sort of worldliness in her notions, which she never evinced in her conduct—"gracious me!—natural heir to the old Leslie property!"

"He is Mr. Egerton's nephew, and," added Randal, ingenuously letting out his thoughts, "I am no relation to Mr. Egerton at all."

"But," said poor Mrs. Leslie, with tears in her eyes, "it would be a shame in the man, after paying your schooling and sending you to Oxford, and having you to stay with him in the holidays, if he did not mean anything by it."

"Anything, mother—yes—but not the thing you suppose. No matter. It is enough that he has armed me for life, and I shall use the weapons as seems to me best."

Here the dialogue was suspended by the entrance of the other members of the family, dressed for church.

"It can't be time for church! No! it can't!" exclaimed Mrs. Leslie. She was never in time for anything.

"Last bell ringing," said Mr. Leslie, who, though a slow man, was methodical and punctual. Mrs. Leslie made a frantic rush at the door, the Montfrydget blood being now in a

blaze—dashed up the stairs—but into her room, tore her best bonnet from the peg, snatched her new shawl from the drawers, crushed the bonnet on her head, flung the shawl on her shoulders, thrust a desperate pin into its folds, in order to conceal a buttonless yawn in the body of her gown, and then flew back like a whirlwind. Meanwhile the family were already out of doors, in waiting, and just as the bell ceased, the procession moved from the shabby house to the dilapidated church.

The church was a large one, but the congregation was small, and it was the income of the Parson. It was a lay rectory, and the great tithes had belonged to the Leslies, but they had been long since sold. The vicarage, still in their gift, might be worth a little more than £100 a-year. The present incumbent had nothing else to live upon. He was a good man, and not originally a stupid one; but penury and the anxious cares for wife and family, combined with what may be called *solitary confinement* for the cultivated mind when, amidst the two-legged creature round, it sees no other cultivated mind with which it can exchange an extra-parochial thought—had lulled him into a lazy mournfulness, which at times was very like imbecility. His income allowed him to do no good to the parish, whether in word, trade, or charity; and thus he had a moral weight with the parishioners beyond the example of his sinless life and such negative effect as might be produced by his slumberous exhortations. Therefore his parishioners troubled him very little; and but for the influence which, in hours of Miss

juget activity, Mrs. Leslie exercised over the most tractable—that is, the children and the aged—not half-a-dozen persons would have known or cared whether he shut up his church or not.

But our family were seated in state in their old seignorial pew, and Mr. Randal, with a nasal twang, went gabrily through the prayers; and the old people who could sin no more, and the children who had not learned to sin, croaked forth responses that might have come from choral frogs in Aristophanes. And there was a long sermon apropos to something which could possibly interest the congregation—being, in fact, a controversial homily, which Mr. Randal had composed and preached before. And when this discourse over, there was a loud universal amen, as if of relief and thanksgiving, a great clatter of shoes—and the hobbled, and the young scrambled, to the church door.

Immediately after church, the little family dined; and, as soon as dinner was over, Randal set out his foot journey to Hazeldean Hill.

Delicate and even feeble though in frame, he had the energy and quickness of movement which belongs to nervous temperaments; and he took the slow stride of a peasant, when he took to serve him as a guide the first two or three miles. Though Randal had not the gracious manner with the poor which he had inherited from his father, he was still (despite many a secret poetical vice at war with the sancter of a gentleman) gentleman enough to have no churlish pride to inferiors. He talked little, but suffered his guide to talk; and when, who was the same whom he had accosted, indulged in his comments on that young

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gentleman's pony, from which he diverged into some compliments on the young gentleman himself. Randal drew his hat over his brows. There is a wonderful tact and fine breeding in your agricultural peasant; and though Tom Stowell was but a brutish specimen of the class, he suddenly perceived that he was giving pain. He paused, scratched his head, and glancing affectionately towards his companion, exclaimed—

"But I shall live to see you on a handsomer beast than that little pony, Master Randal; and sure I ought, for you be as good a gentleman as any in the land."

"Thank you," said Randal. "But I like walking better than riding—I am more used to it."

"Well, and you walk bra'ly—there ben't a better walker in the county. And very pleasant it is walking; and 'tis a pretty country afore you, all the way to the Hall."

Randal strode on, as if impatient of these attempts to flatter or to soothe; and, coming at length into a broader lane, said—"I think I can find my way now. Many thanks to you, Tom;" and he forced a shilling into Tom's horny palm. The man took it reluctantly, and a tear started to his eye. He felt more grateful for that shilling than he had for Frank's liberal half-crown; and he thought of the poor fallen family, and forgot his own dire wrestle with the wolf at his door.

He staid lingering in the lane till the figure of Randal was out of sight, and then returned slowly. Young Leslie continued to walk on at a quick pace. With all his intellectual culture, and his restless aspirations, his breast afforded him no thought so generous, no sentiment so poetic, as those with which the unlettered clown crept alouchingly homeward.

As Randal gained a point where

several lanes met on a broad piece of waste land, he began to feel tired, and his step slackened. Just then a gig emerged from one of these by-roads, and took the same direction as the pedestrian. The road was rough and hilly, and the driver proceeded at a foot's pace; so that the gig and the pedestrian went pretty well abreast.

"You seem tired, sir," said the driver, a stout young farmer of the higher class of tenants, and he looked down compassionately on the boy's pale countenance and weary stride. "Perhaps we are going the same way, and I can give you a lift?"

It was Randal's habitual policy to make use of every advantage proffered to him, and he accepted the proposal frankly enough to please the honest farmer.

"A nice day, sir," said the latter, as Randal sat by his side. "Have you come far?"

"From Rood Hall."

"Oh, you be young Squire Leslie," said the farmer, more respectfully, and lifting his hat.

"Yes, my name is Leslie. You know Rood, then?"

"I was brought up on your father's land, sir. You may have heard of Farmer Bruce?"

RANDAL.—"I remember, when I was a little boy, a Mr. Bruce who rented, I believe, the best part of our land, and who used to bring us cakes when he called to see my father. He is a relation of yours?"

FARMER BRUCE.—"He was my uncle. He is dead now, poor man."

RANDAL.—"Dead! I am grieved to hear it. He was very kind to us children. But it is long since he left my father's farm."

FARMER BRUCE, (apologetically).—"I am sure he was very sorry to go. But, you see, he had an unexpected legacy——"

RANDAL.—"And retired from business?"

FARMER BRUCE.—"No. Having capital, he could afford to a good rent for a real good farm."

RANDAL, (bitterly).—"All as seems to fly from the lands of! And whose farm did he take?"

FARMER BRUCE.—"He took! leigh, under Squire Haselden rent it now. We've laid out a j o' money on it. But I don't plain. It pays well."

RANDAL.—"Would the s have paid as well, sunk on my fa land?"

FARMER BRUCE.—"Perha might, in the long run. But sir, we wanted new premises—and cattle-sheds, and a deal m which the landlord should do; is not every landlord as can that. Squire Hazeldean's s man."

RANDAL.—"Ay!"

The road now became pretty and the farmer put his horse : brisk trot.

"But which way be you : sir? I don't care for a few more or less, if I can be of sen."

"I am going to Hazeldean, Randal, rousing himself from verie. "Don't let me take y of your way."

"Oh, Hawleigh Farm is ( other side of the village, so quite my way, sir."

The farmer, then, who was a smart young fellow—one of race which the application of ( to land has produced, and whi point of education and refinement at least on a par with the squi a former generation—began t about his handsome horse, horses in general, about huntir coursing: he handled all thes ects with spirit, yet with m Randal pulled his hat still

his brows, and did not in-  
him till they passed the Ca-  
m, struck by the classic air  
ce, and catching a scent from  
ge trees, the boy asked  
—"Whose house is that?"

It belongs to Squire Hazel-  
it is let or lent to a foreign  
They say he is quite the  
t, but uncommonly poor."

"said Randal, turning back  
the trim garden, the neat  
the pretty belvidere, and  
of the house being open)  
a glimpse of the painted hall  
poor: the place seems well  
that do you call poor, Mr.

mer laughed. "Well, that's  
cession, sir. But I believe  
seer is as poor as a man can  
akes no debts and does not  
tarve."

poor as my father?" asked  
poor and abruptly.

sir! your father be a very  
compared to him."

continued to gaze, and his  
e conjured up the contrast  
only shabby home, with all  
ed appurtenances! No trim  
Rood Hall, no scent from  
range blossoms. Here pos-  
sart was elegant—there, how

He did not comprehend at  
p a rate the luxury of the  
can be effected. They now  
d the extremity of the  
ark pales; and Randal, see-  
a gate, bade the farmer stop  
and descended. The boy  
midst the thick oak groves;  
r went his way blithely,  
allow merry whistle came to  
moody ear as he glided  
er the shadow of the trees.  
ived at the Hall, to find  
he family were at church;  
ding to the patriarchal cus-  
church-going family em-

braced nearly all the servants. It  
was therefore an old invalid house-  
maid who opened the door to him.  
She was rather deaf, and seemed so  
stupid that Randal did not ask leave  
to enter and wait for Frank's return.  
He therefore said briefly that he  
would just stroll on the lawn, and  
call again when church was over.

The old woman stared, and strove  
to hear him; meanwhile Randal  
turned round abruptly, and sauntered  
towards the garden side of the hand-  
some old house.

There was enough to attract any  
eye in the smooth greensward of the  
spacious lawn—in the numerous par-  
terres of variegated flowers—in the  
venerable grandeur of the two mighty  
cedars, which threw their still sha-  
dows over the grass—and in the pic-  
turesque building, with its projecting  
mullions and heavy gables; yet I fear  
that it was with no poet's nor painter's  
eye that this young old man gazed on  
the scene before him.

He beheld the evidence of wealth  
—and the envy of wealth jaundiced  
his soul.

Folding his arms on his breast, he  
stood awhile, looking all around him,  
with closed lips and lowering brow;  
then he walked slowly on, his eyes  
fixed on the ground, and muttered to  
himself—

"The heir to this property is little  
better than a dunce; and they tell  
me I have talents and learning, and I  
have taken to my heart the maxim,  
'Knowledge is power.' And yet,  
with all my struggles, will knowledge  
ever place me on the same level as  
that on which this dunce is born? I  
don't wonder that the poor should  
hate the rich. But of all the poor,  
who should hate the rich like the  
pauper gentleman? I suppose Audley  
Egerton means me to come into Par-  
liament, and be a Tory like himself!  
What! keep things as they are!



No; for me not even Democracy, unless there first come Revolution. I understand the cry of a Marat—'More blood!' Marat had lived as a poor man, and cultivated science—in the sight of a prince's palace."

He turned sharply round, and glared vindictively on the poor old Hall, which, though a very comfortable habitation, was certainly no palace; and, with his arms still folded on his breast, he walked backward, as if not to lose the view, nor the chain of ideas it conjured up.

"But," he continued to soliloquise—"but of revolution there is no chance. Yet the same wit and will that would thrive in revolutions should thrive in this common-place life. Knowledge is power. Well, then, shall I have no power to oust this blockhead? Oust him—what from? His father's halls? Well, but if he were dead, who would be the heir of Hazeldean? Have I not heard my mother say that I am as near in blood to this Squire as any one, if he had no children? Oh, but the boy's life is worth ten of mine! Oust him from what? At least from the thoughts of his Uncle Egerton—an uncle who has never even seen him! That, at least, is more feasible. 'Make my way in life,' sayest thou, Audley Egerton. Ay—and to the fortune thou hast robbed from my ancestors. Simulation—simulation. Lord Bacon allows simulation. Lord Bacon practised it—and—"

Here the soliloquy came to a sudden end; for as, rapt in his thoughts, the boy had continued to walk backwards, he had come to the verge, where the lawn slid off into the ditch of the ha-ha; and, just as he was fortifying himself by the precept and practice of my Lord Bacon, the ground went from under him, and—*slap* into the ditch went Randal Leslie!

It so happened that the whose active genius was some repair or improvement but a few days before wide sloping off the ditch just in so that the earth was fresh; and not yet either turfed or down. Thus when Randal ing his first surprise and s to his feet, he found himself covered with mud; while the fall was evincing fantastic and extraordinary of his hat, which, hollowed in ing there, and crushed out cognition generally, was as the hat of a decorous, ing young gentleman—pro dignified Mr. Audley Egerton hat picked out of a kennel drunken brawl possibly cou

Randal was dizzy, and and bruised, and it was ments before he took his raiment. When he did so was greatly aggravated. He boy enough not to like to presenting himself to the Squire, and the dandy Frank trim: he resolved incontinently to regain the lane and return without accomplishing the his journey; and seeing that right before him, which led that he conceived would into the highway sooner path by which he had come it at once.

It is surprising how lit man creatures heed the w our good genius. I have that some benignant power capitated Randal Leslie into as a significant hint of the who choose what is, now—no means an uncommon s march of intellect—viz., to backwards, in order to get a dictive view of one's neighborly! I suspect that,

century is out, many a fine fellow will have found his ha-ha, and tumbled out of the ditch with a much shabbier coat than he had on when he fell into it. But Randal did not thank his good genius for giving him a premonitory tumble;—and I never yet knew a man who did!

# CHAPTER XI.

THE Squire was greatly ruffled at breakfast that morning. He was too much of an Englishman to bear insult easily, and he considered that he had been personally insulted in the age offered to his recent donation to the parish. His feelings, too, were hurt as well as his pride. There was something so ungrateful in the whole thing, just after he had taken so much pains, not only in the resuscitation, but the embellishment of the church. It was not, however, so rare an occurrence for the Squire to be led, as to create any remark. Rebecca, indeed, as a stranger, and a Hazeldean, as a wife, had the credit to perceive that the host was glum and the husband snappish; the one was too discreet, and the other too sensible to chafe the new wife, whatever it might be; and directly after breakfast the Squire retired into his study, and absented himself from morning service.

In his delightful *Life of Oliver Goldsmith*, Mr. Forster takes care to show our hearts by introducing his wife's excuse for not entering the church. "He did not feel himself well enough." Thy Vicar of Wakefield, poor Goldsmith, was an excellent substitute for thee; and Dr. Primrose, at least, will be good enough for the world until Miss Jemima's fears are realised. Now, Squire Hazeldean's tenderness of conscience much more reasonable than Goldsmith's. He was occasionally days in which

he did not feel good enough—I don't say for a priest, but even for one of the congregation—"days in which," (said the Squire in his own blunt way) as I have never in my life met a worse devil than a devil of a temper, I'll not carry mine into the family pew. He shan't be growling out hypocritical responses from my poor grandmother's prayer-book." So the Squire and his demon staid at home. But the demon was generally cast out before the day was over: and, on this occasion, when the bell rang for afternoon service, it may be presumed that the Squire had reasoned or fretted himself into a proper state of mind; for he was then seen sallying forth from the porch of his hall, arm-in-arm with his wife, and at the head of his household. The second service was (as is commonly the case in rural districts) more numerously attended than the first one; and it was our Parson's wont to devote to this service his most effective discourse.

Parson Dale, though a very fair scholar, had neither the deep theology nor the archaeological learning that distinguish the rising generation of the clergy. I much doubt if he could have passed what would now be called a creditable examination in the Fathers; and as for all the nice formalities in the rubric, he would never have been the man to divide a congregation or puzzle a bishop. Neither was Parson Dale very erudite in ecclesiastical architecture. He did

not much care whether all the details in the church were purely Gothic or not: crockets and finials, round arch and pointed arch, were matters, I fear, on which he had never troubled his head. But one secret Parson Dale did possess, which is perhaps of equal importance with those subtler mysteries—he knew how to fill his church! Even at morning service no pews were empty, and at evening service the church overflowed.

Parson Dale, too, maybe considered, now-a-days, to hold but a mean idea of the spiritual authority of the Church. He had never been known to dispute on its exact bearing with the State—whether it was incorporated with the State, or above the State—whether it was antecedent to the Papacy, or formed from the Papacy, &c., &c. According to his favourite maxim, *Quies non movet*, (not to disturb things that are quiet,) I have no doubt that he would have thought that the less discussion is provoked upon such matters the better for both Church and laity. Nor had he ever been known to regret the decline of the ancient custom of excommunication, nor any other diminution of the powers of the priesthood, whether minatory or militant; yet, for all this, Parson Dale had a great notion of the sacred privilege of a minister of the gospel—to advise—to deter—to persuade—to reprove. And it was for the evening service that he prepared those sermons, which may be called “sermons that preach at you.” He preferred the evening for that salutary discipline, not only because the congregation was more numerous, but also because, being a shrewd man in his own innocent way, he knew that people bear better to be preached at after dinner than before; that you arrive more insinuatingly at the heart when the stomach is at peace. There was a genial kindness

in Parson Dale’s way of pressing you. It was done in so imperfatherly a manner, that you were not offended. He did it, too, much art that nobody but your guilty self knew that you were a sinner he was exhorting. You were not spare rich nor poor: he was at the Squire, and that farmer, Mr. Bullock, the chad den, as boldly as at Hodge the man and Scrub the hedger. Mr. Stirn, he had preached more often than at any one parish; but Stirn, though he had sense to know it, never had to reform. There was, too, Dale’s sermons something boldness of illustration which have been scholarly if he made it familiar, and which in the discourses of our elders. Like them, he did not scruple and then, to introduce an allusion from history, or borrow an example from some non-scriptural source, in order to enliven the attentive audience, or render an argument plain. And the good man’s object in this, a little distinct though wholly subordinate to the main purpose of his discourse, was a friend to knowledge, knowledge accompanied by and sometimes his references not within the ordinary reach of the congregation would spirit a farmer’s son, with an evening on his hands, to ask the minister for a farther explanation, and so on to a little solid or graceful allusion, under a safe guide.

Now, on the present occasion, Parson, who had always had his heart on his flock, and who with great grief the realisation of the revival of the spirit of discipline already at work amongst the people, and that magisterial and i-

lance of the Squire; seen, in the signs of a breach between and the precursors of the ever-able feud between the rich poor, meditated nothing less great Political Sermon — a that should extract from the

roots of social truths a healing virtue for the wound that lay sore, but latent, in the breast of his parish of Hazeldean.

And thus ran—

THE POLITICAL SERMON OF PAR-  
SON DALE.

## CHAPTER XII.

“For every man shall bear his own burden.”—*Gal. vi. 5.*

THERE, every man has his

If God designed our lives to the grave, may we not be- at he would have freed an e so brief from the cares and to which, since the beginning rorld, mankind has been sub-

Suppose that I am a kind and have a child whom I dearly t I know by a divine revelat- st he will die at the age of sars, surely I should not vex acy by needless preparations duties of life. If I am a rich should not send him from the of his mother to the stern ie of school. If I am a poor should not take him with me re and dig, to scorch in the freeze in the winter's cold: lic hardships on his childhood purpose of fitting him for d, when I know that he is not to grow into man? But he other hand, I believe my reserved for a more durable s, then should I not, out of y love I bear to him, prepare dhood for the struggle of life, ng to that station in which he , giving many a toil, many a the infant, in order to rear- ngthen him for his duties as *So it is with our Father that*

is in Heaven. Viewing this life as our infancy, and the next as our spir- ritual maturity, where, ‘in the ages to come, he may show the exceeding riches of his grace,’ it is in his ten- derness, as in his wisdom, to permit the toil and the pain which, in tasking the powers and developing the virtues of the soul, prepare it for ‘the earnest of our inheritance.’ Hence it is that every man has his burden. Brethren, if you believe that God is good, yea, but as tender as a human father, you will know that your troubles in life are a proof that you are reared for an eternity. But each man thinks his own burden the hardest to bear: the poor man groans under his poverty, the rich man under the cares that multiply with wealth. For, so far from wealth freeing us from trouble, all the wise men who have written in all ages have repeated, with one voice, the words of the wisest, ‘When goods increase, they are increased that eat them: and what good is there to the owners thereof, saving the beholding of them with their eyes?’ And this is literally true, my brethren: for, let a man be as rich as was the great King Solomon himself, unless he lock up all his gold in a chest, it must go abroad to be divided amongst others; yea, though, like Solomon, he walks

him great works,—though he build houses and plant vineyards, and make him gardens and orchards—still the gold that he spends feeds but the mouths he employs; and Solomon himself could not eat with a better relish than the poorest mason who builded the house, or the humblest labourer who planted the vineyard. Therefore, ‘when goods increase, they are increased that eat them.’ And this, my brethren, may teach us toleration and compassion for the rich. We share their riches, whether they will or not; we do not share their cares. The profane history of our own country tells us that a princess, destined to be the greatest queen that ever sat on this throne, envied the milk-maid singing; and a profane poet, whose wisdom was only less than that of the inspired writers, represents the man who, by force and wit, had risen to be a king, sighing for the sleep vouchsafed to the meanest of his subjects—all bearing out the words of the son of David—‘The sleep of the labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much; but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep.’

“Amongst my brethren now present, there is, doubtless, some one who has been poor, and by honest industry has made himself comparatively rich. Let his heart answer me while I speak: are not the chief cares that now disturb him to be found in the goods he hath acquired?—has he not both vexations to his spirit and trials to his virtue, which he knew not when he went forth to his labour, and took no heed of the morrow? But it is right, my brethren, that to every station there should be its care—to every man his burden; for if the poor did not sometimes so far feel poverty to be a burden as to desire to better their condition, and (to use the language of the world) ‘seek to rise in

life,’ their most valuable end would never be aroused; and we should not witness that spectacle, which is common in the land we live in—namely, the successful struggle manly labour against adverse fortune—a struggle in which the triumph one gives hope to thousands. I have said that necessity is the mother of invention; and the social blessings which are now as common to us and sunshine, have come from the law of our nature which makes us aspire towards indefinite improvement, enriches each successive generation by the labours of the last in free countries, often lifts the lot of the labourer to a place among the rulers of the land. Nay, if nature is the mother of invention, poverty is the creator of the arts. If there had been no poverty, and no such poverty, where would have been which we call the wealth of a country? Subtract from civilisation all that has been produced by the poor, and what remains?—the state of the world. Where you now see labouring princes, you would see equality—the equality of wild men—not even equality there! For brute force becomes lordship, and to the weak! Where you now see some in frieze, some in purple, you would see nakedness in all. You would stand the palace and the cottage would behold but mud huts and mud walls. As far as the peasant excels the savage, among savages, so far does the exalted and enriched by the state of labour excel the state in poverty. Poverty feels no disparity, a sighs for no ease. On the other hand, if the rich were perfectly content with their wealth, their hearts would become hardened in the sensuality it procures. It is teaching, by Divine Wisdom implanted in the mind, that there is vanity in the things of this world.

man, which still leaves the rich man sensitive to the instincts of heaven, and teaches him to seek for happiness in those beneficent virtues which distribute his wealth to the profit of others. If you could exclude the air from the rays of the fire, the fire itself would soon languish and die in the midst of its fuel; and so a man's joy in his wealth is kept alive by the air which it warms; and if pent within itself—is extinguished.

"And this, my brethren, leads me to another view of the vast subject opened to us by the words of the apostle—'Every man shall bear his own burden.' The worldly conditions of life are unequal. Why are they unequal? O my brethren, do you not perceive? Think you that, if it had been better for our spiritual probation that there should be neither great nor lowly, rich nor poor, Providence would not so have ordered the dispensations of the world, and so, by its mysterious but merciful agencies, have influenced the framework and foundations of society? But if from the remotest period of human annals, and in all the numberless experiments of government which the wit of man has devised, still this inequality is ever found to exist, may we not suspect that there is something in the very principles of our nature to which that inequality is necessary and essential? Ask why this inequality? Why?—as well ask why life is the sphere of duty and the nursery of virtues! For if all men were equal, if there were no suffering and no ease, no poverty and no wealth, would you not sweep with one blow the half, at least, of human virtues from the world? If there were no penury and no pain, what would become of fortitude?—what of patience?—what of resignation? If there were no greatness and no wealth, what would become of *humility*, of charity, of the blessed

human pity, of temperance in the midst of luxury, of justice in the exercise of power? Carry the question farther; grant all conditions the same—no reverse, no rise, and no fall—nothing to hope for, nothing to fear—what a moral death you would at once inflict upon all the energies of the soul, and what a link between the Heart of Man and the Providence of God would be snapped asunder! If we could annihilate evil, we should annihilate hope; and hope, my brethren, is the avenue to faith. If there be 'a time to weep, and a time to laugh,' it is that he who mourns may turn to eternity for comfort, and he who rejoices may bless God for the happy hour. Ah! my brethren, were it possible to annihilate the inequalities of human life, it would be the banishment of our worthiest virtues, the torpor of our spiritual nature, the palsy of our mental faculties. The moral world, like the world without us, derives its health and its beauty from diversity and contrast.

"'Every man shall bear his own burden.' True; but now turn to an earlier verse in the same chapter,—'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.' Yes; while Heaven ordains to each his peculiar suffering, it connects the family of man into one household, by that feeling which, more perhaps than any other, distinguishes us from the brute creation—I mean the feeling to which we give the name of *sympathy*—the feeling for each other! The herd of deer shun the stag that is marked by the gunner; the flock heedeth not the sheep that creeps into the shade to die; but man has sorrow and joy not in himself alone, but in the joy and sorrow of those around him. He who feels only for himself abjures his very nature as man; for do we not say of one who has no tenderness for mankind that he is *inhuman*? and

do we not call him who sorrows with the sorrowful, *humane*?

"Now, brethren, that which especially marked the divine mission of our Lord, is the direct appeal to this sympathy which distinguishes us from the brute. He seizes, not upon some faculty of genius given but to few, but upon that ready impulse of heart which is given to us all; and in saying, 'Love one another,' 'Bear ye one another's burdens,' he elevates the most delightful of our emotions into the most sacred of His laws. The lawyer asks our Lord, 'Who is my neighbour?' Our Lord replies by the parable of the good Samaritan. The priest and the Levite saw the wounded man that fell among the thieves, and passed by on the other side. That priest might have been austere in his doctrine, that Levite might have been learned in the law; but neither to the learning of the Levite, nor to the doctrine of the priest, does our Saviour even deign to allude. He cites but the action of the Samaritan, and saith to the lawyer, 'Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves? And he said, He that showed mercy unto him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.'

"O shallowness of human judgments! It was enough to be born a Samaritan in order to be rejected by the priest, and despised by the Levite. Yet now, what to us the priest and the Levite—of God's chosen race though they were? They passed from the hearts of men when they passed the sufferer by the wayside; while this loathed Samaritan, half thrust from the pale of the Hebrew, becomes of our family, of our kindred; a brother amongst the brotherhood of Love, so long as Mercy and Affliction *shall meet in the common thoroughfare of Life!*

"'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.' Think not, O my brethren, that this applies only to almsgiving—to that relief of distress which is commonly called charity—to the obvious duty of devoting, from our superfluities, something that we scarcely miss, to the wants of a starving brother. No, I appeal to the poorest amongst ye, if the worst burdens are those of the body—if the kind word and the tender thought have not often lightened your hearts more than bread bestowed with a grudge, and charity that humbles you by a frown. Sympathy is a beneficence at the command of us all,—yea, of the pauper as of the king; and sympathy is Christ's wealth. Sympathy is brotherhood. The rich are told to have charity for the poor, and the poor are enjoined to respect their superiors. Good: I say not to the contrary. But I say also to the poor, '*In your turn have charity for the rich;*' and I say to the rich, '*In your turn respect the poor.*'"

"'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.' Thou, O poor man, envy not nor grudge thy brother his larger portion of worldly goods. Believe that he hath his sorrows and crosses like thyself, and perhaps, as more delicately nurtured, he feels them more; nay, hath he not temptations so great that our Lord hath exclaimed—'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven?' And what are temptations but trials?—what are trials but perils and sorrows? Think not that you can bestow no charity on the rich man, even while you take your sustenance from his hands. A heathen writer, often cited by the earliest preachers of the gospel, hath truly said—'Wherever there is room for a man, there is place for a benefit.'

"And I ask any rich brother amongst you, when he hath gone

birth to survey his barns and his granaries, his gardens and orchards, if suddenly, in the vain pride of his heart, he sees the scowl on the brow of the labourer—if he deems himself hated in the midst of his wealth—if he feels that his least faults are treasured up against him with the hardness of malice, and his plainest benefits received with the ingratitude of envy—I ask, I say, any rich man, whether straightway all pleasure in his worldly possessions does not fade from his heart, and whether he does not feel what a wealth of gladness it is in the power of the poor man to bestow! For all these things of Mammon pass away: but there is in the smile of him whom we have served, a something that we may take with us into heaven. If, then, ye bear one another's burdens, they who are poor will have mercy on the errors, and compassion for the griefs of the rich. To all men it was said, —yes, to Lazarus as to Dives—'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' But think not, O rich man, that we preach only to the poor. If it be their duty not to grudge thee thy substance, it is thine to do all that may sweeten their labour. Remember, that when our Lord said, 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven,' he replied also to them who asked, 'Who then shall be saved?' 'The things which are impossible with men are possible with God:' that is, man left to his own temptations would fail; but, strengthened by God, he shall be saved. If thy riches are the tests of thy trial, so may they also be the instruments of thy virtues. Prove by thy riches that thou art compassionate and tender, temperate and benign; and thy riches themselves may become the evidence at once of thy faith and of thy works.

"We have constantly on our lips the simple precept, 'Do unto others as you would be done by.' Why do we fail so often in the practice? Because we neglect to cultivate that SYMPATHY which nature implants as an instinct, and the Saviour exalts as a command. If thou wouldst do unto thy neighbour as thou wouldst be done by, ponder well how thy neighbour will regard the action thou art about to do to him. Put thyself into his place. If thou art strong, and he is weak, descend from thy strength and enter into his weakness; lay aside thy burden for the while, and buckle on his own; let thy sight see as through his eyes—thy heart beat as in his bosom. Do this, and thou wilt often confess that what had seemed just to thy power will seem harsh to his weakness. For 'as a zealous man hath not done his duty when he calls his brother drunkard and beast,'\* even so an administrator of the law mistakes his object if he writes on the grand column of society only warnings that irritate the bold and terrify the timid: and a man will be no more in love with law than with virtue, 'if he be forced to it with rudeness and incivilities.'† If, then, ye would bear the burden of the lowly, O ye great, feel not only for them, but *with*! Watch that your pride does not chafe them—your power does not wantonly gail. Your worldly inferior is of the class from which the Apostles were chosen—amidst which the Lord of Creation descended from a throne above the seraphs."

The Parson here paused a moment, and his eye glanced towards the pew near the pulpit, where sat the magnate of Hazeldean. The Squire was leaning his chin thoughtfully on his

\* JEREMY TAYLOR—Of Christian Preudence. Part II.

† Ibid.



hand, his brow inclined downwards, and the natural glow of his complexion much heightened.

"But,"—resumed the Parson softly, without turning to his book, and rather as if prompted by the suggestion of the moment—"but he who has cultivated sympathy commits not these errors, or, if committing them, hastens to retract. So natural is sympathy to the good man, that he obeys it mechanically when he suffers his heart to be the monitor of his conscience. In this sympathy behold the bond between rich and poor! By

this sympathy, whatever our varying worldly lots, they become what they were meant to be—exercises for the virtues more peculiar to each; and thus, if in the body each man bear his own burden, yet in the fellowship of the soul all have common relief in bearing the burdens of each other.

"This is the law of Christ—fulfil it, O my flock!"

Here the Parson closed his sermon, and the congregation bowed their heads.

## BOOK THIRD.

## INITIAL CHAPTER.

SHOWING HOW MY NOVEL CAME TO BE CALLED "MY NOVEL."

"I AM not displeased with your novel, so far as it has gone," said my father graciously; "though as for the Sermon—"

Here I trembled; but the ladies, Heaven bless them! had taken Parson Dale under their special protection; and, observing that my father was puckering up his brows critically, they rushed boldly forward in defence of The Sermon, and Mr. Caxton was forced to beat a retreat. However, like a skilful general, he renewed the assault upon outposts less gallantly guarded. But as it is not my business to betray my weak points, I leave it to the ingenuity of cavillers to discover the places at which the Author of *Human Error* directed his great guns.

"But," said the Captain, "you are a lad of too much spirit, Pisistratus, to keep us always in the obscure country quarters of Hazeldean—you will march us out into open service before you have done with us?"

PISISTRATUS, (magisterially, for he has been somewhat nettled by Mr. Caxton's remarks—and he puts on an air of dignity in order to awe away lesser assailants.)—"Yes, Captain, *aloud*—not yet awhile, but all in *due time*. I have not stinted my-

self in canvas, and behind my foreground of the Hall and the Parsonage I propose, hereafter, to open some lengthened perspective of the varieties of English life—"

MR. CAXTON.—"Hum!"

BLANCHE, (putting her hand on my father's lip.)—"We shall know better the design, perhaps, when we know the title. Pray, Mr. Author, what is the title?"

MY MOTHER, (with more animation than usual.)—"Ay, Sisty—the title!"

PISISTRATUS, (startled.)—"The title! By the soul of Cervantes! I have never yet thought of a title!"

CAPTAIN ROLAND, (solemnly.)—"There is a great deal in a good title. As a novel-reader, I know that by experience."

MR. SQUILLS.—"Certainly; there is not a catchpenny in the world but what goes down, if the title be apt and seductive. Witness 'Old Parr's Life Pills.' Sell by the thousand, sir, when my 'Pills for Weak Stomachs,' which I believe to be just the same compound, never paid for the advertising."

MR. CAXTON.—"Parr's Life Pills! a fine stroke of genius! It is not every one who has a weak stomach, or time to attend to it, if he have."

But who would not swallow a pill to live to a hundred and fifty-two?"

PISISTRATUS, (stirring the fire in great excitement).—"My title! my title!—what shall be my title!"

MR. CAXTON, (thrusting his hand into his waistcoat, and in his most didactic of tones).—"From a remote period, the choice of a title has perplexed the scribbling portion of mankind. We may guess how their invention has been racked by the strange contortions it has produced. To begin with the Hebrews. 'The Lips of the Sleeping,' (*Labia Dormientium*)—what book do you suppose that title to designate?—A Catalogue of Rabbinical Writers! Again, imagine some young lady of old captivated by the sentimental title of 'The Pomegranate with its Flower,' and opening on a Treatise on the Jewish Ceremonials! Let us turn to the Romans. Aulus Gellius commences his pleasant gossiping 'Noctes' with a list of the titles in fashion in his day. For instance, 'The Muses' and 'The Veil,' 'The Cornucopia,' 'The Beehive,' and 'The Meadow.' Some titles, indeed, were more truculent, and promised food to those who love to sup upon horrors—such as 'The Torch,' 'The Po-niard,' 'The Stiletto'—"

PISISTRATUS, (impatiently).—"Yes, sir; but to come to My Novel."

MR. CAXTON, (unheeding the interruption).—"You see you have a fine choice here, and of a nature pleasing, and not unfamiliar, to a classical reader; or you may borrow a hint from the early Dramatic Writers."

PISISTRATUS, (more hopefully).—"Ay! there is something in the Drama akin to the Novel. Now, perhaps, I may catch an idea."

MR. CAXTON.—"For instance, the author of the *Curiosities of Literature* (from whom, by the way, I am plagiarising much of the information

I bestow upon you) tells us of a Spanish gentleman who wrote a Comedy, by which he intended to serve what he took for Moral Philosophy."

PISISTRATUS, (eagerly).—"Well, sir?"

MR. CAXTON.—"And called it 'The Pain of the Sleep of the World.'"

PISISTRATUS.—"Very comic indeed, sir."

MR. CAXTON.—"Grave things were then called Comedies, as old things are now called Novels. There are all the titles of early Romance itself at your disposal—'Theagenes and Chariclea,' or 'The Ass' of Longus, or 'The Golden Ass' of Apuleius, or the titles of Gothic Romance, such as 'The most elegant, delicious, mellifluous, and delightful History of Perceforest, King of Great Britain.'"—And therewith my father ran over a list of names as long as the Directory, and about as amusing.

"Well, to my taste," said my mother, "the novels I used to read when a girl, (for I have not read many since, I am ashamed to say,)"

MR. CAXTON.—"No, you need not be at all ashamed of it, Kitty."

MY MOTHER, (proceeding).—"Were much more inviting than any you mention, Austin."

THE CAPTAIN.—"True."

MR. SQUILLS.—"Certainly. Nothing like them now-a-days!"

MY MOTHER.—"Says she to her Neighbour, What?"

THE CAPTAIN.—"The Unknown, or the Northern Gallery!"

MR. SQUILLS.—"There is a Secret; Find it out!"

PISISTRATUS, (pushed to the verge of human endurance, and upsetting tongs, poker, and fire-shovel).—"What nonsense you are talking, all of you! For heaven's sake, consider what an important matter we are called upon to decide. It is not any

titles of those very respectable books which issued from the Minerva Press that I ask you to remember—it to invent a title for mine—My Novel!”

MR. CAXTON, (clapping his hands.)—“Excellent—capital! Nothing can be better; simple, natural, pertinent, concise—”

PISISTRATUS.—“What is it, sir—what is it! Have you really thought a title to My Novel?”

MR. CAXTON.—“You have hit it yourself—‘My Novel.’ It is your novel—people will know it is your novel. Turn and twist the English language as you will—be as allegorical, Hebrew, Greek, Roman,—Fabulist, Puritan—still, after all, it is your novel, and nothing more nor less than My Novel.”

PISISTRATUS, (thoughtfully, and sending the words various ways.)—“‘My Novel’—um—um! ‘My Novel’ rather bold—and curt, eh?”

MR. CAXTON.—“Add what you like—you intend it to depict—Varieties in English Life.”

MR. MOTHER.—“‘My Novel; or, Varieties in English Life’—I don’t think it sounds amiss. What say you, Roland? Would it attract you in a catalogue?”

My Uncle hesitates, when Mr. Caxton exclaims imperiously—“The thing is settled! Don’t disturb Camarina.”

SQUILLS.—“If it be not too great liberty, pray who or what is Camarina?”

MR. CAXTON.—“Camarina, Mr. Squills, was a lake, apt to be low, and liable to be muddy; and ‘Don’t disturb Camarina’ was a Greek proverb derived from an Oracle of Apollo; and from that Greek proverb, no doubt, comes the origin of the Italian, ‘*Quieta non movere*,’ which was the favourite maxim of Sir Robert Walpole and Parson Dale.

The Greek line, Mr. Squills (here my father’s memory began to warm), is preserved by STEPHANUS BYZANTINUS, de *Urbitus*,

‘*Μη κίλει Καμάρινα, ἀνέστης γὰρ ἀνέστης.*’

ZENOBIUS explains it in his proverbs; SUIDAS repeats ZENOBIUS; LUCIAN alludes to it; so does VIRGIL in the Third Book of the *ÆNEID*; and SILIUS ITALICUS imitates Virgil—

‘*Et cui non licitum fatis Camarina moveri.*’

Parson Dale, as a clergyman and a scholar, had, no doubt, these authorities at his fingers’ end. And I wonder he did not quote them,” quoth my father; “but, to be sure, he is represented as a mild man, and so might not wish to humble the Squire over much in the presence of his family. Meanwhile, My Novel is My Novel; and now that that matter is settled, perhaps the tongs, poker, and shovel may be picked up, the children may go to bed, Blanche and Kitty may speculate apart upon the future dignities of the Neogilos,—taking care, nevertheless, to finish the new pinbefores he requires for the present; Roland may cast up his account book, Mr. Squills have his brandy and water, and all the world be comfortable, each in his own way. Blanche, come away from the screen, get me my slippers, and leave Pisistratus to himself. *Μη κίλει Καμάρινα*—don’t disturb Camarina. You see, my dear,” added my father kindly, as, after settling himself into his slippers, he detained Blanche’s hand in his own—“you see, my dear, every house has its Camarina. Man, who is a lazy animal, is quite content to let it alone; but woman, being the more active, bustling, curious creature, is always for giving it a stir.”

BLANCHE, (with female dignity.)—“I assure you, that if Pisistratus had not called me, I should not have—”

MR. CAXTON, (interrupting her.)

without lifting his eyes from the book he has already taken.)—"Certainly you would not. I am now in the midst of the great Oxford Controversy. *Μη κινει Καμάριναν*—don't disturb Camarina."

A dead silence for half-an-hour, at the end of which

PISTRATOS, (from behind the screen.)—"Blanche, my dear, I want to consult you."

Blanche does not stir.

PISTRATOS.—"Blanche, I say! Blanche glances in triumph toward Mr. Caxton.

MR. CAXTON, (laying down his theological tract, and rubbing his spectacles mournfully.)—"I hear his child; I hear him, I retract my vindication of man. Oracles were in vain: so long as there is a woman on the other side of the screen,—it is all up with Camarina."

## CHAPTER II.

It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Stirn was not present at the Parson's *Discourse*—but that valuable functionary was for otherwise engaged—indeed, during the summer months he was rarely seen at the afternoon service. Not that he cared for being preached at—no; but Mr. Stirn would have snapped his fingers at the thunders of the Vatican. But the fact was, that Mr. Stirn chose to do a great deal of gratuitous business upon the day of rest. The Squire allowed all persons who chose to walk about the park on a Sunday; and many came from a distance to stroll by the lake, or recline under the elms. These visitors were objects of great suspicion, nay, of positive annoyance, to Mr. Stirn—and, indeed, not altogether without reason, for we English have a natural love of liberty, which we are even more apt to display in the grounds of other people than in those which we cultivate ourselves. Sometimes, to his inexpressible and fierce satisfaction, Mr. Stirn fell upon a knot of boys pelting the swans; sometimes he missed a young sapling, and found it in felonious hands, converted into a walking-stick; sometimes he caught a hulking fellow scrambling up the ha-

ha! to gather a nosegay for his sweetheart from one of poor Mr. Hazeldean's pet parterres; not so frequently, indeed, when all the family were fairly at church, some curious impertinents forced or sneaked their way into the gardens, in order to peep in at the windows. For these, as various other offences of like magnitude, Mr. Stirn had long, but vainly sought to induce the Squire to withhold a permission so villainously abused. But though there were times when Mr. Hazeldean grunted and growled, and swore "that he would shut up the park, and fill it (illegally) with man-traps and spring-guns," his anger always evaporated in word. The park was still open to all the world on a Sunday; and that blessed day was therefore converted into a day of travail and wrath to Mr. Stirn. But it was from the last chime of the afternoon service he until dusk that the spirit of the vigilant functionary was most perturbed; for, amidst the flocks that gathered from the little hamlet round to the voice of the Pastor, there were always some stray sheep or rather climbing, desultory, vagabond goats, who struck off in all pe-

reactions, as if for the special of distracting the energetic-ness of Mr. Stirn. As soon as was over, if the day were whole park became a scene d with red cloaks, or lively Sunday waistcoats, and hats ill of wild flowers—which last rn often stoutly maintained to Hazeldean's newest gera-

Now, on this Sunday, espe- there was an imperative call extra exertion of vigilance on t of the superintendent—he only to detect ordinary depre- and trespassers; but, first, t, the authors of the conspiracy the stocks; and, secondly, to an example."

ad begun his rounds, therefore, e early morning; and just as ernoon bell was sounding its al, he emerged upon the vil- sen from a hedgerow, behind he had been at watch to ob- ho had the most suspiciously d round the stocks. At that ; the place was deserted. At a , the superintendent saw the appearing forms of some be- rous hastening towards the ; in front, the stocks stood at him mournfully from its eat eyes, which had been l from the mud, but still looked and stained with the marks of nt outrage. Here Mr. Stirn took off his hat, and wiped

his. I had sum un, to watch here," he, "while I takes a turn by er-side, p'raps summat might t; p'raps them as did it ben't church, but will come sneak- nd to look on their willany! says murderers are always led the place where they ha' left ly. But in this here willage art a man, woman, nor child, any concern for Squire or

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Parish, barring myself." It was just as he arrived at that misanthropical conclusion that Mr. Stirn beheld Leonard Fairfield walking very fast from his own home. The superintendent clapped on his hat, and stuck his right arm akimbo. "Hollo, you sir," said he, as Lenny now came in hearing, "where be you going at that rate?"

"Please, sir, I be going to church."

"Stop, sir—stop, Master Lenny. Going to church!—why, the bell's done; and you knows the Parson is very angry at them as comes in late, disturbing the congregation. You can't go to church now!"

"Please, sir—"

"I says you can't go to church now. You must learn to think a little of others, lad. You sees how I sweats to serve the Squire! and you must serve him too. Why, your mother's got the house and premises almost rent free: you ought to have a grateful heart, Leonard Fairfield, and feel for his honour! Poor man! his heart is well-nigh bruk, I am sure, with the goings on."

Leonard opened his innocent blue eyes, while Mr. Stirn dolorously wiped his own.

"Look at that 'ere dumb cretur," said Stirn suddenly, pointing to the stocks—"look at it. If it could speak, what would it say, Leonard Fairfield? Answer me that!—'Damn the stocks,' indeed!"

"It was very bad in them to write such naughty words," said Lenny gravely. "Mother was quite shocked when she heard of it, this morning."

MR. STIRN.—"I dare say she was, considering what she pays for the premises: (insinuatingly,) you does not know who did it—eh, Lenny?"

LENNY.—"No, sir; indeed I does not!"

MR. STIRN.—"Well, you see, you can't go to church—prayers half over

by this time. You recollect that I put them stocks under your 'sponsibility,' and see the way you's done your duty by 'em. I've half a mind to—"

Mr. Stirn cast his eyes on the eyes of the stocks.

"Please, sir," began Lenny again, rather frightened.

"No, I won't please; it ben't pleasing at all. But I forgives you this time, only keep a sharp look-out, lad, in future. Now you just stay here—no, there—under the hedge, and you watches if any persons comes to loiter about, or looks at the stocks, or laughs to himself, while I go my rounds. I shall be back either afore church is over or just arter: so you stay till I comes, and give me your report. Be sharp, boy, or it will be worse for you and your mother: I can let the premises for four pounds a-year more, to-morrow."

Concluding with that somewhat menacing and very significant remark, and not staying for an answer, Mr. Stirn waved his hand, and walked off.

Poor Lenny remained by the stocks, very much dejected, and greatly disliking the neighbourhood to which he was consigned. At length he slowly crept off to the hedge, and sate himself down in the place of espionage pointed out to him. Now, philosophers tell us that what is called the point of honour is a barbarous feudal prejudice. Amongst the higher classes, wherein those feudal prejudices may be supposed to prevail, Lenny Fairfield's occupation would not have been considered peculiarly honourable; neither would it have seemed so to the more turbulent spirits among the humbler orders, who have a point of honour of their own, which consists in the adherence to each other in defiance of all lawful authority. But to Lenny Fairfield, *brought up much apart from other*

boys, and with a profound and grateful reverence for the Squire instilled into all his habits of thought, notions of honour bounded themselves to simple honesty and straightforward truth; and as he cherished an unquestioning awe of order and constitutional subordination, so it did not appear to him that there was anything derogatory and debasing in being thus set to watch firm offender. On the contrary, as he began to reconcile himself to the loss of the church service, and to enjoy the cool of the summer shade, and the occasional chirp of the birds, he got to look on the bright side of the commission to which he was deputed. In youth, at least, everything has its bright side—even the appointment of Protector to the Parish Stocks. For the stocks itself Leonard had no affection, it is true; but he had so sympathy with its aggressors, and he could well conceive that the Squire would be very much hurt at the revolutionary event of the night. "So," thought poor Leonard in his simple heart—"so, if I can serve his honour, by keeping off mischievous boys, and letting him know who did the thing, I'm sure it would be a proud day for mother." Then he began to consider that, however ungraciously Mr. Stirn had bestowed on him the appointment, still it was a compliment to him—showed trust and confidence in him, picked him out from his contemporaries as the sober moral pattern boy; and Lenny had a great deal of pride in him, especially in matters of repute and character.

All these things considered, I say Leonard Fairfield reclined on his lurking-place, if not with positive delight and intoxicating rapture, at least with tolerable content and some complacency.

Mr. Stirn might have been gone quarter of an hour, when a boy came through a little gate in the park, ju

posite to Lenny's retreat in the ridge, and, as if fatigued with walking, or oppressed by the heat of the day, paused on the green for a moment or so, and then advanced under the shade of the great tree which overhung the stocks.

Lenny pricked up his ears, and espied out jealously.

He had never seen the boy before: it was a strange face to him.

Leonard Fairfield was not fond of strangers; moreover, he had a vague belief that strangers were at the bottom of that desecration of the stocks. The boy, then, was a stranger; but what was his rank? Was he of that grade in society in which the natural offences are or are not consistent to, or harmonious with, outrages upon stocks? On that Lenny Fairfield did not feel quite assured. According to all the experience of the village, the boy was not dressed like a young gentleman. Leonard's notions of such aristocratic costume were naturally fashioned upon the model of Frank Hazeldean. They represented to him a dazzling vision of snow-white trousers, and beautiful blue coats, and incomparable cravats. Now the dress of this stranger, though not that of a peasant nor of a farmer, did not in any way correspond with Lenny's notions of the costume of a young gentleman: it looked to him highly disreputable; the coat was covered with mud, and the hat was all manner of shapes, with a gap between the side and crown.

Lenny was puzzled, till it suddenly occurred to him that the gate through which the boy had passed was in the direct path across the park from a small town, the inhabitants of which were in very bad odour at the Hall—they had immemorably furnished the most daring poachers to the preserves, the most troublesome trespassers on the park, the most unprincipled

orchard robbers, and the most disputatious asserters of various problematical rights of way, which, according to the Town, were public, and, according to the Hall, had been private since the Conquest. It was true that the same path led also directly from the Squire's house, but it was not probable that the wearer of attire so equivocal had been visiting there. All things considered, Lenny had no doubt in his mind but that the stranger was a shop-boy or 'prentice from the town of Thorndyke; and the notorious repute of that town, coupled with this presumption, made it probable that Lenny now saw before him one of the midnight desecrators of the stocks. As if to confirm the suspicion, which passed through Lenny's mind with a rapidity wholly disproportionate to the number of lines it costs me to convey it, the boy, now standing right before the stocks, bent down and read that pithy anathema with which it was defaced. And having read it, he repeated it aloud, and Lenny actually saw him smile—such a smile!—so disagreeable and sinister! Lenny had never before seen the smile Sardonic.

But what were Lenny's pious horror and dismay when this ominous stranger fairly seated himself on the stocks, rested his heels profanely on the lids of two of the four round eyes, and, taking out a pencil and a pocket-book, began to write. Was this audacious Unknown taking an inventory of the church and the Hall for the purposes of conflagration? He looked at one, and at the other, with a strange, fixed stare as he wrote—not keeping his eyes on the paper, as Lenny had been taught to do when he sat down to his copy-book. The fact is, that Randal Leslie was tired and faint, and he felt the shock of his fall the more, after the few paces he had walked, so that he



glad to rest himself a few moments; and he took that opportunity to write a line to Frank, to excuse himself for not calling again, intending to tear the leaf on which he wrote out of his pocket-book and leave it at the first cottage he passed, with instructions to take it to the Hall.

While Randal was thus innocently engaged, Lenny came up to him, with the firm and measured pace of one who has resolved, cost what it may, to do his duty. And as Lenny, though brave, was not ferocious, so the anger he felt, and the suspicions he entertained, only exhibited themselves in the following solemn appeal to the offender's sense of propriety,—

"Ben't you ashamed of yourself? Sitting on the Squire's new stocks! Do get up, and go along with you!"

Randal turned round sharply; and though, at any other moment, he would have had sense enough to extricate himself very easily from his false position, yet, *Nemo mortalium*, &c. No one is always wise. And Randal was in an exceedingly bad humour. The affability towards his inferiors, for which I lately praised him, was entirely lost in the contempt for impertinent snobs natural to an insulted Etonian.

Therefore, eyeing Lenny with great disdain, Randal answered briefly,—

"You are an insolent young black-guard."

So curt a rejoinder made Lenny's blood fly to his face. Persuaded before that the intruder was some lawless apprentice or shop lad, he was now more confirmed in that judgment, not only by language so uncivil, but by the truculent glance which accompanied it, and which certainly did not derive any imposing dignity from the mutilated, *rakish*, *hang-dog*, ruinous hat, under

which it shot its sullen and menacing fire.

Of all the various articles of which our male attire is composed, there is perhaps not one which has so much character and expression as the top covering. A neat, well-brushed, short-napped, gentleman-like hat, put on with a certain air, gives a distinction and respectability to the whole exterior; whereas, a broken, squashed, higgledy-piggledy sort of a hat, such as Randal Leslie had on, would go far towards transforming the staid gentleman who ever walked down St. James's Street into the ideal of a ruffianly scamp.

Now, it is well known that there is nothing more antipathetic to your peasant-boy than a shop-boy. Even on grand political occasions, the rural working-class can rarely be coaxed into sympathy with the trading town-class. Your true English peasant is always an aristocrat. Moreover, and irrespectively of this immemorial grudge of class, there is something peculiarly hostile in the relationship between boy and boy when their backs are once up, and they are alone on a quiet bit of green. Something of the game-cock feeling — something that tends to keep alive, in the population of this island, (otherwise so lamb-like and peaceful,) the martial propensity to double the thumb tightly over the four fingers, and make what is called "a fist of it." Dangerous symptoms of these mingled and aggressive sentiments were visible in Lenny Fairfield at the words and the look of the unprepossessing stranger. And the stranger seemed aware of them; for his pale face grew more pale, and his sullen eye more fixed and more vigilant.

"You get off them stocks," said Lenny, disdainingly to reply to the coarse expressions bestowed on him; and, suiting the action to the word, he gave the intruder what he meant

: a shove, but what Randal took for blow. The Etonian sprang up, and the quickness of his movement, aided it by a slight touch of his hand, made him lose his balance, and sent him

neck-and-crop over the stocks. Burning with rage, the young villager rose alertly, and, flying at Randal, struck out right and left.

### CHAPTER III.

AID me, O ye Nine! whom the incomparable Persius satirised his contemporaries for invoking, and then, all of a sudden, invoked on his own behalf—aid me to describe that famous battle by the stocks, and in defence of the stocks, which was waged by the two representatives of Saxon and Norman England. Here, sober support of law and duty and delegated trust—*pro aris et focis*; there, mighty invasion, and bellicose spirit of knighthood, and that respect for name and person, which we call "honour." Here, too, hardy physical force—there, skilful discipline. Here—The Nine are as deaf as a post, and as cold as a stone! Plague take the sides!—I can do better without them.

Randal was a year or two older than Lenny, but he was not so tall nor so strong, nor even so active; and after the first blind rush, when the two boys paused, and drew back to breathe, Lenny, eyeing the slight form and hueless cheek of his opponent, and seeing blood trickling from Randal's lip, was seized with an instantaneous and generous remorse. "It was not fair," he thought, "to fight one whom he could beat so easily." So, retreating still farther, and letting his arms fall to his side, he said, mildly—"There, let's have no more of it; but go home and be paid."

Randal Leslie had no remarkable trace of that constitutional quality

called physical courage; but he had some of those moral qualities which supply its place. He was proud—he was vindictive—he had high self-esteem—he had the destructive organ more than the combative;—what had once provoked his wrath it became his instinct to sweep away. Therefore, though all his nerves were quivering, and hot tears were in his eyes, he approached Lenny with the sternness of a gladiator, and said, between his teeth, which he set hard, choking back the sob of rage and pain—

"You have struck me—and you shall not stir from this ground till I have made you repent it. Put up your hands—defend yourself."

Lenny mechanically obeyed; and he had good need of the admonition; for if before he had had the advantage, now that Randal had recovered the surprise to his nerves, the battle was not to the strong.

Though Leslie had not been a fighting boy at Eton, still his temper had involved him in some conflicts when he was in the lower forms, and he had learned something of the art as well as the practice of pugilism—an excellent thing too, I am barbarous enough to believe, and which I hope will never quite die out of our public schools. Ah, many a young duke has been a better fellow for life from a fair set-to with a trader's son; and many a trader's son has learned to look a lord more manfully in the face.

hustings, from the recollection of the sound thrashing he once gave to some little Lord Leopold Dawdle.

So Randal now brought his experience and art to bear; put aside those heavy roundabout blows, and darted in his own, quick and sharp—supplying to the natural feebleness of his arm the due momentum of pugilistic mechanics. Ay, and the arm, too, was no longer so feeble: for strange is the strength that comes from passion and pluck!

Poor Lenny, who had never fought before, was bewildered; his sensations grew so entangled that he could never recall them distinctly; he had a dim reminiscence of some breathless impotent rush—of a sudden blindness followed by quick flashes of intolerable light—of a deadly faintness, from

which he was roused by sharp pangs—here—there—everywhere; and then all he could remember was, that he was lying on the ground, huddled up and panting hard, while his adversary bent over him with a countenance as dark and livid as Lara himself might have bent over the fallen Otho. For Randal Leslie was not one who, by impulse and nature, subscribed to the noble English maxim—"Never hit a foe when he is down;" and it cost him a strong if brief self-struggle, not to set his heel on that prostrate form. It was the mind, not the heart, that subdued the savage within him, as muttering something inwardly—certainly not Christian forgiveness—the victor turned gloomily away.

#### CHAPTER IV.

JUST at that precise moment, who should appear but Mr. Stirn! For, in fact, being extremely anxious to get Lenny into disgrace, he had hoped that he should have found the young villager had shirked the commission entrusted to him; and the Right-hand Man had slyly come back, to see if that amiable expectation were realised. He now beheld Lenny rising with some difficulty—still panting hard—and with hysterical sounds akin to what is vulgarly called blubbering—his fine new waistcoat sprinkled with his own blood, which flowed from his nose—nose that seemed to Lenny Fairfield's feelings to be a nose no more, but a swollen gigantic, mountainous Slawkenbergian excrecence;—in fact, he felt all nose! Turning aghast from this spectacle, Mr. Stirn surveyed, with no more

respect than Lenny had manifested, the stranger boy, who had again seated himself on the stocks (whether to recover his breath, or whether to show that his victory was consummated, and that he was in his rights of possession.) "Hollo," said Mr. Stirn, "what is all this?—what's the matter, Lenny, you blockhead?"

"He *will* sit there," answered Lenny, in broken gasps, "and he has beat me because I would not let him; but I doesn't mind that," added the villager, trying hard to suppress his tears, "and I'm ready again for him—that I am."

"And what do you do lolloping there on them blessed stocks?"

"Looking at the landscape; out of my light, man!"

This tone instantly inspired Mr. Stirn with misgivings: it was a tone

disrespectful to him that he was sized with involuntary respect; who ut a gentleman could speak so to Mr. Stirn.

"Can may I ask who you be?" said Stirn, falteringly, and half inclined to touch his hat. "What's your name, pray?—what's your business?"

"My name is Randal Leslie, and my business was to visit your master's family—that is, if you are, as I guess from your manner, Mr. Hazeldean's ploughman!"

So saying, Randal rose; and, moving on a few paces, turned, and throwing half-a-crown on the road, said to Lemmy,—"Let that pay you for your business, and remember another time how you speak to a gentleman. As

for you, fellow,"—and he pointed his scornful hand towards Mr. Stirn, who, with his mouth open, and his hat now fairly off, stood bowing to the earth—"as for you, give my compliments to Mr. Hazeldean, and say that, when he does us the honour to visit us at Rood Hall, I trust that the manners of our villagers will make him ashamed of Hazeldean."

O my poor Squire! Rood Hall ashamed of Hazeldean! If that message had been delivered to you, you would never have looked up again!

With those bitter words, Randal swung himself over the stile that led into the Parson's glebe, and left Lemmy Fairfield still feeling his nose, and Mr. Stirn still bowing to the earth.

## CHAPTER V.

RANDAL LESLIE had a very long walk home: he was bruised and sore from head to foot, and his mind was still more sore and more bruised than his body. But if Randal Leslie had seated himself in the Squire's garden, without walking backwards, and indulging in speculations suggested by Marat, and warranted by my Lord Bacon, he would have passed a most agreeable evening, and really availed himself of the Squire's wealth by going home in the Squire's carriage. But because he chose to take so intellectual a view of property, he tumbled into a ditch because he tumbled into a ditch, he spoiled his clothes;

because he spoiled his clothes, he gave up his visit; because he gave up his visit, he got into the village green, and sat on the stocks with a hat that gave him the air of a fugitive from the treadmill; because he sat on the stocks—with that hat, and a cross face under it—he had been forced into the most discreditable squabble with a clothopper, and was now limping home, at war with gods and men;—*ergo* (this is a moral that will bear repetition)—*ergo*, when you walk in a rich man's grounds, be contented to enjoy what is yours, namely, the prospect;—I dare say you will enjoy it more than he does!

## CHAPTER VI.

IF, in the simplicity of his heart, and the crudity of his experience, Lenny Fairfield had conceived it probable that Mr. Stirn would address to him some words in approbation of his gallantry, and in sympathy for his bruises, he soon found himself woefully mistaken. That truly great man, worthy prime-minister of Hazeldean, might, perhaps, pardon a dereliction from his orders, if such dereliction proved advantageous to the interests of the service, or redounded to the credit of the chief: but he was inexorable to that worst of diplomatic offences—an ill-timed, stupid, over-zealous obedience to orders, which, if it established the devotion of the *employé*, got the employer into what is popularly called a scrape! And though, by those unversed in the intricacies of the human heart, and unacquainted with the especial hearts of prime-ministers and right-hand men, it might have seemed natural that Mr. Stirn, as he stood still, hat in hand, in the middle of the road, stung, humbled, and exasperated by the mortification he had received from the lips of Randal Leslie, would have felt that that young gentleman was the proper object of his resentment; yet such a breach of all the etiquette of diplomatic life as resentment towards a superior power was the last idea that would have suggested itself to the profound intellect of the Premier of Hazeldean. Still, as rage, like steam, must escape somewhere, Mr. Stirn, on feeling—as he afterwards expressed it to his wife—that his “buzzom was a burstin,” turned with the natural instinct of *self-preservation* to the safety-valve provided for the explosion; and the vapours within him rushed upon Lenny Fairfield. I saw his hat on his head fiercely relieved his “buzzom.”

“You young villain! dacious wiper! and so all Sabbath afternoon, when you has been in church or row-bones, a-praying for y gentleman, and a wiser master, on the very place ridge hinstitution that y guard and perfect; and it all over, I declares, blaggard little nose!”

And as if to mend the Stirn aimed an additional the offending member; mechanically putting up to defend his face, Mr. Stirn knuckles against the large tons that adorned the cuff coat-sleeve—an incident considerably aggravated his ire. And Lenny, whose spirit roused at what the narrow education conceived to be justice, placing the trunk between Mr. Stirn and Lenny, that task of self-governance which it was equally impolitic and imprudent to execute in such a case, to justify and recriminate.

“I wonder at you, Master, if mother could hear you! it was you who would not go to church; it was you who were to—”

“Fit a young gentleman on the Sabbath,” said Mr. Stirn, interrupting him with a withering “O yes! I told you to do honour the Squire, and v-



partridge, and bring us all into trouble. But the Squire told me to make an example, and I will!" With those words, quick as lightning flashed upon Mr. Stirn's mind the luminous idea of setting Lenny in the very stocks which he had too faithfully guarded. Eureka! the "example" was before him! Here, he could gratify his long grudge against the pattern boy; here, by such a selection of the very best lad in the parish, he could strike terror into the worst; here he could appease the offended dignity of Randal Leslie; here was a practical apology to the Squire for the affront put upon his young visitor; here, too, there was prompt obedience to the Squire's own wish that the stocks should be provided as soon as possible with a tenant. Suiting the action to the thought, Mr. Stirn made a rapid plunge at his victim, caught him by the skirt of his jacket, and, in

a few seconds more, the jaws of the stocks had opened, and Lenny Fairfield was thrust therein—a sad spectacle of the reverses of fortune. This done, and while the boy was too astounded, too stupified by the suddenness of the calamity for the resistance he might otherwise have made—nay, for more than a few inaudible words—Mr. Stirn hurried from the spot, but not without first picking up and pocketing the half-crown designed for Lenny, and which, so great had been his first emotions, he had hitherto even almost forgotten. He then made his way towards the church, with the intention to place himself close by the door, catch the Squire as he came out, whisper to him what had passed, and lead him, with the whole congregation at his heels, to gaze upon the sacrifice offered up to the joint Powers of Nemesis and Themis.

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## CHAPTER VII.

UNAFFECTEDLY I say it—upon the honour of a gentleman, and the reputation of an author, unaffectedly I say it—no words of mine can do justice to the sensations experienced by Lenny Fairfield, as he sat alone in that place of penance. He felt no more the physical pain of his bruises; the anguish of his mind stifled and overbore all corporeal suffering—an anguish as great as the childish breast is capable of holding. For first and deepest of all, and earliest felt, was the burning sense of injustice. He had, it might be with erring judgment, but with all honesty, earnestness and zeal, executed the commission intrusted to him; he had stood forth manfully in discharge of his duty; he

had fought for it, suffered for it, bled for it. This was his reward! Now, in Lenny's mind there was pre-eminently that quality which distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon race—the sense of justice. It was perhaps the strongest principle in his moral constitution; and the principle had never lost its virgin bloom and freshness by any of the minor acts of oppression and iniquity which boys of higher birth often suffer from harsh parents, or in tyrannical schools. So that it was for the first time that that iron entered into his soul, and with it came its attendant feeling—the wrathful, galling sense of impotence. He had been wronged, and he had no means to right himself. Then came

another sensation, if not so deep, yet more smarting and envenomed for the time—shame! He, the good boy of all good boys—he, the pattern of the school, and the pride of the Parson—he, whom the Squire, in sight of all his contemporaries, had often singled out to slap on the back, and the grand Squire's lady to pat on the head, with a smiling gratulation on his young and fair repute—he, who had already learned so dearly to prize the sweets of an honourable name—he, to be made, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye, a mark for opprobrium, a butt of scorn, a jeer, and a byword! The streams of his life were poisoned at the fountain. And then came a tenderer thought of his mother! of the shock this would be to her—she who had already begun to look up to him as her stay and support: he bowed his head, and the tears, long suppressed, rolled down.

Then he wrestled and struggled, and strove to wrench his limbs from that hateful bondage;—for he began to picture to himself the arrival of the villagers from church, the malignant gaze of the Parson, the bent brow of the Squire, the idle ill suppressed titter of all the boys, jealous of his unspotted character—character of which the original whiteness could never, never be restored! He would always be the boy who had sat in the stocks! And the words uttered by the Squire came back on his soul, like the voice of conscience in the ears of some doomed Macbeth. "A sad disgrace, Lenny—you'll never be in such a quandary." "Quandary," the word was unfamiliar to him; it must mean something awfully discreditable. The poor boy could have prayed for the earth to swallow him.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"KETTLES and frying-pans! what has us here?" cried the Tinker.

This time Mr. Sprott was without his donkey; for it being Sunday, it is to be presumed that the donkey was enjoying his Sabbath on the Common. The Tinker was in his Sunday's best, clean and smart, about to take his lounge in the park.

Lenny Fairfield made no answer to the appeal.

"You in the wood, my baby! Well, that's the last sight I should ha' thought to see. But, we all lives to learn," added the Tinker, sententially. "Who gave you them leg-gings? Can't you speak, lad?"

"Nick Stirn."

"Nick Stirn! Ay, I'd ha' ta'en my davy on that: and cos vy?"

"'Cause I did as he told me, and fought a boy as was trespassing on these very stocks; and he beat me—but I don't care for that; and that boy was a young gentleman, and going to visit the Squire; and so Nick Stirn—" Lenny stopped short, choked by rage and humiliation.

"Augh," said the Tinker, staring, "you fit with a young gentleman, did you? Sorry to hear you confess that, my lad! Sit there, and be thankful you ha' got off so cheap. 'Tis salt and battery to fit with your betters, and a Lunnon justice o' peace would have given you two months o' the treadmill. But vy should you fit cos he trespassed on the stocks? It ben't your natural side for fitting; I takes it."

Lenny marmured something not very distinguishable about serving the squire, and doing as he was bid.

"Oh, I sees, Lenny," interrupted the Tinker, in a tone of great contempt, "you be one of those who would rayther 'unt with the 'ounds than run with the 'are! You be's the good pattern boy, and would peach agin your own horder to curry favour with the grand folks. Fie, lad! you be served right: stick by your horder, then you'll be 'spected when you gets into trouble, and not be 'varsally 'spised—as you'll be arter church-time! Vell, I can't be seen 'orting with you, now you are in this drogotary fix; it might hurt my cusomer, both with them as built the stocks and them as wants to pull 'em down. Old Kettles to mend! Vy, you makes me forgit the Sabbath. Servant, my lad, and wish you well out of it; 'specks to your mother, and say we can deal for the par and shovel all the same for your mis-tartin."

The Tinker went his way. Lenny's

eye followed him with the sullenness of despair. The Tinker, like all the tribe of human comforters, had only watered the brambles to invigorate the prick of the thorns. Yes, if Lenny had been caught breaking the stocks, some at least would have pitied him; but to be incarcerated for defending them, you might as well have expected that the widows and orphans of the Reign of Terror would have pitied Dr. Guillotin when he slid through the grooves of his own deadly machine. And even the Tinker, itinerant, ragamuffin vagabond as he was, felt ashamed to be found with the pattern boy! Lenny's head sank again on his breast heavily, as if it had been of lead. Some few minutes thus passed, when the unhappy prisoner became aware of the presence of another spectator to his shame: he heard no step, but he saw a shadow thrown over the sward. He held his breath, and would not look up, with some vague idea that if he refused to see he might escape being seen.

## CHAPTER IX.

"*Per Bacco!*" said Dr. Riccabocca, putting his hand on Lenny's shoulder, and bending down to look into his face—" *Per Bacco!* my young friend, do you sit here from choice or necessity?"

Lenny slightly shuddered, and looked under the touch of one whom he had hitherto regarded with a sort of superstitious shyness.

"I fear," resumed Riccabocca, after waiting in vain for an answer to his question, "that, though the situation charming, you did not select it well. What is this?"—and the

irony of the tone vanished—"what is this, my poor boy? You have been bleeding, and I see that those tears which you try to check come from a deep well. Tell me, *povero fanciullo mio*, (the sweet Italian vowels, though Lenny did not understand them, sounded softly and soothingly.)—tell me, my child, how all this happened. Perhaps I can help you—we have all erred; we should all help each other."

Lenny's heart, that just before had seemed bound in brass, found itself a way as the Italian spoke thus kindly, and the tears rushed down; but he



again stopped them, and gulped out sturdily,—

"I have not done no wrong; it ben't my fault—and 'tis that which kills me!" concluded Lenny, with a burst of energy.

"You have not done wrong? Then," said the philosopher, drawing out his pocket-handkerchief with great composure, and spreading it on the ground—"then I may sit beside you. I could only stoop pityingly over sin, but I can lie down on equal terms with misfortune."

Lenny Fairfield did not quite comprehend the words, but enough of their general meaning was apparent to make him cast a grateful glance on the Italian. Riccabocca resumed, as he adjusted the pocket-handkerchief, "I have a right to your confidence, my child, for I have been afflicted in my day; yet I too say with thee, 'I have not done wrong.' *Cospetto!* (and here the Doctor seated himself deliberately, resting one arm on the side column of the stocks, in familiar contact with the captive's shoulder, while his eye wandered over the lovely scene around)—*Cospetto!* my prison, if they had caught me, would not have had so fair a look-out as this. But, to be sure, it is all one; there are no ugly loves, and no handsome prisons."

With that sententious maxim, which, indeed, he uttered in his native Italian, Riccabocca turned round and renewed his soothing invitations to confidence. A friend in need is a friend indeed, even if he come in the guise of a Papist and wizard. All Lenny's ancient dislike to the foreigner had gone, and he told him his little tale.

Dr. Riccabocca was much too shrewd a man not to see exactly the motives which had induced Mr. Stirn to incarcerate his agent (barring only that of personal grudge, to which

Lenny's account gave him no clue). That a man high in office should make a scape-goat of his own watchdog for an unlucky snap, or even an indiscreet bark, was nothing strange to the wisdom of the student of Machiavelli. However, he set himself to the task of consolation with equal philosophy and tenderness. He began by reminding, or rather informing, Leonard Fairfield of all the instances of illustrious men afflicted by the injustice of others that occurred to his own excellent memory. He told him how the great Epictetus, when in slavery, had a master whose favourite amusement was pinching his leg, which, as the amusement ended in breaking that limb, was worse than the stocks. He also told him the anecdote of Lenny's own gallant countryman, Admiral Byng, whose execution gave rise to Voltaire's celebrated witticism, "*En Angleterre on tue un amiral pour encourager les autres.*" ("In England they execute one admiral in order to encourage the others.") Many other illustrations, still more pertinent to the case in point, his erudition supplied from the stores of history. But on seeing that Lenny did not seem in the slightest degree consoled by these memorable examples, he shifted his ground, and, reducing his logic to the strict *argumentum ad rem*, began to prove, 1st, that there was no disgrace at all in Lenny's present position, that every equitable person would recognise the tyranny of Stirn and the innocence of its victim; 2dly, that if even here he were mistaken, for public opinion was not always righteous, what was public opinion after all?—"A breath—a puff," cried Dr. Riccabocca—"a thing without matter—without length, breadth, or substance—a shadow—a goblin of our own creating. A man's own conscience is his sole tribunal, and he should care no more for that

bantom 'opinion' than he should see meeting a ghost if he cross the churchyard at dark."

Now, as Lenny did very much fear meeting a ghost if he crossed the churchyard at dark, the simile spoiled the argument, and he shook his head very mournfully. Dr. Riccabocca was about to enter into a third course of reasoning, which, had it come to an end, would doubtless have settled the matter, and reconciled Lenny to sitting in the stocks till doomsday, when the captive, with the quick ear and eye of terror and calamity, became conscious that church was over, that the congregation in a few seconds more would be flocking thitherwards. He saw visionary hats and bonnets through the trees, which Riccabocca saw not, despite all the excellence of his spectacles—heard phantasmal rustlings and murmurings which Riccabocca heard not, despite all that theoretical experience in plots, stratagems, and treasons, which should have made the Italian's ear as fine as a conspirator's or a mole's. And, with another violent but vain effort at escape, the prisoner exclaimed—

"Oh, if I could but get out before they come! Let me out—let me out. O, kind sir, have pity—let me out!"

"*Diavolo!*" said the philosopher, startled, "I wonder that I never thought of that before. After all, I believe he has hit the right nail on the head," and, looking close, he perceived that though the partition of wood had hitched firmly into a sort of spring-clasp, which defied Lenny's unaided struggles, still it was not locked, (for, indeed, the padlock and key were snug in the justice-room of the Squire, who never dreamt that his orders would be executed so literally and summarily as the dispensance with all formal appeal to the law.) As soon as Dr. Riccabocca made that discovery, it occurred to

him that all the wisdom of all the schools that ever existed can't reconcile man or boy to a bad position—the moment there is a fair opportunity of letting him out of it. Accordingly, without more ado, he lifted up the creaking board, and Lenny Fairfield darted forth like a bird from a cage—halted a moment as if for breath, or in joy; and then, taking at once to his heels, fled, as a hare to its form—fast to his mother's home.

Dr. Riccabocca dropped the yawning wood into its place, picked up his handkerchief and restored it to his pocket; and then, with some curiosity, began to examine the nature of that place of duress which had caused so much painful emotion to its rescued victim. Man is a very irrational animal at best," quoth the sage, soliloquising, "and is frightened by strange buggaboos! 'Tis but a piece of wood! how little it really injures! And, after all, the holes are but rests to the legs, and keep the feet out of the dirt. And this green bank to sit upon—under the shade of the elm-trees—verily the position must be more pleasant than otherwise! I've a great mind—" Here the Doctor looked around, and, seeing the coast still clear, the oddest notion imaginable took possession of him; yet, not indeed a notion so odd, considered philosophically—for all philosophy is based on practical experiment—and Dr. Riccabocca felt an irresistible desire practically to experience what manner of thing that punishment of the stocks really was. "I can but try! only for a moment," said he, apologetically to his own expostulating sense of dignity. "I have time to do it, before any one comes." He lifted up the partition again: but stocks are built on the true principle of English law, and don't easily allow a man to criminate himself—it was hard to get into them without the

help of a friend. However, as we before noticed, obstacles only whetted Dr. Riccabocca's invention. He looked round, and saw a withered bit of stick under the tree—this he inserted in the division of the stocks, somewhat in the manner in which boys place a stick under a sieve for the purpose of ensnaring sparrows: the fatal wood thus propped, Dr. Riccabocca sate gravely down on the bank, and thrust his feet through the apertures.

"Nothing in it!" cried he triumphantly, after a moment's deliberation. "The evil is only in idea. Such is the boasted reason of mortals!" With that reflection, nevertheless, he was about to withdraw his feet from their voluntary dilemma, when the crazy stick suddenly gave way, and the partition fell back into its clasp. Dr. Riccabocca was fairly caught—"Facilis descensus—sed revocare gradum." True, his hands were at liberty, but his legs were so long that, being thus fixed, they kept the hands from the rescue; and as Dr. Riccabocca's form was by no means supple, and the twin parts of the wood stuck together with that firmness of adhesion which things newly-painted possess, so, after some vain twists and contortions, in which he succeeded at length (not without a stretch of the sinews that made them crack again) in finding the clasp and breaking his nails thereon, the victim of his own rash experiment resigned himself to his fate. Dr. Riccabocca was one of those men who never do things by halves. When I say he resigned himself, I mean not only Christian but philosophical resignation. The position was not quite so pleasant as, theoretically, he had deemed it; but he resolved to make himself as comfortable as he could. At first, as is natural in all troubles to men who have grown familiar with that odori-

ferous comforter which Sir Walter Raleigh is said first to have bestowed upon the Caucasian races, the Doctor made use of his hands to extract from his pocket his pipe, match-box, and tobacco-pouch. After a few whiffs, he would have been quite reconciled to his situation, but for the discovery that the sun had shifted its place in the heavens, and was no longer shaded from his face by the elm-tree. The Doctor again looked round, and perceived that his red silk umbrella, which he had laid aside when he had seated himself by Lenny, was within arm's reach. Possessing himself of this treasure, he soon expanded its friendly folds. And thus, doubly fortified within and without, under shade of the umbrella, and his pipe composedly between his lips, Dr. Riccabocca gazed on his own incarcerated legs, even with complacency.

"He who can despise all things," said he, in one of his native proverbs, "possesses all things!"—if one despises freedom, one is free! This sentiment is as soft as a sofa! I am not sure," he resumed, soliloquising, after a pause—"I am not sure that there is not something more witty than merely and philosophical in that national proverb of mine which I quoted to the *fanciullo*, 'that there are no handsome prisons!' Did not the son of that celebrated Frenchman, surnamed *Bras de Fer*, write a book not only to prove that adversities are more necessary than prosperities, but that among all adversities a prison is the most pleasant and profitable? But is not this condition of mine, voluntarily and experimentally incurred, a type of my life? Is it the first time that I have thrust myself into a hobble?—and if in a hobble of mine own choosing, why should I blame the gods?"

\* "Entre tout, l'état d'une prison est le plus doux, et le plus profitable!"

Upon this Dr. Riccabocca fell into a train of musing so remote from time and place, that in a few minutes he was more remembered that he was in the Parish Stocks than a lover re-

members that flesh is grass, a miser that mammon is perishable, a philosopher that wisdom is vanity. Dr. Riccabocca was in the clouds.

## CHAPTER X.

THE dullest dog that ever wrote a novel (and, *entre nous*, reader—but let it go no farther—we have a good many dogs among the fraternity that are not Munitos,\*) might have seen with half an eye that the Parson's discourse had produced a very genial and humanising effect upon his audience. When all was over, and the congregation stood up to let Mr. Hazeldean and his family walk first down the aisle, (for that was the custom at Hazeldean,) moistened eyes glanced at the Squire's sun-burned, sunny face, with a kindness that bespoke revived memory of many a generous benefit and ready service. The head might be wrong now and then—the heart was in the right place after all. And the lady, leaning on his arm, came in for a large share of that gracious good feeling. True, she now and then gave a little offence when the cottages were not so clean as she fancied they ought to be—and poor folks don't like a liberty taken with their houses any more than the rich do; true that she was not quite so popular with the women as the Squire was, for, if the husband went often to the ale-house, she always laid the fault on the wife, and said, "No man would go out of doors for his comforts, if he had a smiling face

and a clean hearth at his home;" whereas the Squire maintained the more gallant opinion, that "if Gill was a shrew, it was because Jack did not, as in duty bound, stop her mouth with a kiss!" Still, notwithstanding these more obnoxious notions on her part, and a certain awe inspired by the stiff silk gown and the handsome aquiline nose, it was impossible, especially in the softened tempers of that Sunday afternoon, not to associate the honest, comely, beaming countenance of Mrs. Hazeldean with comfortable recollections of soups, jellies, and wine in sickness, loaves and blankets in winter, cheering words and ready visits in every little distress, and pretexts afforded by improvement in the grounds and gardens (improvements which, as the Squire, who preferred productive labour, justly complained, "would never finish") for little timely jobs of work to some veteran grand-sire, who still liked to earn a penny, or some ruddy urchin in a family that "came too fast." Nor was Frank, as he walked a little behind, in the whitest of trousers and the stiffest of neckcloths—with a look of suppressed roguery in his bright hazel eye, that contrasted his assumed stateliness of mien—without his portion of the silent blessing. Not that he had done anything yet to deserve it; but we all give youth so large a credit in the future. As for Miss Jemima, her trifling foibles only rose from too soft-

\* Munito was the name of a dog famous for his learning (a Porson of a dog) at the time of my childhood. There are no such now-a-days.

and feminine a susceptibility, too ivy-like a yearning for some masculine oak whereon to entwine her tendrils; and so little confined to self was the natural lovingness of her disposition, that she had helped many a village lass to find a husband, by the bribe of a marriage gift from her own privy purse; notwithstanding the assurances with which she accompanied the marriage gift;—viz., that “the bridegroom would turn out like the rest of his ungrateful sex; but that it was a comfort to think that it would be all one in the approaching crash.” So that she had her warm partisans, especially amongst the young; while the slim Captain, on whose arm she rested her forefinger, was at least a civil-spoken gentleman, who had never done any harm, and who would, doubtless, do a deal of good if he belonged to the parish. Nay, even the fat footman, who came last, with the family Prayer-book, had his due share in the general association of neighbourly kindness between hall and hamlet. Few were there present to whom he had not extended the right-hand of fellowship with a full horn of October in the clasp of it: and he was a Hazeldean man, too, born and bred, as two-thirds of the Squire’s household (now letting themselves out from their large pew under the gallery) were.

On his part, too, you could see that the Squire was “moved withal,” and a little humbled moreover. Instead of walking erect, and taking bow and curtesy as matter of course, and of no meaning, he hung his head somewhat, and there was a slight blush on his cheek; and as he glanced upward and round him—shyly, as it were—and his eye met those friendly looks, it returned them with an earnestness that had in it something touching as well as cordial—an eye *that said, as well as eye could say,*

“I don’t quite deserve it, neighbours; but I thank you for good-will with my whole heart. And so readily was that glance of eye understood, that I think, the scene had taken place out of instead of in the church, there have been a hurrah as the passed out of sight.

Scarcely had Mr. Hazeldean clear of the churchyard, ere Mr. was whispering in his ear. As he whispered, the Squire’s face grew long, and his colour rose. The congregation, now flocking out of church, exchanged looks with other; that ominous conjunction between Squire and man chilled all the effects of the Parson’s sermon. The Squire struck his cane viciously into the ground. “I would you had told me Black Bess had the glanders. A young gentleman coming to visit my son, struck insulted in Hazeldean; a young gentleman—’s death, sir, a relation grandmother was a Hazeldean. I believe Jemima’s right, and then coming to an end! But let Fairfield in the stocks! What the Parson say? and after the sermon! ‘Rich man, respect the poor!’ And the good widow and poor Mark, who almost I have in my arms. Stirn, you have a heart of stone! You confounded, I merciless miscreant, who the gave you the right to imprison or boy in my parish of Hazeldean without trial, sentence, or warrant. Run and let the boy out before one sees him: run, or I shall see The Squire elevated the car his eyes shot fire. Mr. Stirn, do not run, but he walked off nevertheless. The Squire drew back a few paces and again took his wife’s hand. “Just wait a bit for the while I talk to the congregation. I want to stop ’em all, if

n going into the village; but  
?"

Frank heard, and replied readily—  
"Give 'em some beer, sir."

"Beer! on a Sunday! For shame,  
ak!" cried Mrs. Hazeldean.

"Hold your tongue, Harry. Thank  
Frank," said the Squire, and his  
w grew as clear as the blue sky  
ve him. I doubt if Riccabocca  
ld have got him out of his di-  
ma with the same ease as Frank  
ld done.

"Halt there, my men—lads and  
as too—there, halt a bit. Mrs.  
Held, do you hear?—halt. I  
ak his reverence has given us a

capital sermon. Go up to the Great  
House all of you, and drink a glass  
to his health. Frank, go with them,  
and tell Spruce to tap one of the  
casks kept for the haymakers.—  
Harry, [this in a whisper,] catch the  
Parson, and tell him to come to me  
instantly."

"My dear Hazeldean, what has  
happened? you are mad."

"Don't bother—do what I tell  
you."

"But where is the Parson to find  
you?"

"Where, gad zooks, Mrs. H.,—at  
the Stocks, to be sure!"

## CHAPTER XI.

MR. RICCABOCCA, awakened out of  
reverie by the sound of footsteps,  
still so little sensible of the indig-  
of his position, that he enjoyed  
edingly, and with all the malice  
is natural humour, the astonish-  
t and stupor manifested by Stirn,  
a that functionary beheld the ex-  
rdinary substitute which fate and  
osophy had found for Lenny Fair-  
. Instead of the weeping, crushed,  
zen-hearted captive whom he had  
stantly come to deliver, he stared,  
chless and aghast, upon the gro-  
pe but tranquil figure of the  
tor, enjoying his pipe, and cooling  
self under his umbrella, with a  
froid that was truly appalling  
diabolical. Indeed, considering  
Stirn always suspected the Pa-  
er of having had a hand in the  
le of that black and midnight  
sion, in which the stocks had  
broken, bunged up, and con-  
to perdition, and that the  
had the evil reputation of

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dabbling in the Black Art, the hocus-  
pocus way in which the Lenny he  
had incarcerated was transformed  
into the Doctor he found, conjoined  
with the peculiarly strange, eldritch,  
and Mephistophelean physiognomy  
and person of Riccabocca, could not  
but strike a thrill of superstitious  
dismay into the breast of the pa-  
ochial tyrant. While to his first con-  
fused and stammered exclamations  
and interrogatories, Riccabocca re-  
plied with so tragic an air, such  
ominous shakes of the head, such  
mysterious, equivocating, long-worded  
sentences, that Stirn every moment  
felt more and more convinced that  
the boy had sold himself to the  
Powers of Darkness; and that he  
himself, prematurely, and in the  
flesh, stood face to face with the  
Arch-Enemy.

Mr. Stirn had not yet recovered  
his wonted intelligence, which, to do  
him justice, was usually prompt  
enough—when the Squire, followed

hard by the Parson, arrived at the spot. Indeed, Mrs. Hazeldean's report of the Squire's urgent message, disturbed manner, and most unparalleled invitation to the parishioners, had given wings to Parson Dale's ordinarily slow and sedate movements. And while the Squire, sharing Stirn's amazement, beheld indeed a great pair of feet projecting from the stocks, and saw behind them the grave face of Doctor Riccabocca, under the majestic shade of the umbrella, but not a vestige of the only being his mind could identify with the tenancy of the stocks, Mr. Dale, catching him by the arm, and panting hard, exclaimed with a petulance he had never before been known to display—except at the whist-table,—

"Mr. Hazeldean, Mr. Hazeldean, I am scandalised—I am shocked at you. I can bear a great deal from you, sir, as I ought to do; but to ask my whole congregation, the moment after divine service, to go up and guzzle ale at the Hall, and drink my health, as if a clergyman's sermon had been a speech at a cattle-fair! I am ashamed of you, and of the parish! What on earth has come to you all?"

"That's the very question I wish to Heaven I could answer," groaned the Squire, quite mildly and pathetically—"What on earth has come to us all! Ask Stirn:" (then bursting out) "Stirn, you infernal rascal, don't you hear?—what on earth has come to us all?"

"The Papiasher is at the bottom of it, sir," said Stirn, provoked out of all temper. "I do my duty, but I is but a mortal man, arter all."

"A mortal fiddlestick—where's Leonard Fairfield, I say?"

"*Him* knows best," answered Stirn, retreating mechanically, for safety's sake, behind the Parson, and pointing to Dr. Riccabocca. Hitherto, though both the Squire and Parson had indeed *recognised the Italian*, they had merely

supposed him to be seated on the bench. It never entered into their heads that so respectable and dignified a man could by any possibility be an inmate, compelled or voluntary, of the Park Stocks. No, not even though, as before said, the Squire had seen, just under his nose, a very long pair of soles inserted in the apertures—the sight had only confused and bewildered him, unaccompanied, as it ought to have been, with the trunk and face of Lenny Fairfield. Those who seemed to him optical delusions, phantoms of the overheated brain, but now, catching hold of Stirn, while the Parson in equal astonishment caught hold of him—the Squire uttered out, "Well, this beats confounding fighting! The man's as mad as a March hare, and has taken Dr. Riccabocca for little Lenny!"

"Perhaps," said the Doctor, breaking silence with a bland smile, and attempting an inclination of the head as courteous as his position would permit—"perhaps, if it be quite the same to you, before you proceed to explanations, you will just help me out of the stocks."

The Parson, despite his perplexity and anger, could not repress a smile as he approached his learned friend and bent down for the purpose of extricating him.

"Lord love your reverence, you better not!" cried Mr. Stirn. "Don't be tempted—he only wants to get you into his claws. I would not go and him for all the—"

The speech was interrupted by Dr. Riccabocca himself, who now, thanks to the Parson, had risen into his full height, and half a head taller than all present—even than the tall Squire—approached Mr. Stirn, with a gracious wave of the hand. Mr. Stirn retreated rapidly towards the hall amidst the brambles of which he plunged himself incontinently.

"I guess whom you take me for, Stirn," said the Italian, lifting his head with his characteristic politeness. "It is certainly a great honor; but you will know better one

of these days, when the gentleman in question admits you to a personal interview in another, and—a hotter world."

## CHAPTER XII.

"But how on earth did you get my new stocks?" asked the Squire, scratching his head.

"My dear sir, Pliny the elder got the crater of Mount Etna."

"Did he, and what for?"

"To try what it was like, I suppose," answered Riccabocca.

The Squire burst out a-laughing.

"And so you got into the stocks to

what it was like. Well, I can't

imagine—it is a very handsome pair

of stocks," continued the Squire, with

himself looking at the object of his praise.

"Nobody need be ashamed of being

in those stocks—I should not

be it myself."

"We had better move on," said

Parson dryly, "or we shall have

the whole village here presently,

looking on the lord of the manor in

the same predicament as that from

which we have just extricated the

Squire. Now, pray, what is the

matter with Lenny Fairfield? I

don't understand a word of what has

happened. You don't mean to say that

of Lenny Fairfield (who was absent

from church, by-the-by) can

be done anything to get into dis-

trouble?"

"Yes, he has thought," cried the

Squire. "Stirn, I say, Stirn." But

he had forced his way through the

crowd and vanished. Thus left to his

own powers of narrative at second-

hand, Mr. Hazeldean now told all

that had happened; the assault

upon Randal Leslie, and the prompt punishment inflicted by Stirn; his own indignation at the affront to his young kinsman, and his good-natured merciful desire to save the culprit from public humiliation.

The Parson, mollified towards the rude and hasty invention of the beer-drinking, took the Squire by the hand.

"Ah, Mr. Hazeldean, forgive me," he said repentantly; "I ought to have known at once that it was only some

ebullition of your heart that could stifle your sense of decorum. But this is a sad story about Lenny, brawling and fighting on the Sabbath-day.

So unlike him, too—I don't know what to make of it."

"Like or unlike," said the Squire,

"it has been a gross insult to young Leslie; and looks all the worse because I and Audley are not just the

best friends in the world. I can't think what it is," continued Mr. Hazeldean, musingly; "but it seems

that there must be always some association of fighting connected with that prim half-brother of mine.—

There was I, son of his own mother—who might have been shot through the lungs, only the ball lodged in

the shoulder—and now his wife's kinsman—my kinsman, too—grand-

mother a Hazeldean—a hard-reading, sober lad, as I am given to under-

stand, can't set his foot into the quietest parish in the three kingdoms, but what the mildest boy that



ever was seen—makes a rush at him like a mad bull. It is FATALITY!" cried the Squire solemnly.

"Ancient legend records similar instances of fatality in certain houses," observed Riccabocca. "There was the House of Pelops—and Polynices and Eteocles—the sons of (Edipus!"

"Pshaw!" said the parson; "but what's to be done?"

"Done?" said the Squire; "why, reparation must be made to young Leslie. And though I wished to spare Lenny, the young ruffian, a public disgrace—for your sake, Parson Dale, and Mrs. Fairfield's;—yet a good caning in private——"

"Stop, sir!" said Riccabocca, mildly, "and hear me." The Italian then, with much feeling and considerable tact, pleaded the cause of his poor *protégé*, and explained how Lenny's error arose only from mistaken zeal for the Squire's service, and in the execution of the orders received from Mr. Stirn.

"That alters the matter," said the Squire, softened; "and all that is necessary now will be for him to make a proper apology to my kinsman."

"Yes, that is just," rejoined the Parson; "but I still don't learn how he got out of the stocks."

Riccabocca then resumed his tale; and, after confessing his own principal share in Lenny's escape, drew a moving picture of the boy's shame and honest mortification. "Let us march against Philip!" cried the Athenians when they heard Demosthenes——

"Let us go at once and comfort the child!" cried the Parson, before Riccabocca could finish.

With that benevolent intention all three quickened their pace, and soon arrived at the widow's cottage. But Lenny had caught sight of their approach through the window; and not doubting that, in spite of Riccabocca's intercession, the Parson was come to upbraid, and the Squire to re-impri-

son, he darted out by the back-gate amongst the woods, and lay *perdu* all the evening. Nay, it was not till after dark that his mother, who sat wringing her hands in the little kitchen, and trying in vain to listen to the Parson and Mrs. Dale who (after sending in search of fugitive) had kindly come to see the mother—heard a timid knock at the door and a nervous fumble at the latch. She started up, opened the door, and Lenny sprang to her and there buried his face, sobbing loud.

"No harm, my boy," said the Parson, tenderly; "you have not to fear—all is explained and forgiven."

Lenny looked up, and the velvet of his forehead were much sweated. "Sir," said he, sturdily, "I don't want to be forgiven—I aint done now. And—I've been disgraced—I won't go to school, never no more."

"Hush, Carry!" said the Parson to his wife, who, with the usual coolness of her little temper, was about to expostulate. "Good night, Fairfield. I shall come and talk to you to-morrow, Lenny; by that time you will think better of it."

The Parson then conducted his wife home, and went up to the Hall to report Lenny's safe return; for the Squire was very uneasy about him, and had even in person searched for him. As soon as he heard Lenny was safe—"Well," said the Squire, "let him go the first thing in the morning to Rood Hall, to ask Mrs. Leslie's pardon, and all will be settled and smooth again."

"A young villain!" cried the Parson, with his cheeks the colour of sand, "to strike a gentleman and an Englishman, who had just been to call on me! But I wonder Randal let him off so well—any other boy in the parish would have killed him!"

"Frank," said the Parson, sternly,

if we all had our deserts what should be done to him who not only lets the sin go down on his own wrath, but lives with uncharitable breath to the dying embers of another's?" The clergyman here turned away from Frank, who bit his lip, and stood abashed—while even his mother said not a word in his exculpation; for when the Parson did revere in that stern tone, the majesty of the Hall stood awed before the rector of the Church. Catching Riccabocca's inquisitive eye, Mr. Dale drew aside the philosopher, and whispered to him his fears that it would be a very hard matter to induce Lenny to beg Randal Lealie's pardon, and that the proud stomach of the pattern would not digest the stocks with so much ease as a long regimen of metaphysics had enabled the sage to do. This conference Miss Jemima interrupted by a direct appeal to the Doctor respecting the number of years (even without any previous more violent incident) that the child could possibly withstand its wear and tear.

"Ma'am," said the Doctor, reluctantly summoned away, to look at a passage in some prophetic periodical upon that interesting subject—"ma'am, it is very hard that you should make one remember the end of the world, since, in conversing with you, one's natural temptation is to forget its existence."

Miss Jemima's cheeks were suffused with a deeper scarlet than Frank's had been a few minutes before. Certainly that deceitful, heartless compliment justified all her contempt for the male sex; and yet—such is human blindness—it went far to redeem all mankind in her credulous and too confiding soul.

"He is about to propose," sighed Miss Jemima.

"Giacomo," said Riccabocca, as he drew on his nightcap, and stepped majestically into the four-posted bed, "I think we shall get that boy for the garden now!"

Thus each spurred his hobby, or drove her car, round the Hazeldean whirligig.

### CHAPTER XIII.

WHATEVER may be the ultimate result of Miss Jemima Hazeldean's arguments upon Dr. Riccabocca, the shiavellian sagacity with which Italian had counted upon securing services of Lenny Fairfield was easily and triumphantly established the result. No voice of the Parson, charmed he ever so wisely, could make the peasant-boy to go and pardon of the young gentleman, to him, because he had done as he was wont, he owed an agonising defeat and shameful incarceration. And, to

Mrs. Dale's vexation, the widow took the boy's part. She was deeply offended at the unjust disgrace Lenny had undergone in being put in the stocks; she shared his pride, and openly approved his spirit. Nor was it without great difficulty that Lenny could be induced to resume his lessons at school; nay, even to set foot beyond the precincts of his mother's holding. The point of the school at last he yielded, though sullenly; and the Parson thought it better to temporise as to the more unpalatable demand.

Unluckily, Lenny's apprehensions of the mockery that awaited him in the merciless world of his village were realised. Though Stirn at first kept his own counsel, the Tinker blabbed the whole affair. And after the search instituted for Lenny on the fatal night, all attempt to hush up what had passed would have been impossible. So then Stirn told his story, as the Tinker had told his own; both tales were very unfavourable to Leonard Fairfield. The pattern-boy had broken the Sabbath, fought with his betters, and been well mauled into the bargain; the village lad had sided with Stirn and the authorities in spying out the misdemeanours of his equals: therefore Leonard Fairfield, in both capacities of degraded pattern-boy and baffled spy, could expect no mercy;—he was ridiculed in the one, and hated in the other.

It is true that, in the presence of the schoolmaster, and under the eye of Mr. Dale, no one openly gave vent to malignant feelings; but the moment those checks were removed, popular persecution began.

Some pointed and mowed at him; some cursed him for a sneak, and all shunned his society; voices were heard in the hedgerows, as he passed through the village at dusk, "Who was put in the stocks?—baa!" "Who got a bloody nob for playing spy to Nick Stirn?—baa!" To resist this species of aggression would have been a vain attempt for a wiser head and a colder temper than our poor pattern-boy's. He took his resolution at once, and his mother approved it; and the second or third day after Dr. Riccabocca's return to the Casino, Lenny Fairfield presented himself on the terrace with a little bundle in his hand, "Please, sir," said he to the Doctor, who was sitting cross-legged on the balustrade, with his red silk umbrella over his head—"please, sir,

if you'll be good enough to take me now, and give me any hole to sleep in, I'll work for your honour night and day; and as for the wages, make says, 'just suit yourself, sir.'"

"My child," said the Doctor, taking Lenny by the hand, and looking at him with the sagacious eye of a wizard, "I knew you would come! and Giacomo is already prepared for you. As to wages, we'll talk of them by and-by."

Lenny being thus settled, his mother looked for some evenings at the vacant chair, where he had so long sat in the place of her beloved Mark; and the chair seemed so comfortable and desolate, thus left all to itself that she could bear it no longer.

Indeed the village had grown so distasteful to her as to Lenny—perhaps more so; and one morning she hailed the Steward as he was trotting his hog-maned cob beside the door, and bade him tell the Squire that "she would take it very kind if he would let her off the six months' notice for the land and premises she held—there were plenty to step into the place at a much better rent."

"You're a fool," said the good-natured Steward; "and I'm very glad you did not speak to that fellow Stirn instead of to me. You're but doing extremely well here, and in the place, I may say for nothing."

"Nothin' as to rent, sir, but a good deal as to feelin'," said the wife. "And now Lenny has gone to work with the foreign gentleman, I shall like to go and live near him."

"Ah, yes—I heard Lenny had taken himself off to the Casino—more fool he; but, bless your heart 'tis no distance—two miles or so. Can't he come home every night and work?"

"No, sir," exclaimed the wife almost fiercely; "he shan't come home here, to be called bad and

id jeered at!—he whom my dead  
god-man was so fond and proud of.  
lo, sir; we poor folks have our feel-  
ings, as I said to Mrs. Dale, and as I  
will say to the Squire himself. Not  
but I don't thank him for all favours  
—he be a good gentleman if let  
time; but he says he won't come  
near us till Lenny goes and axes  
pardin. Pardin for what, I should  
like to know? Poor lamb! I wish  
we could ha' seen his nose, sir—as  
big as your two fists. Ax pardin!  
the Squire had had such a nose as  
that, I don't think it's pardin he'd  
en ha' axing. But I let the pas-  
sage get the better of me—I humbly  
beg you'll excuse it, sir. I'm no  
dward, as poor Mark was, and Lenny  
could have been, if the Lord had not  
ruined us otherways. Therefore just  
let the Squire to let me go as soon  
may be; and as for the bit o' hay  
and what's on the grounds and  
dward, the new comer will no doubt  
like that."

The Steward, finding no eloquence  
he could induce the widow to re-  
quish her resolution, took her mes-  
sage to the Squire. Mr. Hazeldean,  
so was indeed really offended at the  
y's obstinate refusal to make the  
endeavour *honorable* to Randal Leslie,  
first only bestowed a hearty curse  
two on the pride and ingratitude  
of mother and son. It may be  
opposed, however, that his second  
thoughts were more gentle, since that  
returning, though he did not go himself  
to the widow, he sent his "Harry."  
Now, though Harry was sometimes  
savage and *brusque* enough on her  
own account, and in such business as  
might especially be transacted be-  
tween herself and the cottagers, yet  
he never appeared as the delegate of  
her lord except in the capacity of a  
humbler of peace and mediating angel.  
It was with good heart, too, that she  
undertook this mission, since, as we

have seen, both mother and son were  
great favourites of hers. She entered  
the cottage with the friendliest beam  
in her bright blue eye, and it was  
with the softest tone of her frank  
cordial voice that she accosted the  
widow. But she was no more suc-  
cessful than the Steward had been.  
The truth is, that I don't believe  
the haughtiest duke in the three  
kingdoms is really so proud as your  
plain English rural peasant, nor half  
so hard to propitiate and deal with  
when his sense of dignity is ruffled.  
Nor are there many of my own liter-  
ary brethren (thin-skinned creatures  
though we are) so sensitively alive to  
the Public Opinion, wisely despised  
by Dr. Riccabocca, as that same  
peasant. He can endure a good deal  
of contumely sometimes, it is true,  
from his superiors, (though, thank  
heaven! that he rarely meets with  
unjustly;) but to be looked down  
upon, and mocked, and pointed at by  
his own equals—his own little world  
—cuts him to the soul. And if you  
can succeed in breaking this pride,  
and destroying this sensitiveness,  
then he is a lost being. He can  
never recover his self-esteem, and you  
have chucked him half-way—a stolid,  
inert, sullen victim—to the perdition  
of the prison or the convict-ship.

Of this stuff was the nature both  
of the widow and her son. Had the  
honey of Plato flowed from the tongue  
of Mrs. Hazeldean, it could not have  
turned into sweetness the bitter spirit  
upon which it descended. But Mrs.  
Hazeldean, though an excellent wo-  
man, was rather a bluff, plain-spoken  
one—and, after all, she had some  
little feeling for the son of a gentle-  
man, and a decayed fallen gentleman,  
who, even by Lenny's account, had  
been assailed without any intelligible  
provocation; nor could she, with her  
strong common sense, attach all the  
importance which Mrs. Fairfield did

to the unmannerly impertinence of a few young cubs, which she said truly, "would soon die away if no notice was taken of it." The widow's mind was made up, and Mrs. Hazelden departed—with much chagrin and some displeasure.

Mrs. Fairfield, however, tacitly understood that the request she had made was granted, and early one morning her door was found locked—the key left at a neighbour's to be given to the Steward; and, on further inquiry, it was ascertained that her furniture and effects had been removed by the errand-cart in the dead of the night. Lenny had succeeded in finding a cottage on the road-side, not far from the Casino; and there, with a joyous face, he waited to welcome his mother to breakfast, and show how he had spent the night in arranging her furniture.

"Parson!" cried the Squire, when all this news came upon him, as he was walking arm in arm with Mr. Dale to inspect some proposed improvement in the Alms-house, "this is all your fault. Why did not you go and talk to that brute of a boy, and that dolt of a woman? You've got 'soft sawder enough,' as Frank calls it in his new-fashioned slang."

"As if I had not talked myself hoarse to both!" said the Parson in a tone of reproachful surprise at the accusation. "But it was in vain! O Squire, if you had taken my advice about the stocks—*quieta non movere*!"

"Bother!" said the Squire. "I suppose I am to be held up as a tyrant, a Nero, a Richard the Third, or a Grand Inquisitor, merely for having things smart and tidy! Stocks indeed!—your friend Rickeybockey said he was never more comfortable in his life—quite enjoyed sitting there. And what did not hurt Rickeybockey's dignity (a very gentleman-like man he

is, when he pleases) ought to be no such great matter to Master Leonard Fairfield. But 'tis no use talking! What's to be done now? The woman must not starve; and I'm sure she can't live out of Rickeybockey's wages to Lenny—(by the way, I hope he don't board the boy upon his and Jackey-mo's leavings: I hear they dine upon newts and sticklebacks—*laugh!*) I'll tell you what, Parson, now I think of it—at the back of the cottage which she has taken there are some fields of capital land just vacant. Rickeybockey wants to have 'em, and sound me as to the rent when he was at the Hall. I only half promised him the refusal. And he must give up four or five acres of the best land round the cottage to the widow—just enough for her to manage—and she can keep a dairy. If she want capital, I'll lend her some in your name—only don't tell Stirn; and as for the rent—we'll talk of that when we see how she gets on, thankless obstinate jade that she is! You see," added the Squire, as if he felt there was some apology due for this generosity to an object whom he professed to consider so ungrateful, "her husband was a faithful servant, and so—I wish you would not stand there staring me out of countenance, but go down to the woman at once, or Stirn will have let the land to Rickeybockey, as sure as a gun. And harkye, Dale, perhaps you can contrive, if the woman is so cursedly stiff-backed, not to say the land is mine, or that it is any favour I want to do her—or, in short, manage it as you can for the best. Still even this charitable message failed. The widow knew that the land was the Squire's, and worth good £3 an acre. "She thanked him humbly for that and all favours; but she could not afford to buy cows, and she did not wish to be beholden to any one for her living. And Lenny

ff at Mr. Rickeybockey's, g on wonderfully in the y—and she did not doubt get some washing; at all haystack would bring in a money, and she should do rk their honours."

farther could be done in way, but the remark about g suggested some mode of enefiting the widow. And me afterwards, the sole n that immediate neigh-

bourhood happening to die, a hint from the Squire obtained from the landlady of the inn opposite the Casino such custom as she had to bestow, which at times was not inconsiderable. And what with Lenny's wages, (whatever that mysterious item might be,) the mother and son contrived to live without exhibiting any of those physical signs of fast and abstinence which Riccabocca and his valet gratuitously afforded to the student in animal anatomy.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

he wares and commodities e and barter, wherein so sists the civilization of our rld, there is not one which lly weighed—so accurately so plumed and gauged—d scraped—so poured out and balanced with scruples necessary of social com- d "an apology!" If the re half so careful in vend- poisons, there would be diminution in the yearly victims to arsenic and

But, alas, in the matter it is not from the excess, but the timid, niggardly, nner in which it is dis- t poor Humanity is hur- the Styx! How many a life depend on the exact of an apology! Is it a too short to cover the which you want it? Make you are a dead man! A ?—a hecatomb of lives! wars would have been how many thrones would dynasties flourishing— the brawling round a

bema, or fitting out galleys for corn and cotton—if an inch or two more of apology had been added to the proffered ell! But then that plaguy, jealous, suspicious, old vinegar-faced Honour, and her partner Pride—as penny-wise and pound-foolish a she-skinflint as herself—have the monopoly of the article. And what with the time they lose in adjusting their spectacles, hunting in the precise shelf for the precise quality demanded, then (quality found) the haggling as to quantum—considering whether it should be Apothecary's weight or Avoirdupois, or English measure or Flemish—and, finally, the hullabuloo they make if the customer is not perfectly satisfied with the monstrous little he gets for his money, —I don't wonder, for my part, how one loses temper and patience, and sends Pride, Honour, and Apology, all to the devil. Aristophanes, in his "Comedy of Peace," insinuates a beautiful allegory by only suffering that goddess, though in fact she is his heroine, to appear as a mute. She takes care never to open her lips. The shrewd Greek knew very well

that she would cease to be Peace, if she once began to chatter. Wherefore, O reader, if ever you find your pump under the iron heel of another man's boot, heaven grant that you may hold your tongue, and not make things past all endurance and forgiveness by howling out for an apology

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## CHAPTER XV.

BUT the Squire and his son, Frank, were large-hearted generous creatures in the article of apology, as in all things less skimpingly dealt out. And seeing that Leonard Fairfield would offer no plaister to Randal Leslie, they made amends for his stinginess by their own prodigality. The Squire accompanied his son to Rood Hall, and none of the family choosing to be at home, the Squire in his own hand, and from his own head, indited and composed an epistle which might have satisfied all the wounds which the dignity of the Leslies had ever received.

This letter of apology ended with a hearty request that Randal would come and spend a few days with his son. Frank's epistle was to the same purport, only more Etonian and less legible.

It was some days before Randal's replies to these epistles were received. The replies bore the address of a village near London, and stated that the writer was now reading with

a tutor preparatory to entrance Oxford, and could not, therefore, accept the invitation extended him.

For the rest, Randal expressed himself with good sense, though with much generosity. He excused his participation in the vulgarities of such a conflict by a bitter but allusion to the obstinacy and ignorance of the village boor: and said, "I cannot do what you, my kind reader, certainly would have done in similar circumstances—viz., interpose in behalf of a brave and unfortunate antagonist. Most of us like a better after we have fought him than that is, if we are the conquerors; this was not the case with Randal Leslie. There, so far as Etonian was concerned, the matter rested. And the Squire, irritated that he could not repair what was wrong that young gentleman sustained, no longer felt a pang of regret as he passed by Mrs. Fairfield's deserted cottage."

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## CHAPTER XVI.

LENNY FAIRFIELD continued to give great satisfaction to his new employers, and to profit in many respects by the familiar kindness with which he was treated. Biccabocca, who valued himself on penetrating into character, had, from the time he had seen that much stuff of no consequence and texture was to be found in the disposition and mind of

English village boy. On farther acquaintance, he perceived that, under a child's innocent simplicity, there were the workings of an acuteness that required but development and direction. He ascertained that the pattern boy's progress at the village school proceeded from something more than mechanical docility and readiness of comprehension. Lenny had a keen thirst for knowledge, and through all the disadvantages of birth and circumstance, there were the indications of that natural genius which converts disadvantages themselves into stimulants. Still, with the germs of good qualities lay the embryos of those which, difficult to separate, and hard to destroy, often mar the produce of the soil. With a remarkable and generous pride in self-repute, there was some stubbornness; with great sensibility to kindness, there was also strong reluctance to forgive affront.

This mixed nature in an uncultivated peasant's breast, interested Riccabocca, who, though long secluded from the commerce of mankind, still looked upon man as the most various and entertaining volume which philosophical research can explore. He soon accustomed the boy to the tone of a conversation generally subtle and suggestive; and Lenny's language and ideas became insensibly less rustic and more refined. Then Riccabocca selected from his library, small as it was, books that, though elementary, were of a higher cast than Lenny could have found within his reach at Hazeldean. Riccabocca knew the English language well—better in grammar, construction, and genius than many a not ill-educated Englishman; for he had studied it with the minuteness with which a scholar studies a dead language, and amidst his collection he had many of the books which had formerly served

him for that purpose. These were the first works he lent to Lenny. Meanwhile Jackeymo imparted to the boy many secrets in practical gardening and minute husbandry, for at that day farming in England (some favoured counties and estates excepted) was far below the nicety to which the art has been immemorably carried in the north of Italy—where, indeed, you may travel for miles and miles as through a series of market-gardens—so that, all these things considered, Leonard Fairfield might be said to have made a change for the better. Yet, in truth, and looking below the surface, that might be fair matter of doubt. For the same reason which had induced the boy to fly his native village, he no longer repaired to the church of Hazeldean. The old intimate intercourse between him and the Parson became necessarily suspended, or bounded to an occasional kindly visit from the latter—visits which grew more rare, and less familiar, as he found his former pupil in no want of his services, and wholly deaf to his mild entreaties to forget and forgive the past, and come at least to his old seat in the parish church. Lenny still went to church—a church a long way off in another parish—but the sermons did not do him the same good as Parson Dale's had done; and the clergyman, who had his own flock to attend to, did not condescend, as Parson Dale would have done, to explain what seemed obscure, and enforce what was profitable, in private talk, with that stray lamb from another's fold.

Now I question much if all Dr. Riccabocca's maxims, though they were often very moral, and generally very wise, served to expand the peasant boy's native good qualities, and correct his bad, half so well as the few simple words, not at all indebted to Machiavelli, which Leonard



had once reverently listened to when *æ* stood by Mark's elbow chair, yielded up for the moment to the good Parson, worthy to sit in it; for Mr. Dale had a heart in which all the fatherless of the parish found their place. Nor was this loss of tender, intimate, spiritual lore so counterbalanced by the greater facilities for purely intellectual instruction, as modern enlightenment might presume. For, without disputing the advantage of knowledge in a general way, knowledge, in itself, is not friendly to content. Its tendency, of course, is to increase the desires, to dissatisfy us with what is, in order to urge progress to what may be; and, in that progress, what unnoticed martyrs among the many must fall, baffled and crushed by the way! To how large a number will be given desires they will never realise, dissatisfaction of the lot from which they will never rise! *Allons!* one is viewing the dark side of the question.

It is all the fault of that confounded Riccabocca, who has already caused Lenny Fairfield to lean gloomily on his spade, and, after looking round and seeing no one near him, grow out querulously—

"And am I born to dig a potato ground?"

*Pardieu*, my friend Lenny, if you live to be seventy, and ride in your carriage, and by the help of a dinner-pill digest a spoonful of curry, you may sigh to think what a relish there was in potatoes, roasted in ashes after you had digged them out of that ground with your own stout young hands. Dig on, Lenny Fairfield, dig on! Dr. Riccabocca will tell you that there was once an illustrious personage\* who made experience of two very different occupations—one was ruling men, the other was planting cabbages; he thought planting cabbages much the pleasanter of the two!

## CHAPTER XVII.

DR. RICCABOCCA had secured Lenny Fairfield, and might therefore be considered to have ridden his hobby in the great whirligig with adroitness and success. But Miss Jemima was still driving round in her car, handling the reins, and flourishing the whip, without apparently having got an inch nearer to the flying form of Dr. Riccabocca.

Indeed, that excellent and only too susceptible spinster, with all her experience of the villany of man, had never conceived the wretch to be so thoroughly beyond the reach of redemption as when Dr. Riccabocca took *his leave*, and once more interred

himself amidst the solitudes of the Casino, without having made any formal renunciation of his criminal celibacy. For some days she shut herself up in her own chamber, and brooded with more than her usual gloomy satisfaction on the certainty of the approaching crash. Indeed, many signs of that universal calamity, which, while the visit of Riccabocca lasted, she had permitted herself to consider ambiguous, now became luminously apparent. Even the newspaper, which during that credulous and happy period had given half a

\* The Emperor Diocletian.

column to Births and Marriages, now bore an ominously long catalogue of Deaths; so that it seemed as if the whole population had lost heart, and had no chance of repairing its daily losses. The leading articles spoke, with the obscurity of a Pythian, of an impending CRISIS. Monstrous turnips sprouted out from the paragraphs devoted to General News. Cows bore calves with two heads, whales were stranded in the Humber, showers of frogs descended in the High Street of Cheltenham.

All these symptoms of the world's decrepitude and consummation, which by the side of the fascinating Riccabocca might admit of some doubt as to their origin and cause, now, conjoined with the worst of all, viz., the frightfully progressive wickedness of man—left to Miss Jemima no ray of hope save that afforded by the reflection that she could contemplate the wreck of matter without a single sentiment of regret.

Mrs. Dale, however, by no means shared the dependency of her fair friend, and, having gained access to Miss Jemima's chamber, succeeded, though not without difficulty, in her kindly attempts to cheer the drooping spirits of that female misanthropist. Nor, in her benevolent desire to speed the car of Miss Jemima to its hymeneal goal, was Mrs. Dale so cruel towards her male friend, Dr. Riccabocca, as she seemed to her husband. For Mrs. Dale was a woman of shrewdness and penetration, as most quick-tempered women are; and she knew that Miss Jemima was one of those excellent young ladies who are likely to value a husband in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining him. In fact, my readers of both sexes must often have met, in the course of their experience, with that peculiar sort of feminine disposition, which requires the warmth of the conjugal hearth to

develop all its native good qualities; nor is it to be blamed overmuch if, innocently aware of this tendency in its nature, it turns towards what is best fitted for its growth and improvement, by laws akin to those which make the sun-flower turn to the sun, or the willow to the stream. Ladies of this disposition, permanently thwarted in their affectionate bias, gradually languish away into intellectual inanition, or sprout out into those abnormal eccentricities which are classed under the general name of "oddity" or "character." But, once admitted to their proper soil, it is astonishing what healthful improvement takes place—how the poor heart, before starved and stunted of nourishment, throws out its suckers, and bursts into bloom and fruit. And thus many a belle from whom the beaux have stood aloof, only because the puppies think she could be had for the asking, they see afterwards settled down into true wife and fond mother, with amaze at their former disparagement, and a sigh at their blind hardness of heart.

In all probability, Mrs. Dale took this view of the subject; and certainly, in addition to all the hitherto dormant virtues which would be awakened in Miss Jemima when fairly Mrs. Riccabocca, she counted somewhat upon the mere worldly advantage which such a match would bestow upon the exile. So respectable a connection with one of the oldest, wealthiest, and most popular families in the shire, would in itself give him a position not to be despised by a poor stranger in the land; and though the interest of Miss Jemima's dowry might not be much, regarded in the light of English pounds, (not Milanese lire,) still it would suffice to prevent that gradual process of dematerialisation which the lengthened diet upon minnows and sticklebacks had already

made apparent in the fine and slow-  
evanishing form of the philosopher.

Like all persons convinced of the expediency of a thing, Mrs. Dale saw nothing wanting but opportunities to insure its success. And that these might be forthcoming, she not only renewed with greater frequency, and more urgent instance than ever, her friendly invitations to Riccabocca to drink tea and spend the evening, but she so artfully chafed the Squire on his sore point of hospitality, that the Doctor received weekly a pressing solicitation to dine and sleep at the hall.

At first the Italian pished and grunted, and said *Cospetto*, and *Per Bacco*, and *Diavolo*, and tried to creep out of so much proffered courtesy. But, like all single gentlemen, he was a little under the tyrannical influence of his faithful servant; and Jackeymo, though he could bear starving as well as his master when necessary, still, when he had the option, preferred roast beef and plum-pudding. Moreover, that vain and incautious confidence of Riccabocca, touching the vast sum at his command, and with no heavier drawback than that of so amiable a lady as Miss Jemima—who had already shown him (Jackeymo) many little delicate attentions—had greatly whetted the cupidity which was in the servant's Italian nature: a cupidity the more keen because, long debarred its legitimate exercise on his own mercenary interests, he carried it all to the account of his master's!

Thus tempted by his enemy, and betrayed by his servant, the unfortunate Riccabocca fell, though with

eyes not unblinded, into the hospitable snares extended for the destruction of his—celibacy! He went often to the Parsonage, often to the Hall, and by degrees the sweets of the social domestic life, long denied him, began to exercise their enervating charm upon the stoicism of our poor exile. Frank had now returned to Elm. An unexpected invitation had carried off Captain Higginbotham to pass a few weeks at Bath with a distant relation, who had lately returned from India, and who, as rich as Crassus, felt so estranged and solitary in his native isle that, when the Captain "claimed kindred there," to his own amaze "he had his claims allowed," while a very protracted sitting of Parliament still delayed in London the Squire's habitual visitors during the later summer; so that—a chasm thus made in his society—Mr. Hand-dean welcomed with no hollow cordiality the diversion or distraction he found in the foreigner's companionship. Thus, with pleasure to all parties, and strong hopes to the two female conspirators, the intimacy between the Casino and Hall rapidly thickened; but still not a word resembling a distinct proposal did Dr. Riccabocca breathe. And still, if such an idea obtruded itself on his mind, it was chased therefrom with so determined a *Diavolo* that perhaps, if not the end of the world, at least the end of Miss Jemima's tenure in it, might have approached, and seen her still Miss Jemima, but for a certain letter with a foreign post-mark that reached the Doctor one Tuesday morning.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

servant saw that something wrong, and, under pretence of the orange-trees, he linear his master, and peered the sunny leaves upon Riccabocca stretch forth his hand.

Doctor sighed heavily. Nor as was his wont, after some, mechanically take up that porter the pipe. But though co-pouch lay by his side on strade, and the pipe stood the wall between his knees,

lifting up its lips to the y caress—he heeded neither nor the other, but laid the ently on his lap, and fixed his n the ground.

must be bad news, indeed!" Jackeymo, and desisted from c. Approaching his master, up the pipe and the tobacco and filled the bowl slowly,

all the while towards that using face on which, when ed by the expression of intel-ivacy or the exquisite smile n courtesy, the deep down- as revealed the characters of

Jackeymo did not venture ; but the continued silence of

his master disturbed him much. He laid that peculiar tinder which your smokers use upon the steel, and struck the spark—still not a word, nor did Riccabocca stretch forth his hand.

"I never knew him in this taking before," thought Jackeymo; and delicately he insinuated the neck of the pipe into the nerveless fingers of the hand that lay supine on those quiet knees. The pipe fell to the ground.

Jackeymo crossed himself, and began praying to his sainted namesake with great fervour.

The Doctor rose slowly, and as if with effort; he walked once or twice to and fro the terrace; and then he halted abruptly, and said—

"Friend!"

"Blessed *Monsignore San Giacomo*, I knew thou wouldst hear me!" cried the servant; and he raised his master's hand to his lips, then abruptly turned away and wiped his eyes.

"Friend," repeated Riccabocca, and this time with a tremulous emphasis, and in the softest tone of a voice never wholly without the music of the sweet South, "I would talk to thee of my child."

## CHAPTER XIX.

letter, then, relates to the a. She is well?" she is well now. She is in ve Italy."

ymo raised his eyes involun-wards the orange-trees, and ming breeze swept by and

bore to him the odour of their blossoms.

"Those are sweet even here, with care," said he, pointing to the trees. "I think I have said that before to the *Padrone*."

But Riccabocca was now looking

again at the letter, and did not notice either the gesture or the remark of his servant.

"My aunt is no more!" said he, after a pause.

"We will pray for her soul!" answered Jackeymo solemnly. "But she was very old, and had been a long time ailing. Let it not grieve the Padrone too keenly: at that age, and with those infirmities, death comes as a friend."

"Peace be to her dust!" returned the Italian. "If she had her faults, be they now forgotten for ever; and in the hour of my danger and distress, she sheltered my infant! That shelter is destroyed. This letter is from the priest, her confessor. And the home of which my child is bereaved falls to the inheritance of my enemy."

"Traitor!" muttered Jackeymo; and his right hand seemed to feel for the weapon which the Italians of lower rank often openly wear in their girdles.

"The priest," resumed Riccabocca calmly, "has rightly judged in removing my child as a guest from the house in which that traitor enters as lord."

"And where is the Signorina?"

"With the poor priest. See, Giacomo—here, here—this is her handwriting at the end of the letter—the first lines she ever yet traced to me."

Jackeymo took off his hat, and looked reverently on the large characters of a child's writing. But large as they were, they seemed indistinct, for the paper was blistered with the child's tears; and on the place where they had *not* fallen, there was a round fresh moist stain of the tear that had dropped from the lids of the father. Riccabocca renewed,—"The priest recommends a convent."

"To the devil with the priest!" cried the servant; then crossing him-

self rapidly, he added, "I did not mean that, Monsignore San Giacomo—forgive me! But your Excellency\* does not think of making a nun of his only child!"

"And yet why not?" said Riccabocca mournfully; "what can I give her in the world? Is the land of the stranger a better refuge than the home of peace in her native clime?"

"In the land of the stranger beats her father's heart!"

"And if that beat were stilled, what then? I'll spare the life that a single death can bereave of all. In a convent at least (and the priest's influence can obtain her that asylum amongst her equals and amidst her sex) she is safe from trial and from penury—to her grave."

"Penury! Just see how rich we shall be when we take those fields at Michaelmas."

"Pazzie!" (folly) said Riccabocca listlessly. "Are these suns more serene than ours, or the soil more fertile? Yet in our own Italy, saith the proverb, 'he who sows land reaps more care than corn.' It were different," continued the father, after a pause, and in a more resolute tone, "if I had some independence, however small, to count on—nay, if among all my tribe of dainty relatives there were but one female who would accompany Violante to the exile's hearth—Ishmael had his Hagar. But how can we two rough-bearded men provide for all the nameless wants and cares of a frail female child? And she has been so delicately reared—the woman child needs the fostering hand and tender eye of a woman."

"And with a word," said Jackeymo resolutely, "the Padrone might secure to his child all that he needs

\* The title of Excellency does not, in Italian, necessarily express any exalted rank; but is often given by servants to their masters.

er from the sepulchre of a  
and ere the autumn leaves  
night be sitting on his knees.  
do not think that you can  
from me the truth, that  
your child better than all  
the world—now the Patria  
d to you as the dust of  
ers—and your heart-strings  
ack with the effort to tear  
them, and consign her to a  
Padrone, never again to  
voice—never again to see  
! Those little arms that  
ound your neck that dark  
hen we fled fast for life and  
and you said, as you felt  
sp, 'Friend, all is not yet

mo!" exclaimed the father  
fully, and his voice seemed to  
n. Riccabocca turned away,  
ed restlessly to and fro the  
then, lifting his arms with  
ature, as he still continued  
regular strides, he muttered,  
aven is my witness that I  
e borne reverse and banish-  
hout a murmur, had I per-  
yself that young partner in  
privation. Heaven is my  
bat, if I hesitate now, it is  
would not listen to my own  
art. Yet never, never to  
again—my child! And it  
as the infant that I beheld  
friend, friend—" (and, stop-  
rt with a burst of uncon-  
emotion, he bowed his head

upon his servant's shoulder;) "thou  
knowest what I have endured and  
suffered at my hearth, as in my  
country; the wrong, the perfidy,  
the—the—" His voice again  
failed him; he clung to his servant's  
breast, and his whole frame shook.

"But your child, the innocent  
one—think now only of her!" faltered  
Giacomo, struggling with his own  
sobs.

"True, only of her," replied the  
exile, raising his face—"only of her.  
Put aside thy thoughts for thyself,  
friend—counsel me. If I were to  
send for Violante, and if, transplanted  
to these keen airs, she drooped and  
died—look, look—the priest says that  
she needs such tender care; or if I  
myself were summoned from the  
world, to leave her in it alone, friend-  
less, homeless, breadless perhaps, at  
the age of woman's sharpest trial  
against temptation, would she not live  
to mourn the cruel egotism that  
closed on her infant innocence the  
gates of the House of God?"

Jackeymo was appalled by this  
appeal; and indeed Riccabocca had  
never before thus reverently spoken  
of the cloister. In his hours of phi-  
losophy, he was wont to sneer at  
monks and nuns, priesthood and  
superstition. But now, in that hour  
of emotion, the Old Religion re-  
claimed her empire; and the sceptical  
world-wise man, thinking only of his  
child, spoke and felt with a child's  
simple faith.

## CHAPTER XX.

"BUT again I say," murmured Jackeymo scarce audibly, and after a long silence, "if the Padrone would make up his mind—to marry!"

He expected that his master would start up in his customary indignation at such a suggestion—nay, he might not have been sorry so to have changed the current of feeling; but the poor Italian only winced slightly, and mildly withdrawing himself from his servant's supporting arm, again paced

the terrace, but this time quietly and in silence. A quarter of an hour thus passed. "Give me the pipe," said Dr. Riccabocca, passing into the Belvidere.

Jackeymo again struck the sand, and, wonderfully relieved at the Padrone's return to the habitual adviser, mentally besought his mingled namesake to bestow a double portion of soothing wisdom on the benighted influences of the weed.

## CHAPTER XXI.

DR. RICCABOCCA had been some little time in the solitude of the Belvidere, when Lenny Fairfield, not knowing that his employer was therein, entered to lay down a book which the Doctor had lent him, with injunctions to leave on a certain table when done with. Riccabocca looked up at the sound of the young peasant's step.

"I beg your honour's pardon—I did not know—"

"Never mind: lay the book there. I wish to speak with you. You look well, my child: this air agrees with you as well as that of Hazeldean?"

"Oh yes, sir!"

"Yet it is higher ground—more exposed?"

"That can hardly be, sir," said Lenny; "there are many plants grow here which don't flourish at the Squire's. The hill yonder keeps off the east wind, and the place lays to the south."

"Lies, not lays, Lenny. What are

the principal complaints in these parts?"

"Eh, sir?"

"I mean what maladies, what diseases?"

"I never heard tell of any, sir, except the rheumatism."

"No low fevers?—no consumption?"

"Never heard of them, sir."

Riccabocca drew a long breath, as if relieved.

"That seems a very kind family at the Hall."

"I have nothing to say against it," answered Lenny bluntly. "I have not been treated justly. But as that book says, sir, 'It is not every one who comes into the world with a silver spoon in his mouth.'"

Little thought the Doctor that those wise maxims may leave new thoughts behind them. He was too occupied with the subject most at his own heart to think then of what was in Lenny Fairfield's.

"Yes; a kind, English domestic ally." Did you see much of Miss Hazeldean?"

"Not so much as of the Lady."

"Is she liked in the village, think you?"

"Miss Jemima? Yes. She never did harm. Her little dog bit me once—she did not ask me to beg its pardon, she asked mine! She's a very nice young lady; the girls say she is very affable; and," added Lenny with a smile, "there are always more weddings going on when she is down at the Hall."

"Oh!" said Riccabocca. Then, after a long whiff, "Did you ever see a play with the little children? Is she fond of children, do you think?"

"Lord, sir, you guess everything! She's never so pleased as when she's playing with the babies."

"Humph!" grunted Riccabocca. "Babies—well, that's womanlike. I don't mean exactly babies, but when they're older—little girls?"

"Indeed, sir, I dare say; but," said Lenny primly, "I never as yet kept company with the little girls."

"Quite right, Lenny; be equally

discreet all your life. Mrs. Dale is very intimate with Miss Hazeldean—more than with the Squire's lady. Why is that, think you?"

"Well, sir," said Leonard shrewdly, "Mrs. Dale has her little temper, though she's a very good lady; and Madam Hazeldean is rather high, and has a spirit. But Miss Jemima is so soft: any one could live with Miss Jemima, as Joe, and the servants say at the Hall!"

"Indeed! Get my hat out of the parlour, and—just bring a clothes-brush, Lenny. A fine sunny day for a walk."

After this most mean and dishonourable inquisition into the character and popular repute of Miss Hazeldean, Signior Riccabocca seemed as much cheered up and elated as if he had committed some very noble action; and he walked forth in the direction of the Hall with a far lighter and livelier step than that which he had paced the terrace.

"*Monsignore San Giacomo*, by thy help and the pipe's, the Padrone shall have his child!" muttered the servant, looking up from the garden.

## CHAPTER XXII.

YET Dr. Riccabocca was not rash. The man who wants his wedding-dress to fit him must allow plenty of time for the measure. But, from that day, the Italian notably changed his manner towards Miss Hazeldean. He ceased that profusion of compliments in which he had hitherto carried off in safety all serious meaning. For indeed the Doctor considered that compliments to a single gentleman were what the inky liquid it dispenses to the cattle-fish, that by obscur-

ing the water sails away from its enemy. Neither did he, as before, avoid prolonged conversations with the young lady, and contrive to escape from all solitary rambles by her side. On the contrary, he now sought every occasion to be in her society; and, entirely dropping the language of gallantry, he assumed something of the earnest tone of friendship. He bent down his intellect to examine and plumb her own. To use a very homely simile, he blew away that



froth which there is on the surface of mere acquaintanceships, especially with the opposite sex; and which, while it lasts, scarce allows you to distinguish between small beer and double X. Apparently Dr. Riccabocca was satisfied with his scrutiny—at all events, under that froth there was no taste of bitter. The Italian might not find any great strength of intellect in Miss Jemima, but he found that, disentangled from many little whims and foibles—which he had himself the sense to perceive were harmless enough if they lasted, and not so absolutely constitutional but what they might be removed by a tender hand—Miss Hazeldean had quite enough sense to comprehend the plain duties of married life; and if the sense could fail, it found a substitute in good old homely English principles, and the instincts of amiable, kindly feelings.

I know not how it is, but your very clever man never seems to care so much as your less gifted mortals for cleverness in his helpmate. Your scholars, and poets, and ministers of state, are more often than not found assorted with exceedingly humdrum, good sort of women, and apparently like them all the better for their deficiencies. Just see how happily Racine lived with his wife, and what an angel he thought her, and yet she had never read his plays. Certainly Goethe never troubled the lady who called him "Mr. Privy Counsellor" with whims about "monads," and speculations on colour, nor those stiff metaphysical problems on which one breaks one's shins in the Second Part of the Faust. Probably it may be that such great geniuses—knowing that, as compared with themselves, there is little difference between your clever woman and your humdrum woman—merge at once all minor distinctions, relinquish all attempts at

sympathy in hard intellectual pursuits, and are quite satisfied to oblige that tie which, after all, he resists wear and tear—viz., the household bond between one human heart and another.

At all events, this, I suspect, was the reasoning of Dr. Riccabocca, who one morning, after a long walk with Miss Hazeldean, he muttered to himself—

"Duro con duro  
Non fece mai buon muro."

Which may bear the paraphrase "Bricks without mortar would make a very bad wall." There was quite enough in Miss Jemima's disposition to make excellent mortar: the Doctor took the bricks to himself.

When his examination was concluded, our philosopher symbolically evinced the result he had arrived at by a very simple proceeding on his part, which would have puzzled you greatly if you had not paused, and meditated thereon, till you saw that it implied. Dr. Riccabocca took off his spectacles! He wiped them carefully, put them into their slung case, and locked them in his bureau—that is to say, he left off wearing his spectacles.

You will observe that there was wonderful depth of meaning in this critical symptom, whether it be regarded as a sign outward, positive and explicit; or a sign metaphysical, mystical, and esoteric. For, as to last, it denoted that the task of spectacles was over; that, whatever philosopher has made up his mind to marry, it is better henceforth to be shortsighted—nay, even somewhat purblind—than to be always scrutinising the domestic felicity, to which he is about to resign himself, through a pair of cold, unillusive barnacles. And for the things beyond the horizon, if he cannot see without spectacles, he is not about to ally to his own de-

a good sharp pair of eyes, fault where his interests are? On the other hand, resistively, categorically, and ex-r. Riccabocca, by laying aside stacles, signified that he was commence that happy initiation when every man, be much a philosopher, wishes young and as handsome as nature will allow. Vain need the soft language of the ough the medium of those erpreters! I remember, for art, that once, on a visit to of Adelaide, I — Pisistratus was in great danger of fall-e—with a young lady, too, d have brought me a very une — when she suddenly from her reticule a very of No 4, set in tortoise-fixing upon me their Gorfroze the astonished Cupid ! And I hold it a great the wisdom of Riccabocca, vast experience in mankind, as not above the considera-

tion of what your pseudo sages would have regarded as ioppish and ridiculous trifles. It argued all the better for that happiness which is our being's end and aim, that in condescending to play the lover, he put those unbecoming petrifiers under lock and key.

And certainly, now the spectacles were abandoned, it was impossible to deny that the Italian had remarkably handsome eyes. Even through the spectacles, or lifted a little above them, they were always bright and expressive; but without those adjuncts, the blaze was softer and more tempered: they had that look which the French call *velouté*, or velvety; and he appeared altogether ten years younger. If our Ulysses, thus rejuvenated by his Minerva, has not fully made up his mind to make a Penelope of Miss Jemima, all I can say is, that he is worse than Polyphemus, who was only an Anthropophagus;—

He preys upon the weaker sex, and is a Gynophagite!

# CHAPTER XXIII.

you commission me, then, o our dear Jemima?" said joyfully, and without any whatever in that "dear." CCABOCCA.—"Nay, before o Miss Hazeldean, it would proper to know how far my would be acceptable to the

HALE.—"Ah!"

CCABOCCA.—"The Squire is the head of the family."

HALE, (absent and *distracte*.) Squire — yes, very true — ser." (Then looking up,

and with *naïveté*.)—"Can you believe me, I never thought of the Squire. And he is such an odd man, and has so many English prejudices, that really — dear me, how vexatious that it should never once have occurred to me that Mr. Hazeldean had a voice in the matter! Indeed, the relationship is so distant — it is not like being her father; and Jemima is of age, and can do as she pleases; and—but, as you say, it is quite proper that he should be consulted as the head of the family."

DR. RICCABOCCA.—"And you

think that the Squire of Hazeldean might reject my alliance! Pahaw! that's a grand word indeed;—I mean, that he might object very reasonably to his cousin's marriage with a foreigner, of whom he can know nothing, except that which in all countries is disreputable, and is said in this to be criminal—poverty."

MRS. DALE, (kindly).—"You misjudge us poor English people, and you wrong the Squire, heaven bless him! for we were poor enough when he singled out my husband from a hundred for the minister of his parish, for his neighbour and his friend. I will speak to him fearlessly——"

DR. RICCABOCCA.—"And frankly. And now I have used that word, let me go on with the confession which your kindly readiness, my fair friend, somewhat interrupted. I said that if I might presume to think my addresses would be acceptable to Miss Hazeldean and her family, I was too sensible of her amiable qualities not to—not to——"

MRS. DALE, (with demure archness).—"Not to be the happiest of men—that's the customary English phrase, Doctor."

RICCABOCCA, (gallantly).—"There cannot be a better. But," continued he, seriously, "I wish it first to be understood that I have—been married before."

MRS. DALE, (astonished).—"Married before!"

RICCABOCCA.—"And that I have an only child, dear to me—inexpressibly dear. That child, a daughter, has hitherto lived abroad; circumstances now render it desirable that she should make her home with me. And I own fairly that nothing has so attached me to Miss Hazeldean, nor so induced my desire for our matrimonial connection, as my belief that she has the heart and the temper to become a kind mother to my little one."

MRS. DALE, (with feeling and warmth).—"You judge her rightly there."

RICCABOCCA.—"Now, in pecuniary matters, as you may conjecture from my mode of life, I have nothing to offer to Miss Hazeldean correspondent with her own fortune, whatever that may be!"

MRS. DALE.—"That difficulty is obviated by settling Miss Hazeldean's fortune on herself, which is customary in such cases."

DR. RICCABOCCA's face lengthened. "And my child, then?" said he feelingly. There was something in the appeal so alien from all sordid and merely personal mercenary motives, that Mrs. Dale could not have had the heart to make the very rational suggestion—"But that child is not Jemima's, and you may have children by her."

She was touched, and replied hesitatingly—"But from what you and Jemima may jointly possess, you can save something annually—you can insure your life for your child. We did so when our poor child whom we lost was born," (the tears rushed into Mrs. Dale's eyes;) "and I fear that Charles still insures his life for my sake, though Heaven knows that—that——"

The tears burst out. That little heart, quick and petulant though it was, had not a fibre of the elastic muscular tissues which are mercifully bestowed on the hearts of predestined widows. Dr. Riccabocca could not pursue the subject of life insurance further. But the idea—which had never occurred to the foreigner before, though so familiar to us English people when only possessed of a life income—pleased him greatly. I will do him the justice to say, that he preferred it to the thought of actually appropriating to himself and to his child a portion of Miss Hazeldean's dowry.

Shortly afterwards he took his leave, and Mrs. Dale hastened to seek her husband in his study, inform him of the success of her matrimonial scheme, and consult him as to the chance of the Squire's acquiescence therein. "You see," said she, hesitatingly, "though the Squire might be glad to see Jemima married to some Englishman, yet if he asks who and what is this Dr. Riccabocca, how am I to answer him?"

"You should have thought of that before," said Mr. Dale, with unwonted asperity; "and, indeed, if I had ever believed anything serious could come out of what seemed to me so absurd, I should long since have requested you not to interfere in such matters. Good heavens!" continued the Parson, changing colour, "if we should have assisted, underhand as it were, to introduce into the family of a man to whom we owe so much, a connection that he would dislike! how base we should be!—how ungrateful!"

Poor Mrs. Dale was frightened by this speech, and still more by her husband's consternation and displeasure. To do Mrs. Dale justice, whenever her mild partner was really either grieved or offended, her little temper vanished—she became as meek as a lamb. As soon as she recovered the first shock she experienced, she hastened to dissipate the Parson's apprehensions. She assured him that she was convinced that, if the Squire disapproved of Riccabocca's preten-

sions, the Italian would withdraw them at once, and Miss Hazeldean would never know of his proposals. Therefore, in that case, no harm would be done.

This assurance, coinciding with Mr. Dale's convictions as to Riccabocca's scruples on the point of honour, tended much to compose the good man; and if he did not, as my reader of the gentler sex would expect from him, feel alarm lest Miss Jemima's affections should have been irretrievably engaged, and her happiness thus put in jeopardy by the Squire's refusal, it was not that the Parson wanted tenderness of heart, but experience in womankind; and he believed, very erroneously, that Miss Jemima Hazeldean was not one upon whom a disappointment of that kind would produce a lasting impression. Therefore Mr. Dale, after a pause of consideration, said kindly—

"Well, don't vex yourself—and I was to blame quite as much as you. But, indeed, I should have thought it easier for the Squire to have transplanted one of his tall cedars into his kitchen-garden, than for you to inveigle Dr. Riccabocca into matrimonial intentions. But a man who could voluntarily put himself into the Pariah Stocks for the sake of experiment must be capable of anything! However, I think it better that I, rather than yourself, should speak to the Squire, and I will go at once."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

THE Parson put on the shovel-hat, which—conjoined with other details in his dress peculiarly clerical, and already, even then, beginning to be out of fashion with churchmen—had served to fix upon him, emphatically, the dignified but antiquated style and cognomen of “Parson;” and took his way towards the Home Farm, at which he expected to find the Squire. But he had scarcely entered upon the village green when he beheld Mr. Hazeldean, leaning both hands on his stick, and gazing intently upon the Parish Stocks. Now, sorry am I to say that, ever since the Hegira of Lenny and his mother, the Anti-Stockian and Revolutionary spirit in Hazeldean, which the memorable homily of our Parson had awhile averted or suspended, had broken forth afresh. For though, while Lenny was present to be mowed and jeered at, there had been no pity for him, yet no sooner was he removed from the scene of trial, than a universal compassion for the barbarous usage he had received, produced what is called “the reaction of public opinion.” Not that those who had mowed and jeered repented them of their mockery, or considered themselves in the slightest degree the cause of his expatriation. No; they, with the rest of the villagers, laid all the blame upon the stocks. It was not to be expected that a lad of such exemplary character could be thrust into that place of ignominy, and not be sensible of the affront. And who, in the whole village, was safe, if such goings-on and puttings-in were to be tolerated in silence, and at the expense of the very best and quietest lad the village had ever known? Thus, a

few days after the widow's departure, the stocks was again the object of midnight desecration: it was bedaubed and bescratched—it was hacked and hewed—it was scrawled over with pithy lamentations for Lenny, and laconic execrations on tyrants. Night after night new inscriptions appeared, testifying the sarcastic wit and the vindictive sentiment of the parish. And perhaps the stocks was only spared from axe and bonfire by the convenience it afforded to the malice of the disaffected: it became the *Parquin* of Hazeldean.

As disaffection naturally produces a correspondent vigour in authority, so affairs had been lately administered with greater severity than had been hitherto wont in the easy rule of the Squire and his predecessors. Suspected persons were naturally marked out by Mr. Stirn, and reported to his employer, who, too proud or too pained to charge them openly with ingratitude, at first only passed them by in his walks with a silent and stiff inclination of his head; and afterwards gradually yielding to the baleful influence of Stirn, the Squire grumbled forth “that he did not see why he should be always putting himself out of his way to show kindness to those who made such a return. There ought to be a difference between the good and the bad.” Encouraged by this admission, Stirn had conducted himself towards the suspected parties, and their whole kith and kin, with the iron-handed justice that belonged to his character. For some, habitual donations of milk from the dairy, and vegetables from the gardens, were surlily suspended; others were informed that their pigs

always trespassing on the woods search of acorns; or that they were violating the Game Laws in keeping lurchers. A beer-house, popular in the neighbourhood, but of late resorted to over-much by the licence-mongers, (and no wonder, since they had become the popular party,) was threatened with an application to the magistrates for the withdrawal of its license. Sundry old women, whose grandsons were notoriously ill-disposed towards the dogs, were interdicted from gathering dead sticks under the avenues, on pretence that they broke down the tree boughs; and, what was more obnoxious to the younger members of the parish than most other retaliatory measures, three chestnut trees, one about, and two cherry trees, standing at the bottom of the Park, and which had, from time immemorial, been given up to the youth of Hazelden, were now solemnly placed under the general defence of "private property." And the crier had announced that, henceforth, all depredators on the fruit trees in Copee Hollow would be punished with the utmost rigour of the law. Stirn, indeed, recommended much more stringent proceedings than all these indications of change of policy, which, he averred, would soon bring the parish to its senses—such as discontinuing many idle jobs of unprofitable work that employed the surplus labour of the village. But there the Squire, falling into the department; and under the benignant influence of his Harry, was as yet not properly hardened. When it came to a question that dictated the absolute quantity of acres to be consumed by the graceless mouths that fed upon him, the milk of human kindness—with which Providence has so bountifully supplied that class of the mammalia called the "*Bucolic*," and of which

our Squire had an extra "yield"—burst forth, and washed away all the indignation of the harsher Adam.

Still your policy of half-measures, which irritates without crushing its victims, which flaps an exasperated wasp-nest with a silk pocket-handkerchief, instead of blowing it up with a match and train, is rarely successful; and, after three or four other and much guiltier victims than Lenny had been incarcerated in the stocks, the parish of Hazelden was ripe for any enormity. Pestilent Jacobinical tracts, conceived and composed in the sinks of manufacturing towns—found their way into the popular beer-house—heaven knows how, though the Tinker was suspected of being the disseminator by all but Stirn, who still, in a whisper, accused the Papishers. And, finally, there appeared amongst the other graphic embellishments which the poor stocks had received, the rude *gravure* of a gentleman in a broad-brimmed hat and top-boots, suspended from a gibbet, with the inscription beneath—"A warnin to hall tirans—mind your hi!—sighnde Captin sTraw."

It was upon this significant and emblematic portraiture that the Squire was gazing when the Parson joined him.

"Well, Parson," said Mr. Hazelden, with a smile which he meant to be pleasant and easy, but which was exceedingly bitter and grim, "I wish you joy of your flock—you see they have just hanged me in effigy!"

The Parson stared, and though greatly shocked, smothered his emotions; and attempted, with the wisdom of the serpent and the mildness of the dove, to find another original for the effigy.

"It is very bad," quoth he, "but not so bad as all that, Squire; that's

not the shape of your hat. It is evidently meant for Mr. Stirn."

"Do you think so!" said the Squire, softened. "Yet the top-boots—Stirn never wears top-boots."

"No more do you, except in the hunting-field. If you look again, those are not tops—they are leggings—Stirn wears leggings. Besides, that flourish, which is meant for a nose, is a kind of a hook, like Stirn's; whereas your nose—though by no means a snub—rather turns up than not, as the Apollo's does, according to the plaister cast in Riccabocca's parlour."

"Poor Stirn!" said the Squire, in a tone that evinced complacency, not unmingled with compassion, "that's what a man gets in this world by being a faithful servant, and doing his duty with zeal for his employer. But you see that things have come to a strange pass, and the question now is, what course to pursue. The miscreants hitherto have defied all vigilance, and Stirn recommends the employment of a regular night-watch, with a lanthorn and bludgeon."

"That may protect the stocks certainly; but will it keep those detestable tracts out of the beer-house?"

"We shall shut the beer-house up the next sessions."

"The tracts will break out elsewhere—the humour's in the blood!"

"I've half a mind to run off to Brighton or Leamington—good hunting at Leamington—for a year, just to let the rogues see how they can get on without me!"

The Squire's lip trembled.

"My dear Mr. Hazeldean," said the Parson, taking his friend's hand, "I don't want to parade my superior wisdom; but, if you had taken my advice, *quieta non moveat*! Was there ever a parish so peaceable as this, or a country-gentleman so beloved as you were, before you under-

took the task which has dethroned kings and ruined states—that of wantonly meddling with antiquity, whether for the purpose of unequal repairs, or the revival of obsolete uses."

At this rebuke, the Squire did not manifest his constitutional tendencies to choler; but he replied almost meekly, "If it were to do again, faith, I would leave the parish to the enjoyment of the shabbiest pair of stocks that ever disgraced a village. Certainly I meant it for the best—an ornament to the green; however, now the stocks is rebuilt, the stocks must be supported. Will Hazeldean is not the man to give way to a set of thankless rascallions."

"I think," said the Parson, "that you will allow that the House of Tudor, whatever its faults, was a determined, resolute dynasty enough—high-hearted and strong-headed. A Tudor would never have fallen into the same calamities as the poor Stuart did!"

"What the plague has the House of Tudor got to do with my stocks?"

"A great deal. Henry the VIII. found a subsidy so unpopular that he gave it up; and the people, in return, allowed him to cut off as many heads as he pleased, besides those in his own family. Good Queen Bess, who, I know, is your idol in history—"

"To be sure!—she knighted my ancestor at Tilbury Fort."

"Good Queen Bess struggled hard to maintain a certain monopoly; she saw it would not do, and she surrendered it with that frank heartiness which becomes a sovereign, and makes surrender a grace."

"Ha! and you would have me give up the stocks?"

"I would much rather the stocks had remained as it was before you touched it; but, as it is, if you could find a good plausible pretext—and

there is an excellent one at hand;—the sternest kings open prisons, and grant favours, upon joyful occasions—now a marriage in the royal family is of course a joyful occasion!—and so it should be in that of the King of Hazeldean.” Admire that artful turn in the Parson’s eloquence!—

it was worthy of Riccabocca himself. Indeed, Mr. Dale had profited much by his companionship with that Machiavellian intellect.

“A marriage—yes; but Frank has only just got into coat tails!”

“I did not allude to Frank, but to your cousin *Jemima*!”

## CHAPTER XXV.

THE Squire staggered as if the breath had been knocked out of him, and, for want of a better seat, sate down on the stocks.

All the female heads in the neighbouring cottages peered, themselves unseen, through the casements. What could the Squire be about?—what new mischief did he meditate? Did he mean to fortify the stocks? Old Gaffer Solomons, who had an indefinite idea of the lawful power of squires, and who had been for the last ten minutes at watch on his threshold, shook his head and said—“Them as a cut out the mon, a-hanging, as a put it in the Squire’s head!”

“Put what?” asked his granddaughter.

“The gallus!” answered Solomons—“he be a-going to have it hung from the great elm-tree. And the Parson, good mon, is a-quoting Scripture agin it—you see he’s a-taking off his gloves, and a-putting his two han’s together, as he do when he pray for the sick, *Jeany*.”

That description of the Parson’s *look* and manner, which, with his usual niceness of observation, Gaffer Solomons thus sketched off, will convey to you some idea of the earnestness with which the Parson *planted the cause* he had undertaken

to advocate. He dwelt much upon the sense of propriety which the foreigner had evinced in requesting that the Squire might be consulted before any formal communication to his cousin; and he repeated Mrs. Dale’s assurance, that such were Riccabocca’s high standard of honour and belief in the sacred rights of hospitality, that, if the Squire withheld his consent to his proposals, the Parson was convinced that the Italian would instantly retract them. Now, considering that Miss Hazeldean was, to say the least, come to years of discretion, and the Squire had long since placed her property entirely at her own disposal, Mr. Hazeldean was forced to acquiesce in the Parson’s corollary remark, “That this was a delicacy which could not be expected from every English pretender to the lady’s hand.” Seeing that he had so far cleared ground, the Parson went on to intimate, though with great tact, that since Miss *Jemima* would probably marry sooner or later, (and, indeed that the Squire could not wish to prevent her,) it might be better for all parties concerned that it should be with some one who, though a foreigner, was settled in the neighbourhood, and of whose character what was known was certainly favourable, rather than run the hazard of her



being married for her money by some adventurer, or Irish fortune-hunter, at the watering-places she yearly visited. Then he touched lightly on Riccabocca's agreeable and companionable qualities; and concluded with a skilful peroration upon the excellent occasion the wedding would afford to reconcile Hall and parish, by making a voluntary holocaust of the stocks.

As he concluded, the Squire's brow, before thoughtful, though not sullen, cleared up benignly. To say truth, the Squire was dying to get rid of the stocks, if he could but do so handsomely and with dignity; and had all the stars in the astrological horoscope conjoined together to give Miss Jemima "assurance of a husband," they could not so have served her with the Squire, as that conjunction between the altar and the stocks which the Parson had effected!

Accordingly, when Mr. Dale had come to an end, the Squire replied, with great placidity and good sense, "That Mr. Rickeybockey had behaved very much like a gentleman, and that he was very much obliged to him; that he (the Squire) had no right to interfere in the matter, farther than with his advice; that Jemima was old enough to choose for herself, and that, as the Parson had implied, after all she might go farther and fare worse—indeed, the farther she went, (that is, the longer she waited,) the worse she was likely to fare. I own, for my part," continued the Squire, "that though I like Rickeybockey very much, I never suspected that Jemima was caught with his long face; but there's no accounting for tastes. My Harry, indeed, was more shrewd, and gave me many a hint, for which I only laughed at her. Still I ought to have thought it looked queer when Mounseer took to disinguis-  
gising himself by leaving off his glasses, ha—ha! I wonder what

Harry will say; let's go and talk to her."

The Parson, rejoiced at this easy way of taking the matter, hooked his arm into the Squire's, and they walked amicably towards the Hall. But on coming first into the garden they found Mrs. Hazeldean herself, clipping dead leaves or fading flowers from her rose-trees. The Squire stole slyly behind her, and startled her in her turn by putting his arm round her waist, and saluting her smooth cheek with one of his hearty kisses; which, by the way, from some association of ideas, was a conjugal freedom that he usually indulged whenever a wedding was going on in the village.

"Fie, William!" said Mrs. Hazeldean coyly, and blushing as she saw the Parson. "Well, who's going to be married now?"

"Lord, was there ever such a woman?—she's guessed it!" cried the Squire in great admiration. "Tell her all about it, Parson."

The Parson obeyed.

Mrs. Hazeldean, as the reader may suppose, showed much less surprise than her husband had done; but she took the news graciously, and made much the same answer as that which had occurred to the Squire, only with somewhat more qualification and reserve. "Signor Riccabocca had behaved very handsomely; and though a daughter of the Hazeldeans of Hazeldean might expect a much better marriage in a worldly point of view, yet as the lady in question had deferred finding one so long, it would be equally idle and impertinent now to quarrel with her choice—if indeed she should decide on accepting Signor Riccabocca. As for fortune, that was a consideration for the two contracting parties. Still, it ought to be pointed out to Miss Jemima that the interest of her fortune would afford

small income. That Dr. was a widower was another for deliberation; and it rather suspicious that he had been hitherto so close matters connected with his. Certainly his manners were in favour, and as long as he was an acquaintance, and at least, no one had a right to enquire of a strictly private matter at that, when he was about Hazeldean of Hazeldean, the Squire at least to know more about him—who and as. Why did he leave his country? English people went save: no foreigner would go to a country in which they! She supposed that a doctor was no very great probability he had been a promise Italian university. At if the Squire interfered at such points that he must information."

"Dear madam," said the Parson, "you say is extremely just. Causes which have induced to expatriate himself, I need not look far for them. Evidently one of the many things whom political disturbances have driven to a land of the boast to receive all exiles in party. For his respectability and family he certainly obtain some vouchers. And the only objection, I trust on congratulate Miss Hazeldean's marriage with a man who, certainly very poor, has borne without a murmur; has all hardship to debt; has attempted betraying the matter into any clandestine connection, in short, has shown upright and honest, that I fear Mr. Hazeldean will for he is only a doctor—pro-

bably of Laws—and not, as most foreigners pretend to be, a marquis, or a baron at least."

"As to that," cried the Squire, "'tis the best thing I know about Rickeybockey, that he don't attempt to humbug us by any such foreign trumpery. Thank heaven, the Hazeldeans of Hazeldean were never tuft-hunters and title-mongers; and if I never ran after an English lord, I should certainly be devilishly ashamed of a brother-in-law whom I was forced to call markee or count! I should feel sure he was a courier, or runaway valley-de-sham. Turn up your nose at a doctor, indeed, Harry!—pshaw, good English style that! Doctor! my aunt married a Doctor of Divinity—excellent man—wore a wig, and was made a dean! So long as Rickeybockey is not a doctor of physic, I don't care a button. If he's that, indeed, it would be suspicious; because, you see, those foreign doctors of physic are quacks, and tell fortunes, and go about on a stage with a Merry-Andrew."

"Lord, Hazeldean! where on earth did you pick up that idea?" said Harry laughing.

"Pick it up!—why, I saw a fellow myself at the cattle fair last year—when I was buying short horns—with a red waistcoat and a cocked hat, a little like the Parson's shovel. He called himself Doctor Phosphorhonio—and sold pills! The Merry-Andrew was the funniest creature—in salmon-coloured tights—turned head over heels, and said he came from Timbuctoo. No, no; if Rickeybockey's a physic Doctor, we shall have Jemima in a pink tinsel dress, tramping about the country in a caravan!"

At this notion both the Squire and his wife laughed so heartily that the Parson felt the thing was settled, and slipped away, with the intention of making his report to Riccabocca.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

It was with a slight disturbance of his ordinary suave and well-bred equanimity that the Italian received the information, that he need apprehend no obstacle to his suit from the insular prejudices or the worldly views of the lady's family. Not that he was mean and cowardly enough to recoil from the near and unclouded prospect of that felicity which he had left off his glasses to behold with unblinking naked eyes:—no, there his mind was made up; but he had met in life with much that inclines a man towards misanthropy, and he was touched not only by the interest in his welfare testified by a heretical priest, but by the generosity with which he was admitted into a well-born and wealthy family, despite his notorious poverty and his foreign descent. He conceded the propriety of the only stipulation, which was conveyed to him by the Parson with all the delicacy that became one long professionally habituated to deal with the subtler susceptibilities of mankind—viz., that, amongst Riccabocca's friends or kindred, some person should be found whose report would confirm the persuasion of his respectability entertained by his neighbours;—he assented, I say, to the propriety of this condition; but it was not with alacrity and eagerness. His brow became clouded. The Parson hastened to assure him that the Squire was not a man *qui stupet in titulis*, (who was besotted with titles,) that he neither expected nor desired to find an origin and rank for his brother-in-law above that decent mediocrity of condition to which it was evident, from Riccabocca's breeding and accomplishments, he could easily esta-

blish his claim: "And though," said he, smiling, "the Squire is a warm politician in his own country, and would never see his sister again, I fear, if she married some convicted enemy of our happy constitution, yet, for foreign politics he does not care a straw; so that if, as I suspect, your exile arises from some quarrel with your Government—which, being foreign, he takes for granted must be insupportable—he would but consider you as he would a Saxon who fled from the iron hand of William the Conqueror, or a Lancastrian expelled by the Yorkists in our Wars of the Roses."

The Italian smiled. "Mr. Hamdean shall be satisfied," said he simply. "I see, by the Squire's newspaper, that an English gentleman who knew me in my own country has just arrived in London. I will write to him for a testimonial, at least to my probity and character. Probably he may be known to you by name—nay, he must be, for he was a distinguished officer in the late war. I allude to Lord L'Estrange."

The Parson started.

"You know Lord L'Estrange!—a profligate bad man, I fear."

"Profligate!—bad!" exclaimed Riccabocca. "Well, calumnious as the world is, I should never have thought that such expressions would be applied to one who, though I knew him but little—knew him chiefly by the service he once rendered to me—first taught me to love and revere the English name!"

"He may be changed since—" The Parson paused.

"Since when?" asked Riccabocca, with evident curiosity.

Mr. Dale seemed embarrassed. "Excuse me," said he, "it is many years ago; and, in short, the opinion I then formed of the nobleman you named was based upon circumstances which I cannot communicate."

The punctilious Italian bowed in silence, but he still looked as if he should have liked to prosecute inquiry.

After a pause, he said, "Whatever your impression respecting Lord L'Estrange, there is nothing, I suppose, which would lead you to doubt his honour, or reject his testimonial in my favour?"

"According to fashionable morality," said Mr. Dale, rather precisely, "I know of nothing that could induce me to suppose that Lord L'Estrange would not, in this instance, speak the truth. And he has unquestionably a high reputation as a soldier, and a considerable position in the world." Therewith the Parson took his leave. A few days afterwards, Dr. Riccabocca enclosed to the Squire, in a blank envelope, a letter he had received from Harley L'Estrange. It was evidently intended for the Squire's eye, and to serve as a voucher for the Italian's respectability; but this object was fulfilled, not in the coarse form of a direct testimonial, but with a tact and delicacy which seemed to show more than the fine breeding to be expected from one in Lord L'Estrange's station. It evinced that most exquisite of all politeness which

comes from the heart: a certain tone of affectionate respect (which even the homely sense of the Squire felt, intuitively, proved far more in favour of Riccabocca than the most elaborate certificate of his qualities and antecedents) pervaded the whole, and would have sufficed in itself to remove all scruples from a mind much more suspicious and exacting than that of the Squire of Hazeldean. But, lo and behold! an obstacle now occurred to the Parson, of which he ought to have thought long before—viz., the Papistical religion of the Italian. Dr. Riccabocca was professedly a Roman Catholic. He so little obtruded that fact—and, indeed, had assented so readily to any animadversions upon the superstition and priestcraft which, according to Protestants, are the essential characteristics of Papistical communities—that it was not till the hymeneal torch, which brings all faults to light, was fairly illumined for the altar, that the remembrance of a faith so cast into the shade burst upon the conscience of the Parson. The first idea that then occurred to him was the proper and professional one—viz., the conversion of Dr. Riccabocca. He hastened to his study, took down from his shelves long neglected volumes of controversial divinity, armed himself with an arsenal of authorities, arguments, and texts; then, seizing the shovel-hat, posted off to the Casino,

## CHAPTER XXVII.

THE Parson burst upon the philosopher like an avalanche! He was so full of his subject that he could not let it out in prudent dribblets. No, he went souse upon the astounded Riccabocca—

“Tremendo  
Jupiter ipse ruens tumultu.”

The sage—shrinking deeper into his arm-chair, and drawing his dressing-robe more closely round him—suffered the Parson to talk for three quarters of an hour, till indeed he had thoroughly proved his case; and, like Brutus, “paused for a reply.”

Then said Riccabocca mildly, “In much of what you have urged so ably, and so suddenly, I am inclined to agree. But base is the man who formally forswears the creed he has inherited from his fathers, and professed since the cradle up to years of maturity, when the change presents itself in the guise of a bribe;—when, for such is human nature, he can hardly distinguish or disentangle the appeal to his reason from the lure to his interests—here a text, and there a dowry!—here Protestantism, there Jemima! Own, my friend, that the soberest casuist could see double under the inebriating effects produced by so mixing his polemical liquors. Appeal, my good Mr. Dale, from Philip drunken to Philip sober!—from Riccabocca intoxicated with the assurance of your excellent lady, that he is about to be ‘the happiest of men,’ to Riccabocca accustomed to his happiness, and carrying it off with the seasoned equability of one grown familiar with stimulants—in a word, appeal from Riccabocca the woer to Riccabocca the spouse. I may be convertible, but conversion is a slow

process; courtship should one—ask Miss Jemima. marry me first, and onwards!”

“You take this too began the Parson: “and why, with your excellent ing, truths so plain should not strike you at

“Truths,” interrupted profoundly, “are the slow things in the world! I hundred years from the Christian era to produce Luther, and then he flew at Satan, (I have seen this by the book on the wall in Germany,) besides run a nun, which no Protestant would think it proper to do now-a-days.” Then he seriousness, “Look you, n I should lose my own were even to listen to you coming attention,—now, you hint that the creed professed may be in the advantage. If so, I must creed and resign the advantage, as I trust—not only a but a man of honour—y this discussion, I will prove to you hereafter; and the truth, I believe that I convert me, I will promise fully never to interfere with religion.”

“And any children you “Children!” said Dr recoiling—“you are not with firing your pocket in my face; you must all over with small-shot well, if they are girls, let the faith of their mothers

le in childhood, let them be  
l with learning to be Chris-  
d when they grow into men,  
choose for themselves which  
form for the practice of the  
principles which all sects have  
n."

' began Mr. Dale again,  
large book from his pocket.  
iccabocca flung open the  
nd jumped out of it.

the rapidest and most das-  
ht you could possibly cont-  
it was a great compliment  
gumentative powers of the  
id he felt it as such. Never-  
r. Dale thought it right to  
ig conversation, both with  
e and Miss Jemima herself,  
subject which his intended  
id so ignominiously escaped.  
uire, though a great foe to  
politically considered, had  
as great a hatred to re-  
nd apostates. And in his  
would have despised Ricca-  
e could have thrown off his  
easily as he had done his

spectacles. Therefore he said simply  
—"Well, it is certainly a great pity  
that Rickeybockey is not of the  
Church of England, though, I take  
it, that would be unreasonable to  
expect in a man born and bred under  
the nose of the Inquisition," (the  
Squire firmly believed that the In-  
quisition was in full force in all the  
Italian states, with whips, racks, and  
thumb-screws; and, indeed, his chief  
information of Italy was gathered  
from a perusal he had given in early  
youth to *The One-Handed Monk*;) "  
"but I think he speaks very fairly,  
on the whole, as to his wife and  
children. And the thing's gone too  
far now to retract. It's all your  
fault for not thinking of it before;  
and I've now just made up my mind  
as to the course to pursue respecting  
the—d—d stocks!"

As for Miss Jemima, the Parson  
left her with a pious thanksgiving  
that Riccabocca at least was a Chris-  
tian, and not a Pagan, Mahometan,  
or Jew!

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

is that in a wedding which  
a universal sympathy. No  
nt in the lives of their  
in rank creates an equal  
amongst the humbler classes.  
he moment the news that  
ma was to be married had  
oughout the village, all the  
on for the Squire and his  
st forth the stronger for its  
suspension. Who could  
ie stocks in such a season?  
s was swept out of fashion  
from remembrance as com-  
the question of Repeal or  
-No. 364.

the thought of Rebellion from the  
warm Irish heart when the fair  
young face of the Royal Wife beamed  
on the sister isle.

Again cordial curtsaeys were dropped  
at the thresholds by which the Squire  
passed to his own farm; again the  
sun-burnt brows uncovered—no more  
with sullen ceremony—were smoothed  
into cheerful gladness at his nod.  
Nay, the little ones began again to  
assemble at their ancient rendezvous  
by the stocks, as if either familiarised  
with the Phenomenon, or convinced  
that, in the general sentiment of

good-will, its powers of evil were annulled.

The Squire tasted once more the sweets of the only popularity which is much worth having, and the loss of which a wise man would reasonably deplore—viz., the popularity which arises from a persuasion of our goodness, and a reluctance to recall our faults. Like all blessings, the more sensibly felt from previous interruption, the Squire enjoyed this restored popularity with an exhilarated sense of existence; his stout heart beat more vigorously; his stalwart step trod more lightly; his comely English face looked comelier and more English than ever;—you would have been a merrier man for a week to have come within hearing of his jovial laugh.

He felt grateful to Jemima and to Riccabocca as the special agents of Providence in this general *integratio amoris*. To have looked at him, you would suppose that it was the Squire who was going to be married a second time to his Harry!

One may well conceive that such would have been an inauspicious moment for Parson Dale's theological scruples. To have stopped that marriage—chilled all the sunshine it diffused over the village—seen himself surrounded again by long sulky visages,—I verily believe, though a better friend of Church and State never stood on a hustings, that, rather than court such a revulsion, the Squire would have found jesuitical excuses for the marriage if Riccabocca had been discovered to be the Pope in disguise! As for the stocks, its fate was now irrevocably sealed. In short, the marriage was concluded—first privately, according to the bridegroom's creed, by a Roman Catholic clergyman, who lived in a town some miles off, and next publicly in the village church of Hazeklean.

*It was the heartiest rural wedding!*

Village girls strewed flowers on the way;—a booth was placed amidst the prettiest scenery of the Park on the margin of the lake—for there was to be a dance later in the day;—an ox was roasted whole. Even Mr. Stirn—no, Mr. Stirn was *not* present, so much happiness would have been the death of him! And the Papisier too, who had conjured Lenny out of the stocks; nay, who had himself *into* the stocks for the very purpose of bringing them into contempt—the Papisier! he had as lief Miss Jemima had married the devil! Indeed he was persuaded that, in point of that, it was all one and the same. Therefore Mr. Stirn had asked leave to go and attend his uncle the pawnbroker, about to undergo a torturing operation for the stone! Frank was then summoned from Eton for the occasion—having grown two inches taller since he left—for the one inch of which nature was to be thanked, for the other a new pair of resplendent Wellington's. But the boy's joy was less apparent than that of others. For Jemima was a special favourite with him, as she would have been with all boys—for she was always kind and gentle, and made him many pretty presents whenever she came from the watering-places. And Frank knew that he should miss her sadly, and thought she had made a very queer choice.

Captain Higginbotham had been invited; but, to the astonishment of Jemima, he had replied to the invitation by a letter to herself, marked "*private and confidential*." "She must have long known," said the letter, "of his devoted attachment to her! motives of delicacy, arising from the narrowness of his income, and the magnanimity of his sentiments, had alone prevented his formal proposals; but now that he was informed (he could scarcely believe his senses at

command his passions) that her relations wished to force her into a **BARBAROUS** marriage with a foreigner of **MOST FORBIDDING APPEARANCE**, and **most object circumstances**, he lost not a moment in laying at her feet his own hand and fortune. And he did this the more confidently, inasmuch as he could not but be aware of Miss **Jemima's SECRET** feelings towards him, while he was *proud and happy* to say, that his dear and distinguished cousin, Mr. Sharpe Currie, had honoured him with a warmth of regard, which justified the most *brilliant* **EXPECTATIONS**—likely to be soon realised—as his eminent relative had contracted a *very bad liver complaint* in the service of his country, and could not last long!”

In all the years they had known each other, Miss Jemima, strange as it may appear, had never once suspected the Captain of any other feelings to her than those of a brother. To say that she was not gratified by learning her mistake, would be to say that she was more than woman. Indeed, it must have been a source of no ignoble triumph to think that she could prove her disinterested affection to her dear Riccabocca, by a prompt rejection of this more brilliant offer. She couched the rejection, it is true, in the most soothing terms. But the Captain evidently considered himself ill used; he did not reply to the letter, and did not come to the wedding.

To let the reader into a secret, never known to Miss Jemima, Captain Higginbotham was much less influenced by Cupid than by Plutus in the offer he had made. The Captain was one of that class of gentlemen who read their accounts by those corpse-lights, or will-o'-the-wisps, called *expectations*. Ever since the Squire's grandfather had left him—then in short clothes—a legacy of £500, the Captain had peopled the

future with expectations! He talked of his expectations as a man talks of shares in a Tontine; they might fluctuate a little—be now up and now down—but it was morally impossible, if he lived on, but that he should be a *millionaire* one of these days. Now, though Miss Jemima was a good fifteen years younger than himself, yet she always stood for a good round sum in the ghostly books of the Captain. She was an *expectation* to the full amount of her £4000, seeing that Frank was an only child, and it would be carrying coals to Newcastle to leave *him* anything.

Rather than see so considerable a cipher suddenly spunged out of his visionary ledger—rather than so much money should vanish clean out of the family, Captain Higginbotham had taken what he conceived, if a desperate, at least a certain, step for the preservation of his property. If the golden horn could not be had without the heifer, why, he must take the heifer into the bargain. He had never formed to himself an idea that a heifer so gentle would toss and fling him over. The blow was stunning. But no one compassionates the misfortunes of the covetous, though few perhaps are in greater need of compassion. And leaving poor Captain Higginbotham to retrieve his illusory fortunes as he best may among “the expectations” which gathered round the form of Mr. Sharpe Currie, who was the crossdest old tyrant imaginable, and never allowed at his table any dishes not compounded with rice, which played Old Nick with the Captain's constitutional functions.—I return to the wedding at Hazeldean, just in time to see the bridegroom—who looked singularly well on the occasion—hand the bride (who, between sunshiny tears and affectionate smiles, was really a very interesting and



even a pretty bride, as brides go) into a carriage which the Squire had presented to them, and depart on the orthodox nuptial excursion amidst the blessings of the assembled crowd.

It may be thought strange by the unreflective that these rural spectators should so have approved and blessed the marriage of a Hazeldean of Hazeldean with a poor, outlandish, long-haired foreigner; but, besides that Riccabocca, after all, had become one of the neighbourhood, and was proverbially "a civil-spoken gentleman," it is generally noticeable that on wedding occasions the bride so monopolises interest, curiosity, and admiration, that the bridegroom himself goes for little or nothing. He is merely the passive agent in the affair—the unregarded cause of the general satisfaction. It was not Riccabocca himself that they approved and blessed—it was the gentleman in the white waistcoat who had made Miss Jemima—Madam Rickeybockey!

Leaning on his wife's arm, (for it was a habit of the Squire to lean on his wife's arm rather than she on his, when he was specially pleased; and there was something touching in the sight of that strong sturdy frame thus insensibly, in hours of happiness, seeking dependence on the frail arm of woman,)—leaning, I say, on his wife's arm, the Squire, about the hour of sunset, walked down to the booth by the lake.

All the parish—young and old, man, woman, and child—were assembled there, and their faces seemed to bear one family likeness, in the common emotion which animated all, as they turned to his frank fatherly

smile. Squire Hazeldean stood at the head of the long table: he filled a horn with ale from the brimming tankard beside him. Then he looked round, and lifted his hand to request silence; and, ascending the chair, rose in full view of all. Every one felt that the Squire was about to make a speech, and the earnestness of the attention was proportioned to the rarity of the event; for (though he was not unpractised in the oratory of the hustings) only thrice before had the Squire made what could fairly be called "a speech" to the villagers of Hazeldean—once on a kindred festive occasion, when he had presented to them his bride—once in a contestal election for the shire, in which he took more than ordinary interest, and was not quite so sober as he ought to have been—once in a time of great agricultural distress, when, in spite of reduction of rents, the farmers had been compelled to discard a large number of their customary labourers; and when the Squire had said,—“I have given up keeping the bounties, because I want to make a fine piece of water, (that was the origin of the lake,) and to drain all the low lands round the Park. Let every man who wants work come to me!” And that sad year the parish rates of Hazeldean were not a penny the heavier.

Now, for the fourth time, the Squire rose, and thus he spoke. At his right hand, Harry; at his left, Frank. At the bottom of the table, as vice-president, Parson Dale, his little wife behind him, only obscurely seen. She cried readily, and her handkerchief was already before her eyes.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## THE SQUIRE'S SPEECH.

"FRIENDS and neighbours,—I thank you kindly for coming round me this day, and for showing so much interest in me and mine. My cousin was not born amongst you as I was, but you have known her from a child. It is a familiar face, and one that never frowned, which you will miss at your cottage doors, as I and mine will miss it long in the old hall—"

Here there was a sob from some of the women, and nothing was seen of Mrs. Dale but the white handkerchief. The Squire himself paused, and brushed away a tear with the back of his hand. Then he resumed, with a sudden change of voice that was electrical—

"For we none of us prize a blessing till we have lost it! Now, friends and neighbours,—a little time ago, it seemed as if some ill-will had crept into the village—ill-will between you and me, neighbours!—why, that is not like Hazeldean!"

The audience hung their heads! You never saw people look so thoroughly ashamed of themselves. The Squire proceeded—

"I don't say it was all your fault; perhaps it was mine."

"Noa—noa—noa," burst forth in a general chorus.

"Nay, friends," continued the Squire humbly, and in one of those illustrative aphorisms which, if less subtle than Riccabocca's, were more within reach of the popular comprehension; "nay—we are all human; and every man has his hobby: sometimes he breaks in the hobby, and sometimes the hobby, if it is very hard in the mouth, breaks in him.

One man's hobby has an ill habit of always stopping at the public-house! (Laughter.) Another man's hobby refuses to stir a peg beyond the door where some buxom lass patted its neck the week before—a hobby I rode pretty often when I went courting my good wife here! (Much laughter and applause.) Others have a lazy hobby, that there's no getting on:—others, a runaway hobby that there's no stopping: but to cut the matter short, my favourite hobby, as you well know, is always trotted out to any place on my property which seems to want the eye and hand of the master. I hate (cried the Squire warming) to see things neglected and decayed, and going to the dogs! This land we live in is a good mother to us, and we can't do too much for her. It is very true, neighbours, that I owe her a good many acres, and ought to speak well of her; but what then? I live amongst you, and what I take from the rent with one hand, I divide amongst you with the other. (Low but assenting murmurs.) Now the more I improve my property, the more mouths it feeds. My great-grandfather kept a Field-Book, in which were entered, not only the names of all the farmers and the quantity of land they held, but the average number of the labourers each employed. My grandfather and father followed his example: I have done the same. I find, neighbours, that our rents have doubled since my great-grandfather began to make the book. Ay—but there are more than four times the number of labourers employed on the estate, and at much

better wages too! Well, my men, that says a great deal in favour of improving property, and not letting it go to the dogs. (Applause.) And therefore, neighbours, you will kindly excuse my hobby: it carries grist to your mill. (Reiterated applause.) Well—but you will say, ‘What’s the Squire driving at?’ Why this, my friends: There was only one worn-out, dilapidated, tumble-down thing in the parish of Hazeldean, and it became an eyesore to me; so I saddled my hobby, and rode at it. O ho! you know what I mean now! Yes, but neighbours, you need not have taken it so to heart. That was a scurvy trick of some of you to hang me in effigy, as they call it.”

“It warn’t you,” cried a voice in the crowd, “it war Nick Stirn.”

The Squire recognised the voice of the Tinker; but though he now guessed at the ringleader, on that day of general amnesty he had the prudence and magnanimity not to say, “Stand forth, Sprout: thou art the man.” Yet his gallant English spirit would not suffer him to come off at the expense of his servant.

“If it was Nick Stirn you meant,” said he, gravely, “more shame for you. It showed some pluck to hang the master; but to hang the poor servant, who only thought to do his duty, careless of what ill-will it brought upon him, was a shabby trick—so little like the lads of Hazeldean, that I suspect the man who taught it to them was never born in the parish. But let bygones be bygones. One thing is clear, you don’t take kindly to my new pair of stocks! The stocks has been a stumbling-block and a grievance, and there’s no denying that we went on very pleasantly without it. I may also say that, in spite of it, we have been *coming together* again lately. And *I can’t tell you what good it did me*

to see your children playing again as the green, and your honest faces, in spite of the stocks, and those diabolical tracts you’ve been reading lately, lighted up at the thought that something pleasant was going on at the Hall. Do you know, neighbours, you put me in mind of an old story which, besides applying to the parish, all who are married, and all who intend to marry, will do well to recollect. A worthy couple, named John and Joan, had lived happily together many a long year, till one unlucky day they bought a new bolster. Joan said the bolster was too hard, and John that it was too soft. So, of course, they quarrelled. After sulking all day, they agreed to put the bolster between them at night.” (Roars of laughter amongst the men; the women did not know which way to look, except, indeed, Mrs. Hazeldean, who, though she was more than usually rosy, maintained her innocent, genial smile, as much as to say, “There is no harm in the Squire’s jests.”) The orator resumed—“After they had thus lain apart for a little time, very silent and sullen, John sneezed. ‘God bless you!’ says Joan, over the bolster. ‘Did you say God bless me?’ cries John;—‘then here goes the bolster!’”

Prolonged laughter and tumultuous applause.

“Friends and neighbours,” said the Squire, when silence was restored, and lifting the horn of ale, “I have the pleasure to inform you that I have ordered the stocks to be taken down, and made into a bench for the chimney-nook of our old friend Gaffer Solomons yonder. But mind me, lads, if ever you make the parish regret the loss of the stocks, and the overseers come to me with long faces, and say, ‘the stocks must be rebuilt,’ why——” Here from all the youth of the village rose so deprecating a clamour, that the Squire would have

been the most bungling orator in the world if he had said a word further on the subject. He elevated the horn over his head—"Why, that's my old Hazeldean again! Health and long life to you all!"

The Tinker had sneaked out of the assembly, and did not show his face in the village for the next six months. And as to those poisonous tracts, in spite of their salubrious labels, "the Poor Man's Friend," or "the Rights of Labour," you could no more have found one of them lurking in the drawers of the kitchen-dressers in

Hazeldean, than you would have found the deadly nightshade on the flower-stands in the drawing-room of the Hall. As for the revolutionary beer-house, there was no need to apply to the magistrates to shut it up—it shut itself up before the week was out.

O young head of the great House of Hapsburg, what a Hazeldean you might have made of Hungary!—What a "*Moriamur pro rege nostro*" would have rung in your infant reign,—if you had made such a speech as the Squire's!

## BOOK FOURTH.

## INITIAL CHAPTER.

COMPRISING MR. CAXTON'S OPINIONS ON THE MATRIMONIAL STATE,  
SUPPORTED BY LEARNED AUTHORITIES.

"It was no bad idea of yours, Pisistratus," said my father, graciously, "to depict the heightened affections and the serious intention of Signor Riccabocca by a single stroke — *He left off his spectacles!* Good."

"Yet," quoth my uncle, "I think Shakspeare represents a lover as falling into slovenly habits, neglecting his person, and suffering his hose to be ungartered, rather than paying that attention to his outer man which induces Signor Riccabocca to leave off his spectacles, and look as handsome as nature will permit him."

"There are different degrees and many phases of the passion," replied my father. "Shakspeare is speaking of an ill-treated, pining, woe-begone lover, much aggrieved by the cruelty of his mistress — a lover who has found it of no avail to smarten himself up, and has fallen despondently into the opposite extreme. Whereas Signor Riccabocca has nothing to complain of in the barbarity of Miss Jemina."

"Indeed he has not!" cried Blanche, tossing her head — "forward creature!"

"Yes, my dear," said my mother, trying her best to look stately, "I am decidedly of opinion that, in that

respect, Pisistratus has lowered the dignity of the sex. Not intentionally," added my mother, mildly, and afraid she had said something too bitter; "but it is very hard for a man to describe us women."

The Captain nodded approvingly; Mr. Squills smiled; my father quietly resumed the thread of his discourse.

"To continue," quoth he. "Riccabocca has no reason to despair of success in his suit, nor any object in moving his mistress to compassion. He may, therefore, very properly tie up his garters and leave off his spectacles. What do you say, Mr. Squills? — for, after all, since love-making cannot fail to be a great constitutional derangement, the experience of a medical man must be the best to consult."

"Mr. Caxton," replied Squills, obviously flattered, "you are quite right: when a man makes love, the organs of self-esteem and desire of applause are greatly stimulated, and therefore, of course, he sets himself off to the best advantage. It is only, as you observe, when, like Shakspeare's lover, he has given up making love as a bad job, and has received that severe hit on the ganglions which the cruelty of a mistress inflicts, that

he neglects his personal appearance: he neglects it, not because he is in love, but because his nervous system is depressed. That was the cause, if you remember, with poor Major Prim. He wore his wig all awry when Susan Smart jilted him; but I set it right for him."

"By shaming Miss Smart into repentance, or getting him a new sweetheart?" asked my uncle.

"Pooh!" answered Squill, "by quinine and cold bathing."

"We may therefore grant," resumed my father, "that, as a general rule, the process of courtship tends to the spruceness, and even foppery, of the individual engaged in the experiment, as Voltaire has very prettily proved somewhere. Nay, the Mexicans, indeed, were of opinion that the lady at least ought to continue those cares of her person even after marriage. There is extant, in Sahagun's *History of New Spain*, the advice of an Aztec or Mexican mother to her daughter, in which she says,—'That your husband may not take you in dislike, adorn yourself, wash yourself, and let your garments be clean.' It is true that the good lady adds,—'Do it in moderation; since, if every day you are washing yourself and your clothes, the world will say that you are over-delicate; and particular people will call you—TAPETZON TINE-MIXOCH!' What those words precisely mean," added my father, modestly, "I cannot say, since I never had the opportunity to acquire the ancient Aztec language—but something very opprobrious and horrible, no doubt."

"I dare say a philosopher like Signor Riccabocca," said my uncle, "was not himself very *Tapetzon tine*—what d'ye call it?—and a good healthy English wife, that poor affectionate *Jemima*, was thrown away upon him."

"*Roland*," said my father, "you

don't like foreigners: a respectable prejudice, and quite natural in a man who has been trying his best to hew them in pieces and blow them up into splinters. But you don't like philosophers either—and for that dislike you have no equally good reason."

"I only implied that they are not much addicted to soap and water," said my uncle.

"A notable mistake. Many great philosophers have been very great beaux. Aristotle was a notorious fop. Buffon put on his best laced ruffles when he sat down to write, which implies that he washed his hands first. Pythagoras insists greatly on the holiness of frequent ablutions; and Horace—who, in his own way, was as good a philosopher as any the Romans produced—takes care to let us know what a neat, well-dressed, dapper little gentleman he was. But I don't think you ever read the 'Apology of Apuleius?'"

"Not I—what is it about?" asked the Captain.

"About a great many things. It is that Sage's vindication from several malignant charges—amongst others, and principally indeed, that of being much too refined and effeminate for a philosopher. Nothing can exceed the rhetorical skill with which he excuses himself for using—tooth-powder. 'Ought a philosopher,' he exclaims, 'to allow anything unclean about him, especially in the mouth—the mouth, which is the vestibule of the soul, the gate of discourse, the portico of thought! Ah, but Æmilianus [the accuser of Apuleius] never opens his mouth but for slander and calumny—tooth-powder would indeed be unbecoming to him! Or, if he use any, it will not be my good Arabian tooth-powder, but charcoal and cinders. Ay, his teeth should be as foul as his language! And yet

even the crocodile likes to have his teeth cleaned; insects get into them, and, horrible reptile though he be, he opens his jaws inoffensively to a faithful dentistical bird, who volunteers his beak for a tooth-pick."

My father was now warm in the subject he had started, and soared miles away from Riccabocca and "My Novel." "And observe," he exclaimed—"observe with what gravity this eminent Platonist pleads guilty to the charge of having a mirror. 'Why, what,' he exclaims, 'more worthy of the regards of a human creature than his own image,' (*nihil respectabilius homini quam formam suam!*) Is not that one of our children the most dear to us who is called 'the picture of his father?' But take what pains you will with a picture, it can never be so like you as the face in your mirror! Think it discreditable to look with proper attention on one's-self in the glass! Did not Socrates recommend such attention to his disciples—did he not make a great moral agent of the speculum? The handsome, in admiring their beauty therein, were admonished that handsome is who handsome does; and the more the ugly stared at themselves, the more they became naturally anxious to hide the disgrace of their features in the loveliness of their merits. Was not Demosthenes always at his speculum? Did he not rehearse his causes before it as before a master in the art? He learned his eloquence from Plato, his dialectics from Eubulides; but as for his delivery—there, he came to the mirror!"

"Therefore," concluded Mr. Caxton, returning unexpectedly to the subject—"therefore, it is no reason to suppose that Dr. Riccabocca is averse to cleanliness and decent care of the person because he is a philosopher; and, all things considered, he

never showed himself more a philosopher than when he left off his spectacles and looked his best."

"Well," said my mother kindly, "I only hope it may turn out happily. But I should have been better pleased if Pisistratus had not made Dr. Riccabocca so reluctant a wooer."

"Very true," said the Captain; "the Italian does not shine as a lover. Throw a little more fire into him, Pisistratus—something gallant and chivalrous."

"Fire — gallantry — chivalry!" cried my father, who had taken Riccabocca under his special protection—"why, don't you see that the man is described as a philosopher?—and I should like to know when a philosopher ever plunged into matrimony without considerable misgivings and cold shivers. Indeed, it seems that—perhaps before he was a philosopher—Riccabocca *had* tried the experiment, and knew what it was. Why, even that plain-speaking sensible, practical man, Metellus Numidicus, who was not even a philosopher, but only a Roman Censor, thus expressed himself in an exhortation to the people to perpetrate matrimony—"If, O Quirites, we could do without wives, we should all dispense with that subject of care, (*ad molendi careremus*;) but since nature has so managed it that we cannot live with women comfortably, nor without them at all, let us rather provide for the human race than our own temporary felicity."

Here the ladies set up a cry of such indignation, that both Roland and myself endeavoured to appease their wrath by hasty assurances that we utterly repudiated the damnable doctrine of Metellus Numidicus.

My father, wholly unmoved, as soon as a sullen silence was established, recommenced—"Do not think, ladies," said he, "that you were with-

advocates at that day: there were Romans gallant enough to blame a censor for a mode of expressing self which they held to be equally lite and injudicious. 'Surely,' they, with some plausibility, 'if a censor wished men to marry, he should not have referred so peremptorily to the disquietudes of the condition, and thus have made them inclined to turn away from matrimony than given them a relish for it.'

But against these critics one stout man (whose name of Titus Murellius should not be forgotten posterity) maintained that Metellus Numidicus could not have spoken improperly; 'For remark,' said he, 'that Metellus was a censor, not a rhetorician. It becomes a rhetorician to adorn, and disguise, and to make the best of things; but Metellus sanctus vir—a holy and blameless man, grave and sincere to wit, addressing the Roman people in solemn capacity of censor—was bound to speak the plain truth, especially as he was treating of a subject which the observation of every man, and the experience of every life, did not leave the least doubt upon the mind of his audience.' Still, Metellus, having decided to marry, no doubt prepared himself to bear the concomitant evils—as becomes a prudent sage; and I own I admire the art with which Pisistratus has shown the kind of woman most likely to suit a philosopher——"

Pisistratus bows, and looks round pleasantly; but recoils from two peevish and discontented faces behind him.

MR. CAXTON, (completing his sentence).—"Not only as regards mildness of temper and other household affections, but as regards the very nature of the object of his choice. You evidently remember, Pisistratus, the reply of Bias, when asked

his opinion on marriage: "Ἦτοι καλὴν ἔξεις ἢ αἰσχρὰν· καὶ εἰ καλὴν, ἐξέεις κοινήν· εἰ δὲ αἰσχρὰν, ἔξεις ποιήν."'

Pisistratus tries to look as if he had the opinion of Bias by heart, and nods acquiescingly.

MR. CAXTON.—"That is, my dears, 'the woman you would marry is either handsome or ugly: if handsome, she is koiné, viz., you don't have her to yourself; if ugly, she is poiné—that is, a fury.' But, as it is observed in Aulus Gellius, (whence I borrow this citation,) there is a wide interval between handsome and ugly. And thus Ennius, in his tragedy of *Menalippus*, uses an admirable expression to designate women of the proper degree of matrimonial comeliness, such as a philosopher would select. He calls this degree *stata forma*—a rational, mediocre sort of beauty, which is not liable to be either koiné or poiné. And Favorinus, who was a remarkably sensible man, and came from Provence—the male inhabitants of which district have always valued themselves on their knowledge of love and ladies—calls this said *stata forma* the beauty of wives—the uxorial beauty. Ennius says, that women of a *stata forma* are almost always safe and modest. Now, Jemima, you observe, is described as possessing this *stata forma*; and it is the nicety of your observation in this respect, which I like the most in the whole of your description of a philosopher's matrimonial courtship, Pisistratus, (excepting only the stroke of the spectacles,) for it shows that you had properly considered the opinion of Bias, and mastered all the counter logic suggested in Book v., chapter xi., of Aulus Gellius."

"For all that," said Blanche, half archly, half demurely, with a smile in the eye and a pout of the lip, "I don't remember that Pisistratus, in



the days when he wished to be most complimentary, ever assured me that I had a *stata forma*—a rational, mediocre sort of beauty.”

“And I think,” observed my uncle,

“that when he comes to his heroine, whoever she may be, he will not trouble his head much about either Bias or Aulus Gellius.”

## CHAPTER II.

MATRIMONY is certainly a great change in life. One is astonished not to find a notable alteration in one's friend, even if he or she have been only wedded a week. In the instance of Dr. and Mrs. Riccabocca the change was peculiarly visible. To speak first of the lady, as in chivalry bound, Mrs. Riccabocca had entirely renounced that melancholy which had characterised Miss Jemima: she became even sprightly and gay, and looked all the better and prettier for the alteration. She did not scruple to confess honestly to Mrs. Dale, that she was now of opinion that the world was very far from approaching its end. But, in the meanwhile, she did not neglect the duty which the belief she had abandoned serves to inculcate—“She set her house in order.” The cold and penurious elegance that had characterised the Casino disappeared like enchantment—that is, the elegance remained, but the cold and penury fled before the smile of woman. Like Puss-in-Boots, after the nuptials of his master, Jackeymo only now caught minnows and sticklebacks for his own amusement. Jackeymo looked much plumper, and so did Riccabocca. In a word, the fair Jemima became an excellent wife. Riccabocca secretly thought her extravagant, but, like a wise man, declined to look at the house bills, and ate his joint in unrepentful silence.

Indeed there was so much unaffected kindness in the nature of Mrs. Riccabocca—beneath the quiet of her manner there beat so genially the heart of the Hazeldeans—that she fairly justified the favourable anticipations of Mrs. Dale. And though the Doctor did not noisily boast of his felicity, nor, as some new married folks do, thrust it insultingly under the *nimis unctis naribus*—the turned up noses of your surly old married folks—nor force it gaudily and glaringly on the envious eyes of the single, you might still see that he was a more cheerful and light-hearted man than before. His smile was less ironical, his politeness less distant. He did not study Machiavelli so intently—and he did not return the spectacles; which last was an excellent sign. Moreover, the humanising influence of the tidy English wife might be seen in the improvement of his outward or artificial man. His clothes seemed to fit him better indeed the clothes were new. Mr Dale no longer remarked that the buttons were off the wristband which was a great satisfaction to her. But the sage still remained faithful to the pipe, the cloak, and the red silk umbrella. Mrs. Riccabocca had (to her credit be it spoken) used all becoming and wife-like arts against these three remnants of the old bachelor Adam, but in vain. “*Anima mia*,” (soul of mine,) said the Doctor

underly, "I hold the cloak, the umbrella, and the pipe, as the sole relics that remain to me of my native country. Respect and spare them."

Mrs. Riccabocca was touched, and had the good sense to perceive that man, let him be ever so much married, retains certain signs of his ancient independence—certain tokens of his old identity, which a wife, the most despotic, will do well to concede. She conceded the cloak, she submitted to the umbrella, she overcame her abhorrence of the pipe. After all, considering the natural villany of our sex, she confessed to herself that she might have been worse off. But, through all the calm and cheerfulness of Riccabocca, a nervous perturbation was sufficiently perceptible;—it commenced after the second week of marriage—it went on increasing, till one bright sunny afternoon, as he was standing on his terrace, gazing down upon the road, at which Jackeymo was placed—lo, a stage-coach stopped! The Doctor made a bound, and put both hands to his heart as if he had been shot; he then leapt over the balustrade, and his wife from her window beheld him flying down the hill, with his long hair streaming in the wind, till the trees hid him from her sight.

"Ah," thought she, with a natural

pang of conjugal jealousy, "henceforth I am only second in his home. He has gone to welcome his child!" And at that reflection Mrs. Riccabocca shed tears.

But so naturally amiable was she, that she hastened to curb her emotion, and efface as well as she could the trace of a step-mother's grief. When this was done, and a silent, self-rebuking prayer murmured over, the good woman descended the stairs with alacrity, and summoning up her best smiles, emerged on the terrace.

She was repaid; for scarcely had she come into the open air, when two little arms were thrown around her, and the sweetest voice that ever came from a child's lips, sighed out in broken English, "Good mamma, love me a little."

"Love you? with my whole heart!" cried the stepmother, with all a mother's honest passion. And she clasped the child to her breast.

"God bless you, my wife!" said Riccabocca, in a husky tone.

"Please take this too," added Jackeymo, in Italian, as well as his sobs would let him—and he broke off a great bough full of blossoms from his favourite orange-tree, and thrust it into his mistress's hand. She had not the slightest notion what he meant by it!

### CHAPTER III.

VIOLENTE was indeed a bewitching child—a child to whom I defy Mrs. Caudle herself (immortal Mrs. Caudle!) to have been a harsh stepmother.

Look at her now, as, released from those kindly arms, she stands, still clinging with one hand to her new mamma, and holding out the other to Riccabocca,

—with those large dark eyes swimming in happy tears. What a lovely smile!—what an ingenuous, candid brow! She looks delicate—she evidently requires care—she wants the mother. And rare is the woman who would not love her the better for that! Still, what an innocent, infantine bloom in those

clear, smooth cheeks!—and in that slight frame, what exquisite natural grace!

"And this, I suppose, is your nurse, darling?" said Mrs. Riccabocca, observing a dark, foreign-looking woman, dressed very strangely, without cap or bonnet, but a great silver arrow stuck in her hair, and a filagree chain or necklace resting upon her kerchief.

"Ah, good Annetta," said Violante in Italian. "Papa, she says she is to go back; but she is not to go back—is she?"

Riccabocca, who had scarcely before noticed the woman, started at that question—exchanged a rapid glance with Jackeymo—and then, muttering some inaudible excuse, approached the nurse, and, beckoning her to follow him, went away into the grounds. He did not return for more than an hour, nor did the woman then accompany him home. He said briefly to his wife that the nurse was obliged to return at once to Italy, and that

she would stay in the village to catch the mail; that indeed she would be of no use in their establishment, as she could not speak a word of English; but that he was sadly afraid Violante would pine for her. And Violante did pine at first. But still, to a child it is so great a thing to find a parent—to be at home—that, tender and grateful as Violante was, she could not be inconsolable while her father was there to comfort.

For the first few days, Riccabocca scarcely permitted any one to be with his daughter but himself. He would not even leave her alone with his *Jemima*. They walked out together—sat together for hours in the *Belvidere*. Then by degrees he began to resign her more and more to *Jemima*'s care and tuition, especially in English, of which language at present she spoke only a few sentences (previously, perhaps, learned by heart), as to be clearly intelligible.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THERE was one person in the establishment of Dr. Riccabocca, who was satisfied neither with the marriage of his master nor the arrival of Violante—and that was our friend Lenny Fairfield. Previous to the all-absorbing duties of courtship, the young peasant had secured a very large share of Riccabocca's attention. The sage had felt interest in the growth of this rude intelligence struggling up to light. But what with the wooing, and what with the wedding, Lenny Fairfield had sunk very much out of his artificial position as pupil, into his natural station of under-gardener. And on the arrival of Violante, he saw, with natural bit-

terness, that he was clean forgotten, not only by Riccabocca, but almost by Jackeymo. It was true that the master still lent him books, and the servant still gave him lectures on horticulture. But Riccabocca had no time nor inclination now to amuse himself with enlightening that tumble of conjecture which the books created. And if Jackeymo had been covetous of those mines of gold buried beneath the acres now fairly taken from the Squire, (and good-naturedly added rent-free, as an aid to *Jemima*'s dower,) before the advent of the young lady whose future dowry the produce was to swell—now that she was actually under the eyes of the

bful servant, such a stimulus was  
 en to his industry that he could  
 nk of nothing else but the land,  
 the revolution he designed to  
 ct in its natural English crops.  
 e garden, save only the orange  
 as, was abandoned entirely to  
 my, and additional labourers were  
 led in for the field-work. Jackeymo  
 discovered that one part of the  
 l was suited to lavender, that an-  
 der would grow camomile. He had  
 his heart apportioned a beautiful  
 d of rich loam to flax; but against  
 growth of flax the Squire set his  
 obstinately. That most lucra-  
 , perhaps, of all crops, when soil  
 skill suit, was formerly attempted  
 England much more commonly  
 it is now, since you will find few  
 leases which do not contain a  
 re prohibitory of flax, as an  
 overishment of the land. And  
 gh Jackeymo learnedly endea-  
 ed to prove to the Squire that  
 flax itself contained particles  
 h, if returned to the soil, repaid  
 that the crop took away, Mr.  
 ldean had his old-fashioned pre-  
 es on the matter, which were in-

superable. "My forefathers," quoth  
 he, "did not put that clause in their  
 leases without good cause; and as the  
 Casino lands are entailed on Frank, I  
 have no right to gratify your foreign  
 whims at his expense."

To make up for the loss of the flax,  
 Jackeymo resolved to convert a very  
 nice bit of pasture into orchard  
 ground, which he calculated would  
 bring in £10 net per acre by the time  
 Miss Violante was marriageable. At  
 this the Squire pished a little; but as  
 it was quite clear that the land would  
 be all the more valuable hereafter for  
 the fruit trees, he consented to per-  
 mit the "grass-land" to be thus par-  
 tially broken up.

All these changes left poor Lenny  
 Fairfield very much to himself—at a  
 time when the new and strange de-  
 vices which the initiation into book  
 knowledge creates, made it most de-  
 sirable that he should have the con-  
 stant guidance of a superior mind.

One evening after his work, as  
 Lenny was returning to his mother's  
 cottage, very sullen and very moody,  
 he suddenly came in contact with  
 Sprott the tinker.

## CHAPTER V.

HE Tinker was seated under a  
 re, hammering away at an old  
 le—with a little fire burning in  
 t of him—and the donkey hard by,  
 lging in a placid doze. Mr. Sprott  
 ed up as Lenny passed—nodd-  
 edly, and said—

"Good evenin', Lenny: glad to  
 e you be so 'spectably sitivated  
 h 'Mounseer."

"Ay," answered Lenny, with a  
 ne of rancour in his recollections,

"you're not ashamed to speak to me  
 now that I am not in disgrace. But it  
 was in disgrace, when it wasn't my  
 fault, that the real gentleman was  
 most kind to me."

"Ar—r, Lenny," said the Tinker,  
 with a prolonged rattle in that said  
 Ar—r, which was not without great  
 significance. "But you sees the real  
 gentleman, who han't got his bread  
 to get, can hafford to 'spise his  
 cracter in the world. A poor tinker

must be timbersome and nice in his 'sociations. But sit down here a bit, Lenny; I've summat to say to ye!"

"To me—"

"To ye. Give the neddy a shove out i' the vay, and sit down, I say."

Lenny rather reluctantly, and somewhat superciliously, accepted this invitation.

"I hears," said the Tinker in a voice made rather indistinct by a couple of nails which he had inserted between his teeth—"I hears as how you be unkimmon fond of reading. I ha' sunn nice cheap books in my bag yonder—sum as low as a penny."

"I should like to see them," said Lenny, his eyes sparkling.

The Tinker rose, opened one of the paniers on the ass's back, took out a bag, which he placed before Lenny, and told him to suit himself. The young peasant desired no better. He spread all the contents of the bag on the sward, and a motley collection of food for the mind was there—food and poison—*serpentes avibus*—good and evil. Here Milton's Paradise Lost, there The Age of Reason—here Methodist Tracts, there True Principles of Socialism—Treatises on Useful Knowledge by sound learning actuated by pure benevolence—Appeals to Operatives by the shallowest reasoners, instigated by the same ambition that had moved Eratosthenes to the conflagration of a temple; works of fiction admirable as Robinson Crusoe, or innocent as the Old English Baron; beside coarse translations of such garbage as had rotted away the youth of France under Louis Quinze. This miscellany was an epitome, in short, of the mixed World of Books, of that vast City of the Press, with its palaces and hovels, its *aqueducts* and sewers—which opens

all alike to the naked eye and the curious mind of him to whom you say, in the Tinker's careless phrase, "See yourself."

But it is not the first impulse of a nature, healthful and still pure, to settle in the hovel and lose itself amidst the sewers; and Lenny Fairfield turned innocently over the bad books, and selecting two or three of the best, brought them to the Tinker, and asked the price.

"Why," said Mr. Sprott, putting on his spectacles, "you has taken the werry dearest: them 'ere be much cheaper, and more hinterestin'."

"But I don't fancy them," answered Lenny; "I don't understand what they are about, and this seems to tell one how the steam-engine is made, and has nice plates; and this is Robinson Crusoe, which Parson Dale once said he would give me—I rather buy it out of my own money."

"Well, please yourself," quoth the Tinker; "you shall have the books for four bob, and you can pay us next month."

"Four bobs—four shillings? it is a great sum," said Lenny; "but I will lay by, as you are kind enough to trust me: good evening, Mr. Sprott."

"Stay a bit," said the Tinker; "I'll just throw you these two little tracts into the bargain; they be only a shilling a dozen, so 'tis but tuppence—and ven you has read *those*, ye, you'll be a reglar customer."

The Tinker tossed to Lenny Nos. 1 and 2 of Appeals to Operatives, and the peasant took them up gratefully.

The young knowledge-seeker went his way across the green fields, and under the still autumn foliage of the hedgerows. He looked first at one book, then at another; he did not know on which to settle.

The Tinker rose and made a final

th leaves and furze and sticks, some y and some green.

Lenny has now opened No. 1 of the note: they are the shortest to read, and don't require so much effort of

the mind as the explanation of the steam-engine.

The Tinker has set on his grimy glue-pot, and the glue simmers.

## CHAPTER VI.

As Violante became more familiar with her new home, and those around her became more familiar with Violante, she was remarked for a certain stateliness of manner and bearing, which, had it been less evidently natural and inborn, would have seemed misplaced in the daughter of a forlorn life, and would have been rare at so early an age among children of the lowest pretensions. It was with the look of a little princess that she presented her tiny hand to a friendly salute, or submitted her calm clear cheek to a presuming kiss. Yet that she was so graceful, and her very stateliness was so pretty and captivating, that she was not the less loved for all her grand airs. And, indeed, she deserved to be loved; for though she was certainly prouder than Mr. Dale could approve of, her pride was devoid of egotism; and it is a pride by no means common. She had an intuitive forethought for herself: you could see that she was capable of that grand woman-heroism, negation of self; and though she was an original child, and often grave and musing, with a tinge of melancholy, sweet, but deep in her character, she was not above the happy and merriest of childhood,—only her silver laugh was more attuned, her gestures more composed, than those of children habituated to many sorrows usually are. Mrs. Hazeldean liked her best when she was so, and said "she would become a sensible woman." Mrs. Dale

liked her best when she was gay, and said "she was born to make many a heart ache;" for which Mrs. Dale was properly reproved by the Parson. Mrs. Hazeldean gave her a little set of garden tools; Mrs. Dale a picture-book and a beautiful doll. For a long time the book and the doll had the preference. But Mrs. Hazeldean, having observed to Riccabocca that the poor child looked pale, and ought to be a good deal in the open air, the wise father ingeniously pretended to Violante that Mrs. Riccabocca had taken a great fancy to the picture-book, and that he should be very glad to have the doll, upon which Violante hastened to give them both away, and was never so happy as when mamma (as she called Mrs. Riccabocca) was admiring the picture-book, and Riccabocca with austere gravity dandled the doll. Then Riccabocca assured her that she could be of great use to him in the garden; and Violante instantly put into movement her spade, hoe, and wheelbarrow.

This last occupation brought her into immediate contact with Mr. Leonard Fairfield; and that personage one morning, to his great horror, found Miss Violante had nearly exterminated a whole celery-bed, which she had ignorantly conceived to be a crop of weeds.

Lenny was extremely angry. He snatched away the hoe, and said angrily, "You must not do that, Miss, I'll tell your papa if you—"

Violante drew herself up, and never

having been so spoken to before, at least since her arrival in England, there was something comic in the surprise of her large eyes, as well as something tragic in the dignity of her offended mien. "It is very naughty of you, Miss," continued Leonard in a milder tone, for he was both softened by the eyes and awed by the mien, "and I trust you will not do it again."

"*Non capisco*," (I don't understand,) murmured Violante, and the dark eyes filled with tears. At that moment up came Jackeymo: and Violante, pointing to Leonard, said, with an effort not to betray her emotion, "*Il fanciullo e molto grossolano*," (he is a very rude boy.)

Jackeymo turned to Leonard with the look of an enraged tiger. "How you dare, scum of de earth that you are," cried he, "how you dare make cry the signorina?" And his English not supplying familiar vituperatives sufficiently, he poured out upon Lenny such a profusion of Italian abuse, that the boy turned red and white, in a breath, with rage and perplexity.

Violante took instant compassion upon the victim she had made, and, with true feminine caprice, now began to scold Jackeymo for his anger, and, finally approaching Leonard, laid her hand on his arm, and said with a kindness at once childlike and queenly, and in the prettiest imaginable mixture of imperfect English and soft Italian, to which I cannot pretend to do justice, and shall therefore translate: "Don't mind him. I dare say it was all my fault, only I did not

understand you: are not these things weeds?"

"No, my darling signorina," said Jackeymo in Italian, looking ruefully at the celery-bed, "they are not weeds, and they sell very well at this time of the year. But still, if it amuses you to pluck them up, I should like to see who's to prevent it."

Lenny walked away. He had been called "the scum of the earth," by a foreigner too! He had again been ill-treated for doing what he conceived his duty. He was again feeling the distinction between rich and poor, and he now fancied that that distinction involved deadly warfare, for he had read from beginning to end those two damnable tracts which the Tinker had presented to him. But in the midst of all the angry disturbance of his mind, he felt the soft touch of the infant's hand, the soothing influence of her conciliating words, and he was half ashamed that he had spoken so roughly to a child.

Still, not trusting himself to speak, he walked away, and sat down at a distance. "I don't see," thought he, "why there should be rich and poor, master and servant." Lenny, he remembered, had not heard the Parson's Political Sermon.

An hour after, having composed himself, Lenny returned to his work. Jackeymo was no longer in the garden: he had gone to the fields; but Riccabocca was standing by the celery-bed, and holding the red silk umbrella over Violante as she sat on the ground looking up at her father with those eyes already so full of intelligence, and love, and soul.

"Lenny," said Riccabocca, "my young lady has been telling me that she has been very naughty, and Giacomo very unjust to you. Forgive them both."

Lenny's sullenness melted in a

\* It need scarcely be observed, that Jackeymo, in his conversations with his master or Violante, or his conferences with himself, employs his native language, which is therefore translated without the blunders that he is driven to commit when compelled to trust himself to the tongue of the country in which he is a sojourner.

6 reminiscences of tracts  
2—

baseless fabric of a vision,  
a wreck behind."

eyes, swimming with all  
goodness, towards the wise

man, and dropped them gratefully on  
the infant peace-maker. Then he  
turned away his head and fairly wept.  
The parson was right: "O ye poor,  
have charity for the rich; O ye rich,  
respect the poor."

## CHAPTER VII.

on that day the humble  
the regal *Violante* became  
is. With what pride he  
to distinguish between  
weeds — and how proud  
e when she learned that  
*seful*! There is not a  
sure you can give children,  
emale children, than to  
feel they are already of  
world, and serviceable as  
ected. Weeks and months  
r, and Lenny still read,  
e books lent him by the  
t those he bought of Mr.  
for the bombs and shells  
igion which the Tinker  
his bag, Lenny was not  
low himself up with them.  
en reared from his cradle  
ve and reverence for the  
her, and the tender Sa-  
e life beyond all records  
goodness, whose death be-  
ics of mortal heroism, no  
infancy has been taught  
e the Merciful and adore  
ea, even though his later  
e entangled amidst the  
ome desolate pyrrhonism,  
hear reviled and scoffed  
back to the conscience and  
the heart. As the deer  
ctinct from the tiger, as  
ok of the scorpion deters  
*handling it, though you*

never saw a scorpion before, so the  
very first line in some ribald profanity  
on which the Tinker put his black  
finger, made Lenny's blood run cold.  
Safe, too, was the peasant boy from  
any temptation in works of a gross  
and licentious nature, not only be-  
cause of the happy ignorance of his  
rural life, but because of a more en-  
during safeguard—genius! Genius,  
that, manly, robust, healthful as it  
be, is long before it lose its instinc-  
tive Dorian modesty; shamefaced,  
because so susceptible to glory—  
genius, that loves indeed to dream,  
but on the violet bank, not the dung-  
hill. Wherefore, even in the error  
of the senses, it seeks to escape from  
the sensual into worlds of fancy, subtle  
and refined. But apart from the  
passions, true genius is the most  
practical of all human gifts. Like  
the Apollo, whom the Greek wor-  
shipped as its type, even Arcady is  
its exile, not its home. Soon weary  
of the dalliance of Tempé, it ascends  
to its mission—the Archer of the  
silver bow, the guide of the car of  
light. Speaking more plainly, genius  
is the enthusiasm for self-improve-  
ment; it ceases or sleeps the moment  
it desists from seeking some object  
which it believes of value, and by  
that object it insensibly connects its  
self-improvement with the positive  
advance of the world. At present



Lenny's genius had no bias that was not to the Positive and Useful. It took the direction natural to its sphere, and the wants therein — viz., to the arts which we call mechanical. He wanted to know about steam-engines and Artesian wells; and to know about them it was necessary to know something of mechanics and hydrostatics; so he bought popular elementary works on those mystic sciences, and set all the powers of his mind at work on experiments.

Noble and generous spirits are ye, who, with small care for fame, and little reward from self, have opened to the intellects of the poor the portals of wisdom! I honour and revere ye; only do not think ye have done all that is needful. Consider, I pray ye, whether so good a choice from the Tinker's bag would have been made by a boy whom religion had not scared from the Pestilent, and genius had not led to the self-improving. And Lenny did not wholly escape from the mephitic portions of the motley elements from which his awakening mind drew its nurture. Think not it was all pure oxygen that the panting lip drew in. No; there were still those inflammatory tracts. Political I do not like to call them, for politics means the art of government, and the tracts I speak of assailed all government which mankind has hitherto recognised. Sad rubbish, perhaps, were such tracts to you, O sound thinker, in your easy-chair! Or to you practised statesman, at your post on the Treasury Bench — to you, calm dignitary of a learned Church — or to you, my lord judge, who may often have sent from your bar to the dire Orcus of Norfolk's Isle the ghosts of men whom that rubbish, falling simultaneously on the bumps of acquisitiveness and combativeness, hath untimely slain! *Sad rubbish to you!* But seems it

such rubbish to the poor man, to whom it promises a paradise on the easy terms of upsetting a world? For ye see, those "Appeals to Operatives" represent that same world-upsetting as the simplest thing imaginable — a sort of two-and-two-make-four proposition. The poor have only got to set their strong hands to the axle, and heave-a-hoy! and hurrah for the topsy-turvy! Then, just to put a little wholesome rage into the heave-a-hoy! it is so facile to accompany the eloquence of "Appeals" with a kind of stir-the-bile-up statistics — "Abuses of the Aristocracy" — "Jobs of the Priesthood" — "Expenses of the Army kept up for Peers' younger sons" — "Wars contracted for the villanous purpose of raising the rents of the landowners" — all arithmetically dished up, and seasoned with tales of every gentleman who has committed a misdeed, every clergyman who has dishonoured his cloth; as if such instances were fair specimens of average gentlemen and ministers of religion! All this passionately advanced, (and observe, never answered, for that literature admits no controversialists, and the writer has it all his own way,) may be rubbish; but it is out of such rubbish that operatives build barricades for attack, and legislators prisons for defence.

Our poor friend Lenny drew plenty of this stuff from the Tinker's bag. He thought it very clever and very eloquent; and he supposed the statistics were as true as mathematical demonstrations.

A famous knowledge-diffuser is looking over my shoulder, and tells me, "Increase education, and cheapen good books, and all this rubbish will disappear!" Sir, I don't believe a word of it. If you printed Ricardo and Adam Smith at a farthing a volume, I still believe that they would be as little read by the operatives as

they are now-a-days by a very large proportion of highly-cultivated men. I still believe that, while the press works, attacks on the rich, and propositions for heave-a-hoys, will always form a popular portion of the Literature of Labour. There's Lenny Fairfield reading a treatise on hydraulics, and constructing a model for a fountain into the bargain; but that does not prevent his acquiescence in any proposition for getting rid of a National Debt, which he certainly never agreed to pay, and which he is told makes sugar and tea so shamefully dear. No. I tell you what does a little counteract those eloquent incentives to break his own head against the strong walls of the Social System—it is, that he has two eyes in that head, which are not always employed in reading. And, having been told in print that masters are tyrants, parsons hypocrites or drones in the hive, and landowners vampires and bloodsuckers, he looks out into the little world around him, and, first, he is compelled to acknowledge that his master is not a tyrant, (perhaps because he is a foreigner and a philosopher, and, for what I and Lenny know, a republican). But then Parson Dale, though High Church to the marrow, is neither hypocrite nor drone. He has a very good living, it is true—much better than he ought to have, according to the “political” opinions of those tracts! but Lenny is obliged to confess that, if Parson Dale were a penny the poorer, he would do a pennyworth's less good; and, comparing one parish with another, such as Rood Hall and Hazeldean, he is dimly aware that there is no greater CIVILISER than a parson tolerably well off. Then, too, Squire Hazeldean, though as arrant a Tory as ever stood upon shoe-leather, is certainly not a vampire nor bloodsucker. He

does not feed on the public; a great many of the public feed upon him: and, therefore, his practical experience a little staggers and perplexes Lenny Fairfield as to the gospel accuracy of his theoretical dogmas. Masters, parsons, and landowners! having, at the risk of all popularity, just given a *coup de patte* to certain sages extremely the fashion at present, I am not going to let you off without an admonitory flea in the ear. Don't suppose that any mere scribbling and typework will suffice to answer the scribbling and typework set at work to demolish you—*write* down that rubbish you can't—*live* it down you may. If you are rich, like Squire Hazeldean, do good with your money; if you are poor, like Signor Riccabocca, do good with your kindness.

See! there is Lenny now receiving his week's wages; and though Lenny knows that he can get higher wages in the very next parish, his blue eyes are sparkling with gratitude, not at the chink of the money, but at the poor exile's friendly talk on things apart from all service; while Violante is descending the steps from the terrace, charged by her mother-in-law with a little basket of sago, and such-like delicacies, for Mrs. Fairfield, who has been ailing the last few days.

Lenny will see the Tinker as he goes home, and he will buy a most Demosthenean “Appeal”—a tract of tracts, upon the Propriety of Strikes and the Avarice of Masters. But, somehow or other, I think a few words from Signor Riccabocca, that did not cost the Signor a farthing, and the sight of his mother's smile at the contents of the basket, which cost very little, will serve to neutralize the effects of that “Appeal,” much more efficaciously than the best article a Brougham or a Mill could write on the subject.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Spring had come again; and one beautiful May-day, Leonard Fairfield sat beside the little fountain which he had now actually constructed in the garden. The butterflies were hovering over the belt of flowers which he had placed around his fountain, and the birds were singing overhead. Leonard Fairfield was resting from his day's work, to enjoy his abstemious dinner, beside the cool play of the sparkling waters, and, with the yet keener appetite of knowledge, he devoured his book as he munched his crusts.

A penny tract is the shoeing-horn of literature! it draws on a great many books, and some too tight to be very useful in walking. The penny tract quotes a celebrated writer—you long to read him; it props a startling assertion by a grave authority—you long to refer to it. During the nights of the past winter, Leonard's intelligence had made vast progress! he had taught himself more than the elements of mechanics, and put to practice the principles he had acquired, not only in the hydraulical achievement of the fountain, nor in the still more notable application of science, commenced on the stream in which Jackeymo had fished for minnows, and which Lenny had diverted to the purpose of irrigating two fields, but in various ingenious contrivances for the facilitation or abridgment of labour, which had excited great wonder and praise in the neighbourhood. On the other hand, those rabid little tracts, which dealt so summarily with the destinies of the human race, even when his growing reason, and the perusal of works more classical or more logical, had led him to perceive

that they were illiterate people that they jumped to conclusions with a different from the caution of mechanical science in the citations and references with they abounded, lur philosophers more specious. Out of the Ten had drawn a translation of Rousseau's *Social Contract*, so eloquent had induced from the tracts in the cellany those which about professions of philanthropy dictions of some coming to which old Saturn's v tracts so mild and mother language, that it required more practical experience to perceive that you to pass a river of blood had the slightest chance foot on the flowery bank they invited you to run which rouged poor Charlotte the cheeks, clapped a crucient daffodillies on her her to dancing a *pas de pastoral* ballet in which pipes to the flock he sheaf first laid it down as an axiom that

"The cloud-capt towers, the  
laces,

The solemn temples, the great  
Yea, all which it inherit, at

substituted in place of  
sieur Fourier's symmetrical  
stere, or Mr. Owen's  
parallelogram. It was  
such tract that Lenny with  
his crusts and his raw  
Riccabocca, bending to

face over the student's shoulder, said abruptly—

"*Diavolo*, my friend! what on earth have you got there! Just let me look at it, will you?"

Leonard rose respectfully, and coloured deeply as he surrendered the tract to Riccabocca.

The wise man read the first page attentively, the second more cursorily, and only ran his eye over the rest. He had gone through too vast a range of problems political, not to have passed over that venerable *Pons Asinorum* of Socialism, on which Fourier and St. Simons sit straddling, and cry aloud that they have arrived at the last boundary of knowledge!

"All this is as old as the hills," quoth Riccabocca irreverently; "but the hills stand still, and this—there it goes!" and the sage pointed to a cloud emitted from his pipe. "Did you ever read Sir David Brewster on Optical Delusions? No! Well, I'll lend it to you. You will find therein a story of a lady who always saw a black cat on her hearth-rug. The black cat existed only in her fancy, but the hallucination was natural and reasonable—eh—what do you think?"

"Why, sir," said Leonard, not catching the Italian's meaning, "I don't exactly see that it was natural and reasonable."

"Foolish boy, yes! because black cats are things possible and known. But who ever saw upon earth a community of men such as sit on the hearth-rugs of Messrs. Owen and Fourier? If the lady's hallucination was not reasonable, what is his who believes in such visions as these?"

Leonard bit his lip.

"My dear boy," cried Riccabocca kindly, "the only thing sure and tangible to which these writers would lead you, lies at the first step, and

that is what is commonly called a Revolution. Now, I know what that is. I have gone, not indeed through a revolution, but an attempt at one."

Leonard raised his eyes towards his master with a look of profound respect, and great curiosity.

"Yes," added Riccabocca, and the face on which the boy gazed exchanged its usual grotesque and sardonic expression for one animated, noble, and heroic. "Yes, not a revolution for chimeras, but for that cause which the coldest allow to be good, and which, when successful, all time approves as divine—the redemption of our native soil from the rule of the foreigner! I have shared in such an attempt. And," continued the Italian mournfully, "recalling now all the evil passions it arouses, all the ties it dissolves, all the blood that it commands to flow, all the healthful industry it arrests, all the madmen that it arms, all the victims that it dupes, I question whether one man really honest, pure, and humane, who has once gone through such an ordeal, would ever hazard it again, unless he was assured that the victory was certain—ay, and the object for which he fights not to be wrested from his hands amidst the uproar of the elements that the battle has released."

The Italian paused, shaded his brow with his hand, and remained long silent. Then, gradually resuming his ordinary tone, he continued—

"Revolutions that have no definite objects made clear by the positive experience of history; revolutions, in a word, that aim less at substituting one law or one dynasty for another, than at changing the whole scheme of society, have been little attempted by real statesmen. Even Lysurgus is proved to be a myth who never existed. Such organic changes are but

in the day-dreams of philosophers who lived apart from the actual world, and whose opinions (though generally they were very benevolent, good sort of men, and wrote in an elegant poetical style) one would no more take on a plain matter of life, than one would look upon Virgil's *Eclogues*. A faithful picture of the ordinary pains and pleasures of the peasants who tend our sheep. Read them as you would read poets, and they are delightful. But attempt to shape the world according to the poetry, and fit yourself for a madhouse. The farther off the age is from the realisation of such projects, the more these poor philosophers have indulged them. Thus, it was amidst the saddest corruption of court manners that it became the fashion in Paris to sit for one's picture, with a crook in one's hand, as Alexis or Daphne. Just as liberty was fast dying out of Greece, and the successors of Alexander were founding their monarchies, and Rome was growing up to crush in its iron grasp all states save its own, Plato withdraws his eyes from the world, to open them in his dreamy Atlantis. Just in the grimmiest period of English history, with the axe hanging over his head, Sir Thomas More gives you his *Utopia*. Just when the world is to be the theatre of a new Sesostris, the sages of France tell you that the age is too enlightened for war, that man is henceforth to be governed by pure reason, and live in a paradise. Very pretty reading all this to a man like me, Lenny, who can admire and smile at it. But to you, to the man who has to work for his living, to the man who thinks it would be so much more pleasant to live at his ease in a phalanstere than to work eight or ten hours a-day; to the man of talent, and action, and industry, whose future is invested in that tranquillity and order of a state

in which talent, and action, and industry are a certain capital;—why, Messrs. Counts the great bankers had better encourage a theory to upset the system of banking! Whatever disturbs society, yea, even by a causeless panic, much more by an actual struggle, falls first upon the masses of labour, and thence affects prejudicially every department of intelligence. In such times the arts are arrested; literature is neglected; people are too busy to read anything save appeals to their passions. And capital, shaken in its sense of security, no longer ventures boldly through the land, calling forth all the energies of toil and enterprise, and extending to every workman his reward. Now, Lenny, take this piece of advice. You are young, clever, and aspiring: men rarely succeed in changing the world; but a man seldom fails of success if he lets the world alone, and resolves to make the best of it. You are in the midst of the great crisis of your life; it is the struggle between the new desires knowledge excites, and that sense of poverty, which those desires convert either into hope and emulation, or into envy and despair. I grant that it is an up-hill work that lies before you; but don't you think it is always easier to climb a mountain than it is to level it? These books call on you to level the mountain; and that mountain is the property of other people, subdivided amongst a great many proprietors, and protected by law. At the first stroke of the pickaxe, it is ten to one but what you are taken up for a trespass. But the path up the mountain is a right of way uncontested. You may be safe at the summit, before (even if the owners are fools enough to let you) you could have levelled a yard. *Cospetto!*" quoth the doctor, "it is more than two thousand years ago since poor Plato began to level it,

and the mountain is as high as  
ever!"

Thus saying, Riocabocca came to  
the end of his pipe, and stalking

thoughtfully away, he left Leonard  
Fairfield trying to extract light from  
the smoke.

## CHAPTER IX.

SOON after this discourse of  
Riocabocca's, an incident occurred to  
Leonard that served to carry his mind  
into new directions. One evening,  
when his mother was out, he was at  
work on a new mechanical contrivance,  
and had the misfortune to break one  
of the instruments which he employed.  
Now it will be remembered that his  
father had been the Squire's head-  
carpenter: the widow had carefully  
boarded the tools of his craft, which  
had belonged to her poor Mark; and  
though she occasionally lent them to  
Leonard, she would not give them up  
to his service. Amongst these, Leo-  
nard knew that he should find the  
one that he wanted; and being much  
interested in his contrivance, he could  
not wait till his mother's return. The  
tools, with other little relics of the  
past, were kept in a large trunk in  
Mrs. Fairfield's sleeping-room; the  
trunk was not locked, and Leonard  
went to it without ceremony or scruple.  
In rummaging for the instru-  
ment, his eye fell upon a bundle of  
MSS.; and he suddenly recollected  
that when he was a mere child, and  
before he much knew the differ-  
ence between verse and prose, his  
mother had pointed to these MSS.  
and said, "One day or other, when  
you can read nicely, I'll let you  
look at these, Lenny. My poor Mark  
wrote such verses—ah, he *was* a scol-  
ar!" Leonard, reasonably enough,  
thought that the time had now  
arrived when he was worthy the

privilege of reading the paternal effu-  
sions, and he took forth the MSS.  
with a keen but melancholy interest.  
He recognised his father's hand-  
writing, which he had often seen be-  
fore in account-books and memoranda,  
and read eagerly some trifling poems,  
which did not show much genius, nor  
much mastery of language and rhythm  
—such poems, in short, as a self-edu-  
cated man, with poetic taste and feel-  
ing, rather than poetic inspiration or  
artistic culture, might compose with  
credit, but not for fame. But sud-  
denly, as he turned over these "Occa-  
sional Pieces," Leonard came to others  
in a different handwriting—a woman's  
handwriting—small, and fine, and ex-  
quisitely formed. He had scarcely  
read six lines of these last, before his  
attention was irresistibly chained.  
They were of a different order of  
merit from poor Mark's; they bore  
the unmistakeable stamp of genius.  
Like the poetry of women in general,  
they were devoted to personal feeling  
—they were not the mirror of a world,  
but reflections of a solitary heart.  
Yet this is the kind of poetry most  
pleasing to the young. And the  
verses in question had another attrac-  
tion for Leonard: they seemed to ex-  
press some struggle akin to his own  
—some complaint against the actual  
condition of the writer's life, some  
sweet melodious murmurs at fortune.  
For the rest, they were characterised  
by a vein of sentiment so elevated  
that, if written by a man, it would

have run into exaggeration; written by a woman, the romance was carried off by so many genuine revelations of sincere, deep, pathetic feeling, that it was always natural, though true to a nature for which you would not augur happiness.

Leonard was still absorbed in the perusal of these poems, when Mrs. Fairfield entered the room.

"What have you been about, Lenny?—searching in my box?"

"I came to look for my father's bag of tools, mother, and I found these papers, which you said I might read some day."

"I doesn't wonder you did not hear me when I came in," said the widow sighing. "I used to sit still for the hour together, when my poor Mark read his poems to me. There was such a pretty one about the 'Peasant's Fireside,' Lenny—have you got hold of that?"

"Yes, dear mother; and I remarked the allusion to you: it brought tears to my eyes. But these verses are not my father's—whose are they? They seem in a woman's handwriting."

Mrs. Fairfield looked—changed colour—grew faint—and seated herself.

"Poor, poor Nora!" said she falteringly. "I did not know as they were there; Mark kept 'em; they got among his—"

LEONARD.—"Who was Nora?"

MRS. FAIRFIELD.—"Who?—child—who? Nora was—was my own—own sister."

LEONARD, (in great amaze, contrasting his ideal of the writer of these musical lines, in that graceful hand, with his homely uneducated mother, who could neither read nor write.)—"Your sister—is it possible? My aunt, then. How comes it you never spoke of her before? Oh! you should be so proud of her, mother."

MRS. FAIRFIELD, (clasping her hands.)—"We were proud of us—father, mother—all! so beautiful and so good, proud she! though she be the first lady in the land, Nora, Nora!"

LEONARD, (after a pause she must have been highly edified.)—"Mrs. FAIRFIELD.—"What was it?"

LEONARD.—"How was it?"  
MRS. FAIRFIELD, (rocking to and fro in her chair.)—"Lady was her godmother, Lansmere I mean—and too to her when she was that I had her to stay at the Park, on her Ladyship; and then her to school, and Nora was that nothing would do but go to London as a governess, don't talk of it, boy! don't talk of it!"

LEONARD.—"Why not, then, what has become of her? when?"  
MRS. FAIRFIELD, (bursting into a paroxysm of tears.)—"In 1815—in her cold grave! Dead!"

Leonard was inexpressible and shocked. It is the attitude of the poet to seem always living a friend. Leonard felt as one very dear had been snatched from his heart. He tried to comfort his mother; but her emotion was contagious, and he wept with her.

"And how long has she been dead?"  
"Many's the long year, but," added Mrs. Fairfield, putting her tremulous hand on Leonard's shoulder, "you'll just talk to me about her—I can't—I breaks my heart—I better to talk of Mark—come stairs—come."

"May I not keep the mother? Do let me."

"Well, well, those bits of all she left behind her—"

them, but put back Mark's. Are they all here?—sure?" And the widow, though she could not read her husband's verses, looked jealously at the MSS. written in his irregular large scrawl, and, smoothing them carefully, replaced them in the trunk, and resettled over them some sprigs of lavender, which Leonard had unwittingly disturbed.

"But," said Leonard, as his eye again rested on the beautiful handwriting of his lost aunt—"but you

call her Nora—I see she signs herself L."

"Leonora was her name. I said she was my lady's godchild. We called her Nora for short—"

"Leonora—and I am Leonard—is that how I came by the name?"

"Yes, yes—do hold your tongue, boy," sobbed poor Mrs. Fairfield; and she could not be soothed nor coaxed into continuing or renewing a subject which was evidently associated with insupportable pain.

## CHAPTER X.

It is difficult to exaggerate the effect that this discovery produced on Leonard's train of thought. Some one belonging to his own humble race had, then, preceded him in his struggling flight towards the loftier regions of Intelligence and Desire. It was like the mariner amidst unknown seas, who finds carved upon some desert isle a familiar household name. And this creature of genius and of sorrow—whose existence he had only learned by her song, and whose death created, in the simple heart of her sister, so passionate a grief, after the lapse of so many years—supplied to the romance awaking in his young heart the ideal which it unconsciously sought. He was pleased to hear that she had been beautiful and good. He paused from his books to muse on her, and picture her image to his fancy. That there was some mystery in her fate was evident to him; and while that conviction deepened his interest, the mystery itself, by degrees, took a charm which he was not anxious to dispel. He resigned himself to Mrs. Fairfield's obstinate silence. He was contented to rank *the dead amongst those holy and in-*

effable images which we do not seek to unveil. Youth and Fancy have many secret hoards of idea which they do not desire to impart, even to those most in their confidence. I doubt the depth of feeling in any man who has not certain recesses in his soul into which none may enter.

Hitherto, as I have said, the talents of Leonard Fairfield had been more turned to things positive than to the ideal; to science and investigation of fact than to poetry, and that airier truth in which poetry has its element. He had read our greater poets, indeed, but without thought of imitating; and rather from the general curiosity to inspect all celebrated monuments of the human mind, than from that especial predilection for verse which is too common in childhood and youth to be any sure sign of a poet. But now these melodies, unknown to all the world beside, rang in his ear, mingled with his thoughts—set, as it were, his whole life to music. He read poetry with a different sentiment—it seemed to him that he had discovered its secret. And so reading, the passion seized him, and "*the numbers came.*"



To many minds, at the commencement of our grave and earnest pilgrimage, I am Vandal enough to think that the indulgence of poetic taste and reverie does great and lasting harm; that it serves to enervate the character, give false ideas of life, impart the semblance of drudgery to the noble toils and duties of the active man. All poetry would not do this—not, for instance, the Classical, in its diviner masters—not the poetry of Homer, of Virgil, of Sophocles—not, perhaps, even that of the indolent Horace. But the poetry which youth usually loves and appreciates the best—the poetry of mere sentiment—does so in minds already over-predisposed to the sentimental, and which require bracing to grow into healthful manhood.

On the other hand, even this latter kind of poetry, which is peculiarly modern, does suit many minds of another mould—minds which our modern life, with its hard positive forms, tends to produce. And as in certain climates plants and herbs, peculiarly adapted as antidotes to those diseases most prevalent in the atmosphere, are profusely sown, as it were, by the benignant providence of nature—so it may be that the softer and more romantic species of poetry, which comes forth in harsh, money-making, unromantic times, is intended as curatives and counter-poisons. The world is so much with us, now-a-days, that we need have something that prates to us, albeit even in too fine an euphuism, of the moon and stars.

Certes, to Leonard Fairfield, at that period of his intellectual life, the softness of our Helicon descended as healing dews. In his turbulent and unsettled ambition, in his vague grapple with the giant forms of political truths, in his bias towards the application of science to immediate practi-

cal purposes, this lovely vision of the Muse came in the white robe of the Peacemaker; and with upraised hand pointing to serene skies, she opened to him fair glimpses of the Beautiful, which is given to Peasant as to Prince—showed to him that on the surface of earth there is something nobler than fortune—that he who can view the world as a poet is always at and a king; while to practical purposes itself, that larger and more profound invention, which poetry stimulates, supplied the grand design and the subtle view—leading him beyond the mere ingenuity of the mechanic, and habituating him to regard the importance of the matter at his command with the ambition of the Discoverer. But, above all, the discontent that was within him finding a vent, not in the liberate war upon this actual world, but through the purifying channels of song—in the vent itself it evaporated, it was lost. By accustoming ourselves to survey all things with the spirit that retains and reproduces them only in their lovelier or grander aspects, a vast philosophy of toleration for what we before gazed on with scorn or hate insensibly grows upon us. Leonard looked into his heart after the Enchantress had breathed upon it; and through the mists of the fleeting and tender melancholy which betrayed where she had been, he beheld a new sun of delight and joy dawning over the landscape of human life.

Thus, though she was dead and gone from his actual knowledge, this mysterious kinswoman—"a voice, and nothing more"—had spoken to him, soothed, elevated, cheered, attuned each discord into harmony; and, if now permitted from some secret sphere to behold the life that her soul thus strangely influenced, verily with yet holier joy, the serene and lovely spirit might have

ard in the Eternal Pro- that we are! How know we what  
 the large majority of hu- lives a single thought retained from  
 obscure. Presumptuous the dust of nameless graves may have  
 lighted to renown?

## CHAPTER XL.

bout a year after Leonard's  
 f the family MSS. that  
 e borrowed the quietest  
 the Squire's stables, and  
 an equestrian excursion.  
 at he was bound on busi-  
 ness with his old parish-  
 ansmere; for, as it has  
 tally implied in a previous  
 had been connected with  
 h town (and, I may here  
 capacity of curate) before  
 inducted into the living  
 n.

o rarely that the Parson  
 home, that this journey  
 more than twenty miles off  
 d as a most daring adven-  
 at the Hall and at the

Mrs. Dale could not  
 hole previous night with  
 it; and though she had  
 ne of her worst nervous  
 in the eventful morn, she  
 no hands less thoughtful  
 n to pack up the saddle-  
 the Parson had borrowed  
 he pad. Nay, so distrust-  
 of the possibility of the  
 exerting the slightest com-  
 in her absence, that she  
 ose at her side while she  
 l in that same operation  
 up — showing him the  
 in which the clean shirt  
 l how nicely the old slip-  
 packed up in one of his  
 s. She implored him not  
 the sandwiches for his

shaving-soap, and made him observe  
 how carefully she had provided  
 against such confusion, by placing  
 them as far apart from each other  
 as the nature of saddle-bags will  
 admit. The poor Parson—who was  
 really by no means an absent man,  
 but as little likely to shave himself  
 with sandwiches and lunch upon soap  
 as the most common-place mortal may  
 be—listened with conjugal patience,  
 and thought that man never had  
 such a wife before; nor was it with-  
 out tears in his own eyes that he tore  
 himself from the farewell embrace of  
 his weeping Carry.

I confess, however, that it was with  
 some apprehension that he set his foot  
 in the stirrup, and trusted his person  
 to the mercies of an unfamiliar animal.  
 For, whatever might be Mr. Dale's  
 minor accomplishments as man and  
 parson, horsemanship was not his  
*forte*. Indeed, I doubt if he had  
 taken the reins in his hand more than  
 twice since he had been married.

The Squire's surly old groom, Mat,  
 was in attendance with the pad; and,  
 to the Parson's gentle inquiry whether  
 Mat was quite sure that the pad was  
 quite safe, replied laconically, "Oi,  
 oi, give her her head."

"Give her her head!" repeated Mr.  
 Dale, rather amazed, for he had not  
 the slightest intention of taking away  
 that part of the beast's frame, so  
 essential to its vital economy—"Give  
 her her head!"

"Oi, oi; and don't jerk her up like

that, or she'll fall a doincing on her hind-legs."

The Parson instantly slackened the reins; and Mrs. Dale—who had tarried behind to control her tears—now running to the door for "more last words," he waved his hand with courageous amenity, and ambled forth into the lane.

Our equestrian was absorbed at first in studying the idiosyncrasies of the pad-mare, and trying thereby to arrive at some notion of her general character: guessing, for instance, why she raised one ear and laid down the other; why she kept bearing so close to the left that she brushed his leg against the hedge; and why, when she arrived at a little side-gate in the fields, which led towards the home-farm, she came to a full stop, and fell to rubbing her nose against the rail—an occupation from which the Parson, finding all civil remonstrances in vain, at length diverted her by a timorous application of the whip.

This crisis on the road fairly passed, the pad seemed to comprehend that she had a journey before her, and giving a petulant whisk of her tail, quickened her amble into a short trot, which soon brought the Parson into the high-road, and nearly opposite the Casino.

Here, sitting on the gate which led to his abode, and shaded by his umbrella, he beheld Dr. Riccabocca.

The Italian lifted his eyes from the book he was reading, and stared hard at the Parson; and he—not venturing to withdraw his whole attention from the pad, (who, indeed, set up both her ears at the apparition of Riccabocca, and evinced symptoms of that surprise and superstitious repugnance at unknown objects, which goes by the name of "shying,")—looked askance at Riccabocca.

"Don't stir, please," said the Parson, "or I fear you'll alarm this crea-

ture; it seems a nervous, timid thing;—soho—gently—gently."

And he fell to patting the mare with great unction.

The pad, thus encouraged, overcame her first natural astonishment at the sight of Riccabocca and the red umbrella; and having before been at the Casino on sundry occasions, and sagaciously preferring places within the range of her experience to bourns neither cognate nor conjecturable, she moved gravely up towards the gate on which the Italian sat; and, after eyeing him a moment—as much as to say, "I wish you would get off,"—came to a dead lock.

"Well," said Riccabocca, "since your horse seems more disposed to be polite to me than yourself, Mr. Dale, I take the opportunity of your present involuntary pause to congratulate you on your elevation in life, and to breathe a friendly prayer that pride may not have a fall!"

"Tut," said the Parson, affecting an easy air, though still contemplating the pad, who appeared to have fallen into a quiet doze, "it is true that I have not ridden much of late years, and the Squire's horses are very high-fed and spirited; but there is no more harm in them than their master when one once knows their ways."

"Chi va piano, va sano.  
E chi va sano va lontano,"

said Riccabocca, pointing to the saddle bags. "You go slowly, therefore safely; and he who goes safely may go far. You seem prepared for a journey?"

"I am," said the Parson; "and on a matter that concerns you a little."

"Me!" exclaimed Riccabocca—"concerns me!"

"Yes, so far as the chance of depriving you of a servant whom you like and esteem affects you."

"Oh," said Riccabocca, "I under-

I have hinted to me very I or Knowledge, or both have unfitted Leonard Fairrice."

not say that exactly; I you have fitted him for higher than service. But peat this to him. And I say more to you, for I am ful as to the success of my and it will not do to unsettle until we are sure that prove his condition."

it you can never be sure," wise man, shaking his and I can't say that I am nough not to bear you a r seeking to decoy away an invaluable servant—sady, intelligent, and (added , warning as he approached steric adjective)—exceed-p! Nevertheless go, and eed you. I am not an to stand between man and

re a noble, great-hearted ignor Riccabocca, in spite old-blooded proverbs and

villanous books." The Parson, as he said this, brought down the whip-hand with so indiscreet an enthusiasm on the pad's shoulder, that the poor beast, startled out of her innocent doze, made a bolt forward, which nearly precipitated Riccabocca from his seat on the stile, and then turning round—as the Parson tugged desperately at the rein—caught the bit between her teeth, and set off at a canter. The Parson lost both his stirrups; and when he regained them, (as the pad slackened her pace,) and had time to breathe and look about him, Riccabocca and the Casino were both out of sight.

"Certainly," quoth Parson Dale, as he resettled himself with great complacency, and a conscious triumph that he was still on the pad's back—"Certainly it is true 'that the noblest conquest ever made by man was that of the horse:' a fine creature it is—a very fine creature—and uncommonly difficult to sit on, especially without stirrups." Firmly in *his* stirrups the Parson planted his feet; and the heart within him was very proud.

## CHAPTER XII.

rough town of Lansmere d in the county adjoining contained the village of . Late at noon the Parson e little stream which diwo shires, and came to an was placed at an angle, great main road branched o directions—the one lead- s Lansmere, the other going t to London. At this inn pped, and put down both the air of a pad who has r mind to bait. And the

Parson himself, feeling very warm and somewhat sore, said to the pad benignly, "It is just—thou shalt have corn and water!"

Dismounting, therefore, and finding himself very stiff, as soon as he reached *terra firma*, the Parson consigned the pad to the ostler, and walked into the sanded parlour of the inn, to repose himself on a very hard Windsor chair.

He had been alone rather more than half-an-hour, reading a county newspaper which smelt much of to-

tobacco, and trying to keep off the flies that gathered round him in swarms, as if they had never before seen a Parson, and were anxious to ascertain how the flesh of him tasted, —when a stage-coach stopped at the inn. A traveller got out with his carpet-bag in his hand, and was shown into the sanded parlour.

The Parson rose politely, and made a bow.

The traveller touched his hat, without taking it off—looked at Mr. Dale from top to toe—then walked to the window, and whistled a lively impatient tune, then strode towards the fire-place and rang the bell; then stared again at the Parson; and that gentleman having courteously laid down the newspaper, the traveller seized it, threw himself into a chair, flung one of his legs over the table, tossed the other up on the mantel-piece, and began reading the paper, while he tilted the chair on its hind-legs with so daring a disregard to the ordinary position of chairs and their occupants, that the shuddering Parson expected every moment to see him come down on the back of his skull.

Moved, therefore, to compassion, Mr. Dale said mildly—

“Those chairs are very treacherous, sir. I’m afraid you’ll be down.”

“Eh,” said the traveller, looking up much astonished. “Eh, down? —oh, you’re satirical, sir.”

“Satirical, sir? upon my word, no!” exclaimed the Parson, earnestly.

“I think every freeborn man has a right to sit as he pleases in his own house,” resumed the traveller with warmth; “and an inn is his own house, I guess, so long as he pays his score. Betty, my dear.”

For the chambermaid had now replied to the bell.

“I han’t Betty, sir; do you want *she*?”

“No, Sally — cold brand water—and a biscuit.”

“I han’t Sally, either,” was the chambermaid; but the turning round, showed so a neckcloth and so comely a face she smiled, coloured, and went!

The traveller now rose, and down the paper. He took out knife, and began paring his Suddenly desisting from this occupation, his eye caught the Parson’s shovel-hat, which a chair in the corner.

“You’re a clergyman, I sir,” said the traveller, with sneer.

Again Mr. Dale bowed—part deprecatingly—in part dignity. It was a bow that “No offence, sir, but I am man, and I’m not ashamed

“Going far?” asked the PARSON.—“Not very.”

TRAVELLER.—“In a chair If so, and we are going the —halves.”

PARSON.—“Halves?”

TRAVELLER.—“Yes, I’ll the damage—pikes inclusive

PARSON.—“You are very sir. But,” (*spoken with a* am on horseback.”

TRAVELLER. — “On horse Well, I should not have that! You don’t look like a did you say you were going

“I did *not* say where I was sir,” said the Parson drily, much offended at that vague grammatical remark applicable horsemanship, that “he did like it.”

“Close!” said the traveller; “an old traveller, I repeat

The Parson made no reply took up his shovel-hat, and bow more majestic than the one, walked out to see if he finished her corn.

al had indeed finished all  
forded to her, which was  
nd in a few minutes more  
sumed his journey. He  
ned about three miles,  
und of wheels behind him  
rn his head, and he per-  
ise driven very fast, while  
windows thereof dangled  
pair of human legs. The  
to curvet as the post  
d behind, and the Parson  
a indistinct vision of a  
supplanting those human  
traveller peered out at  
hired by—saw Mr. Dale  
nd down on the saddle,  
t, "How's the leather?"  
!" soliloquised the Par-  
pad recomposed herself.  
oes he mean by that?  
very vulgar man. But I  
m cleverly."

arrived without farther  
Lansmere. He put up  
pal inn—refreshed him-  
neral ablution—and sate  
ood appetite to his beef-  
nt of port.

on was a better judge of  
omy of man than that of  
and after a satisfactory  
e civil smirking landlord,  
d the cover and set on  
ventured on an attempt  
on. "Is my lord at the

d, (still more civilly than  
No, sir, his lordship and  
e gone to town to meet  
ange."

Estrange! He is in Eng-

o I heard," replied the  
ut we never see him here  
ember him a very pretty

Every one was fond of  
oud of him. But what  
d play when he was a lad!  
*would come in for our boro'*  
Vo. 366.

some of these days, but he has taken  
to foren parts—more's the pity. I  
am a reg'lar Blue, sir, as I ought to  
be. The Blue candidate always does  
me the honour to come to the Lans-  
mere Arms. 'Tis only the low party  
puts up with the Boar," added the  
landlord with a look of ineffable dis-  
gust. "I hope you like the wine,  
sir?"

"Very good, and seems old."

"Bottled these eighteen years, sir.  
I had in the cask for the great elec-  
tion of Dashmore and Egerton. I  
have little left of it, and I never give  
it but to old friends like—for, I think,  
sir, though you be grown stout, and  
look more grand, I may say that I've  
had the pleasure of seeing you be-  
fore."

"That's true, I dare say, though I  
fear I was never a very good cus-  
tomer."

"Ah, it is Mr. Dale, then! I  
thought so when you came into the  
hall. I hope your lady is quite well,  
and the Squire too; fine pleasant-  
spoken gentleman; no fault of his if  
Mr. Egerton went wrong. Well, we  
have never seen him—I mean Mr.  
Egerton—since that time. I don't  
wonder he stays away; but my lord's  
son, who was brought up here, it  
an't nat'ral like that he should turn  
his back on us!"

Mr. Dale made no reply, and the  
landlord was about to retire, when the  
Parson, pouring out another glass of  
the port, said—"There must be great  
changes in the parish. Is Mr. Morgan,  
the medical man, still here?"

"No, indeed; he took out his  
ploma after you left, and became a  
real doctor; and a pretty practice  
he had too, when he took, all of  
a sudden, to some new-fangled way of  
physicking;—I think they call it  
homy—something."

"Homoeopathy!"

"That's it—something against all

reason: and so he lost his practice here and went up to Lunnun. I've not heard of him since."

"Do the Avenels still reside in their old house?"

"Oh yes!—and are pretty well off, I hear say. John is always poorly; though he still goes now and then to the Odd Fellows, and takes his glass; but his wife comes and fetches him away before he can do himself any harm."

"Mrs. Avenel is the same as ever?"

"She holds her head higher, I think," said the landlord, smiling. "She was always—not exactly proud like, but what I calls gumptious."

"I never heard that word before," said the Parson, laying down his knife and fork. "Bumptious, indeed, though I believe it is not in the dictionary, has crept into familiar parlance, especially amongst young folks at school and college."

"Bumptious is bumptious, and gumptious is gumptious," said the landlord, delighted to puzzle a parson. "Now the town beadle is bumptious, and Mrs. Avenel is gumptious."

"She is a very respectable woman," said Mr. Dale, somewhat rebukingly.

"In course, sir, all gumptious folks are; they value themselves on their respectability, and looks down on their neighbours."

PARSON, (still philologically occupied.)—"Gumptions—gumptions. I think I remember the substantive at school—not that my master taught it to me. 'Gumption,' it means cleverness."

LANDLORD, (doggedly.)—"There's gumption and gumptious! Gumption is knowing; but when I say that sum un is gumptious, I mean—though that's more vulgar like—sum un who does not think small bear of hisself. You take me, sir?"

"I think I do," said the Parson, *half-smiling*. "I believe the Avenels

have only two of their children alive still—their daughter, who married Mark Fairfield, and a son who went off to America?"

"Ah, but he made his fortune there, and has come back."

"Indeed! I'm very glad to hear it. He has settled at Lansmere?"

"No, sir. I hear as he's bought property a long way off. But he comes to see his parents pretty often—so John tells me—but I can't say that I ever see him. I fancy Dick doesn't like to be seen by folks who remember him playing in the house."

"Not unnatural," said the Parson, indulgently; "but he visits his parents; he is a good son at all events, then?"

"I've nothing to say against him. Dick was a wild chap before he took himself off. I never thought he would make his fortune; but the Avenels are a clever set. Do you remember poor Nora—the Rose of Lansmere, as they called her? Ah, no, I think she went up to Lunnun afore your time, sir."

"Humph!" said the Parson, dubiously. "Well, I think you may take away now. It will be dark soon, and I'll just stroll out and look about me."

"There's a nice tart coming, sir."

"Thank you, I've dined."

The Parson put on his hat and sallied forth into the streets. He eyed the houses on either hand with that melancholy and wistful interest with which, in middle life, men revisit scenes familiar to them in youth—surprised to find either so little change or so much, and recalling, by fits and snatches, old associations and past emotions. The long High Street which he threaded now began to change its bustling character, and slide, as it were gradually, into the high-road of a suburb. On the left, the houses gave way to the more grown pales of Lansmere Park: to the right, though houses still remained,

they were separated from each other by gardens, and took the pleasing appearance of villas—such villas as retired tradesmen or their widows, old maids, and half-pay officers, select for the evening of their days.

Mr. Dale looked at these villas with the deliberate attention of a man awakening his power of memory, and at last stopped before one, almost the last on the road, and which faced the broad patch of sward that lay before the lodge of Lansmere Park. An old pollard oak stood near it, and from the oak there came a low discordant sound; it was the hungry cry of young ravens, awaiting the belated return of the parent bird. Mr. Dale put his hand to his brow, paused a moment, and then, with a hurried step, passed through the little garden, and knocked at the door. A light was burning in the parlour, and Mr. Dale's eye caught through the window a vague outline of three forms. There was an evident bustle within at the sound of the knock. One of the forms rose and disappeared. A very prim, neat, middle-aged maid-servant now appeared at the threshold, and anxiously inquired the visitor's business.

"I want to see Mr. or Mrs. Avenel. Say that I have come many miles to see them; and take in this card."

The maid-servant took the card, and half-closed the door. At least three minutes elapsed before she re-appeared.

"Missis say it's late, sir; but walk in."

The Parson accepted the not very gracious invitation, stepped across the little hall, and entered the parlour.

Old John Avenel, a mild-looking man, who seemed slightly paralytic, rose slowly from his arm-chair. Mrs. Avenel, in an awfully stiff, clean, Calvinistical cap, and a grey dress,

every fold of which bespoke respectability and staid repute—stood erect on the floor, and fixing on the Parson a cold and cautious eye, said—

"You do the like of us great honour, Mr. Dale—take a chair! You call upon business?"

"Of which I apprised Mr. Avenel, by letter."

"My husband is very poorly."

"A poor creature!" said John, feebly, and as if in compassion of himself. "I can't get about as I used to do. But it ben't near election time, be it, sir?"

"No, John," said Mrs. Avenel, placing her husband's arm within her own. "You must lie down a bit, while I talk to the gentleman."

"I'm a real good Blue," said poor John; "but I ain't quite the man I was; and leaning heavily on his wife, he left the room, turning round at the threshold, and saying, with great urbanity—"Anything to oblige, sir!"

Mr. Dale was much touched. He had remembered John Avenel the comeliest, the most active, and the most cheerful man in Lansmere; great at glee club and cricket, (though then somewhat stricken in years,) greater in vestries; reputed greatest in elections.

"Last scene of all," murmured the Parson; "and oh well, turning from the poet, may we cry with the disbelieving philosopher, 'Poor, poor humanity!'"\*

In a few minutes Mrs. Avenel returned. She took a chair at some distance from the Parson's, and, resting one hand on the elbow of the chair, while with the other she stiffly smoothed the stiff gown, she said—

"Now, sir."

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\* Mr. Dale probably here alludes to Lord Bolingbroke's ejaculation as he stood by the dying Pope; but his memory does not serve him with the exact words.



That "Now, sir," had in its sound something sinister and warlike. This the shrewd Parson recognised with his usual tact. He edged his chair nearer to Mrs. Avenel, and placed his hand on hers—

"Yes, now then, and as friend to friend."

### CHAPTER XIII.

MR. DALE had been more than a quarter of an hour conversing with Mrs. Avenel, and had seemingly made little progress in the object of his diplomatic mission, for now, slowly drawing on his gloves, he said—

"I grieve to think, Mrs. Avenel, that you should have so hardened your heart—yes—you must pardon me—it is my vocation to speak stern truths. You cannot say that I have not kept faith with you, but I must now invite you to remember that I specially reserved to myself the right of exercising a discretion to act as I judged best, for the child's interests, on any future occasion; and it was upon this understanding that you gave me the promise, which you would now evade, of providing for him when he came into manhood."

"I say I will provide for him. I say that you may 'prentice him in any distant town, and by and by we will stock a shop for him. What would you have more, sir, from folks like us, who have kept shop ourselves? It ain't reasonable what you ask, sir."

"My dear friend," said the Parson, "what I ask of you at present is but to see him—to receive him kindly—to listen to his conversation—to judge for yourselves. We can have but a common object—that your grandson should succeed in life, and do you credit. Now, I doubt very much whether we can effect this by making him a small shopkeeper."

"And has Jane Fairfield, who

married a common carpenter, brought him up to despise small shopkeepers?" exclaimed Mrs. Avenel, angrily.

"Heaven forbid! Some of the first men in England have been the sons of small shopkeepers. But is it a crime in them, or in their parents, if their talents have lifted them into such rank or renown as the haughtiest duke might envy? England were not England if a man must rest where his father began."

"Good!" said, or rather granted an approving voice, but neither Mr. Avenel nor the Parson heard it.

"All very fine," said Mrs. Avenel, bluntly. "But to send a boy like that to the university—where's the money to come from?"

"My dear Mrs. Avenel," said the Parson, coaxingly, "the cost need not be great at a small college at Cambridge; and if you will pay half the expense, I will pay the other half. I have no children of my own, and can afford it."

"That's very handsome in you, sir," said Mrs. Avenel, somewhat touched, yet still not graciously. "But the money is not the only point."

"Once at Cambridge," continued Mr. Dale, speaking rapidly, "at Cambridge, where the studies are mathematical—that is, of a nature for which he has shown so great an aptitude—and I have no doubt he will distinguish himself; if he does, he will obtain, on leaving, what is called a fellowship—that is a collegiate

ity accompanied by an income on which he could maintain himself until he made his way in life. Come, Mrs. Avenel, you are well off; you have relations nearer to you in want of aid. Your son, I hear, has been fortunate."

"Sir," said Mrs. Avenel, interrupting the Parson, "it is not because my Richard is an honour to us, and a good son, and has made his fortune, we are to rob him of what we have to leave, and give it to a boy whom we know nothing about, and, in spite of what you say, can't give upon us any credit at all."

"Why? I don't see that."

"Why!" exclaimed Mrs. Avenel, "why! you know why. I don't want him to rise in life: I don't want folks to be speiring and brag about him. I think it is a wicked thing to have put fine notions in his head, and I am sure laughter Fairfield could not have put it herself. And now, to ask me to let Richard, and bring out a great boy who's been a gardener or ploughman, or such like—to disgrace a gentleman who keeps his carriage, as my son Richard does—I would have to know, sir.—No! I won't do it, and there's an end of the matter."

"During the last two or three minutes, and just before that approving nod" had responded to the Parson's popular sentiment, a door communicating with an inner room had gently opened, and stood ajar; this incident neither party had even noticed. But now the door was thrown open, and the traveller whom the inn had met at the inn walked up to Mr. Dale, and said, "No! that's

not the end of the matter. You say the boy's a 'cute, clever lad?"

"Richard, have you been listening?" exclaimed Mrs. Avenel.

"Well, I guess, yes—the last few minutes."

"And what have you heard?"

"Why, that this reverend gentleman thinks so highly of my sister Fairfield's boy, that he offers to pay half of his keep at college. Sir, I'm very much obliged to you, and there's my hand, if you'll take it."

The Parson jumped up, overjoyed, and with a triumphant glance towards Mrs. Avenel, shook hands heartily with Mr. Richard.

"Now," said the latter, "just put on your hat, sir, and take a stroll with me, and we'll discuss the thing business-like. Women don't understand business: never talk to women on business."

With these words, Mr. Richard drew out a cigar-case, selected a cigar, which he applied to the candle, and walked into the hall.

Mrs. Avenel caught hold of the Parson. "Sir, you'll be on your guard with Richard. Remember your promise."

"He does not know all, then?"

"He? No! And you see he did not overhear more than what he says. I'm sure you're a gentleman, and won't go against your word."

"My word was conditional; but I will promise you never to break the silence, without more reason than I think there is here for it. Indeed, Mr. Richard Avenel seems to save all necessity for that."

"Are you coming, sir?" cried Richard, as he opened the street door.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE Parson joined Mr. Richard Avenel on the road. It was a fine night, and the moon clear and shining.

"So, then," said Mr. Richard, thoughtfully, "poor Jane, who was always the drudge of the family, has contrived to bring up her son well; and the boy is really what you say, eh?—could make a figure at college?"

"I am sure of it," said the Parson, hooking himself on to the arm which Mr. Avenel proffered.

"I should like to see him," said Richard. "Has he any manner? Is he genteel? or a mere country lout?"

"Indeed, he speaks with so much propriety, and has so much modest dignity about him, that there's many a rich gentleman who would be proud of such a son."

"It is odd," observed Richard, "what difference there is in families. There's Jane, now—who can't read nor write, and was just fit to be a workman's wife—had not a thought above her station; and when I think of my poor sister Nora—you would not believe it, sir, but *she* was the most elegant creature in the world—yes, even as a child, (she was but a child when I went off to America). And often, as I was getting on in life, often I used to say to myself, 'My little Nora shall be a lady after all.' Poor thing—but she died young."

Richard's voice grew husky.

The Parson kindly pressed the arm on which he leaned, and said, after a pause—

"Nothing refines us like education, sir. I believe your sister Nora had received much instruction, and had the talents to profit by it: it is the same with your nephew."

"I'll see him," said Richard, stamp-

ing his foot firmly on the ground, "and if I like him, I'll be as good as a father to him. Look you, Mr.—what's your name, sir?"

"Dale."

"Mr. Dale, look you, I'm a single man. Perhaps I may marry some day; perhaps I shan't. I'm not going to throw myself away. If I can get a lady of quality, why—but that's neither here nor there; meanwhile I should be glad of a nephew whom I need not be ashamed of. You see, sir, I am a new man, the builder of my own fortunes; and though I have picked up a little education—I don't well know how—as I scrambled on, still, now I come back to the old country, I'm well aware that I am not exactly a match for those d-d aristocrats; don't show so well in a drawing-room as I could wish. I could be a Parliament man if I liked, but I might make a goose of myself; so, all things considered, if I can get a sort of junior partner to do the polite work, and show off the goods, I think the house of Avenel & Co. might become a pretty considerable honour to the Britishers. You understand me, sir?"

"Oh, very well," answered Mr. Dale smiling, though rather gravely.

"Now," continued the New Man, "I'm not ashamed to have risen in life by my own merits; and I don't disguise what I've been. And, when I'm in my own grand house, I'm fond of saying, 'I landed at New York with £10 in my purse, and here I am!' But it would not do to have the old folks with me. People take you with all your faults, if you're rich; but they won't swallow your family into the bargain. So if I don't have at my house my own father and

whom I love dearly, and like to see sitting at table, my servants behind their chairs, and still less have sister Jane. I set her very well, and she can't get genteeler as she's grown.

Therefore I beg you'll not set a coming after me; it would not in any manner of means. Don't word about me to her. But the boy down here to his grand-; and I'll see him quietly, you stand."

as, but it will be hard to separate from the boy."

uff! all boys are separated from parents when they go into the

So that's settled. Now, just

I know the old folks always d Jane—that is, mother did. r dear father never snubbed

us. Perhaps mother has not d altogether well to Jane. But

at not blame her for that; you s is how it happened. There

good many of us, while father other kept shop in the High

so we were all to be provided how; and Jane, being very

and handy at work, got a place he was a little girl, and had no

or learning. Afterwards my made a lucky hit, in getting

rd Lamsmere's custom after an , in which he did a great deal

Blues, (for he was a famous ceerer, my poor father). My

tood godmother to Nora; and l my brothers, and two of my

died off, and father retired uisness; and when he took

rom service, she was so com- ce that mother could not help

ting her with Nora. You see as their child when they were

ittle shop people, with their scarce above water; and Nora

ir child when they were well l had retired from trade, and

nteel: so that makes a great

difference. And mother did not quite look on her as on her own child. But it was Jane's own fault: for mother would have made it up with her if she had married the son of our neighbour the great linendraper, as she might have done; but she would take Mark Fairfield, a common carpenter.

Parents like best those of their children who succeed best in life.

Natural. Why, they did not care for me till I came back the man I am. But to return to Jane: I'm afraid they've neglected her. How is she off?"

"She earns her livelihood, and is poor, but contented."

"Ah, just be good enough to give her this," (and Richard took a bank-note of £50 from his pocket-book.)

"You can say the old folks sent it to her; or that it is a present from Dick, without telling her he has come back from America."

"My dear sir," said the Parson,

"I am more and more thankful to have made your acquaintance. This

is a very liberal gift of yours; but your best plan will be to send it

through your mother. For, though I don't want to betray any confidence

you place in me, I should not know what to answer if Mrs. Fairfield began to question me about her brother.

I never had but one secret to keep, and I hope I shall never have another. A secret is very like a lie!"

"You had a secret then!" said Richard, as he took back the bank-

note. He had learned, perhaps in America, to be a very inquisitive man.

He added point-blank, "Pray, what was it?"

"Why, what it would not be if I told you," said the Parson, with a forced laugh—"a secret!"

"Well, I guess we're in a land of liberty. Do as you like. Now, I

dare say you think me a very odd fellow to come out of my shell to you

in this off-hand way. But I liked the look of you, even when we were at the inn together. And just now I was uncommonly pleased to find that, though you are a Parson, you don't want to keep a man's nose down to a shop-board, if he has anything in him. You're not one of the aristocrats—"

"Indeed," said the Parson, with imprudent warmth, "it is not the character of the aristocracy of this country to keep people down. They make way amongst themselves for any man, whatever his birth, who has the talent and energy to aspire to their level. That's the especial boast of the British constitution, sir!"

"Oh, you think so, do you!" said Mr. Richard, looking sourly at the Parson. "I dare say those are the opinions in which you have brought up the lad. Just keep him yourself, and let the aristocracy provide for him!"

The Parson's generous and patriotic warmth evaporated at once, at this sudden inlet of cold air into the conversation. He perceived that he had made a terrible blunder; and, as it was not his business at that moment to vindicate the British constitution, but to serve Leonard Fairfield, he abandoned the cause of the aristocracy with the most poltroon and scandalous abruptness. Catching at the arm which Mr. Avenel had withdrawn from him, he exclaimed—

"Indeed, sir, you are mistaken; I have never attempted to influence your nephew's political opinions. On the contrary, if, at his age, he can be said to have formed any opinions, I am greatly afraid—that is, I think his opinions are by no means sound—that is, constitutional. I mean—" And the poor Parson, anxious to select a word that would not offend his listener, stopped short in lamentable confusion of ideas.

Mr. Avenel enjoyed his distress for a moment, with a saturnine smile, and then said—

"Well, I calculate he's a Radical. Natural enough, if he has not got sixpence to lose—all come right by and by. I'm not a Radical—at least not a Destructive—much too clever a man for that, I hope. But I wish to see things very different from what they are. Don't fancy that I want the common people, who've got nothing, to pretend to dictate to their betters, because I hate to see a parcel of fellows, who are called lords and squires, trying to rule the roast. I think, sir, that it is men like me who ought to be at the top of the tree and that's the long and the short of it. What do you say?"

"I've not the least objection," said the crestfallen Parson basely. But, to do him justice, I must add, that he did not the least know what he was saying!

## CHAPTER XV.

SCIOUS of the change in his the diplomacy of the Par- t to effect, Leonard Fair- enjoying the first virgin of fame; for the principal his neighbourhood had fol- then growing fashion of and set up a Mechanics' and some worthy persons in the formation of that Athenæum had offered a he best Essay on the Diffu- owledge,—a very trite sub- rich persons seem to think ever say too much, and on re is, nevertheless, a great o be said. This prize Leo- eld had recently won. His been publicly complimented eeting of the Institute; it rinted at the expense of the d had been rewarded by a ial—delineative of Apollo Merit, (poor Merit had not his back; but Merit, left e care of Apollo, never is a customer to the tailor!) County Gazette had de- t Britain had produced rodigy in the person of bocca's self-educated gar-

n was now directed to mechanical contrivances. e, ever eagerly bent on nts, had brought an engi- spect the lad's system of and the engineer had been ruck by the simple means a very considerable tech-

nical difficulty had been overcome. The neighbouring farmers now called Leonard "*Mr. Fairfield*," and invited him, on equal terms, to their houses. Mr. Stirn had met him on the high road, touched his hat, and hoped that "he bore no malice." All this, I say, was the first sweetness of fame; and if Leonard Fairfield comes to be a great man, he will never find such sweets in the after fruit. It was this success which had determined the Parson on the step which he had just taken, and which he had long before anxiously meditated. For, during the last year or so, he had renewed his old intimacy with the widow and the boy; and he had noticed, with great hope and great fear, the rapid growth of an intellect, which now stood out from the lowly circumstances that surrounded it in bold and unharmonising relief.

It was the evening after his return home that the Parson strolled up to the Casino. He put Leonard Fairfield's Prize Essay in his pocket. For he felt that he could not let the young man go forth into the world without a preparatory lecture, and he intended to scourge poor Merit with the very laurel wreath which it had received from Apollo. But in this he wanted Riccabocca's assistance; or rather he feared that, if he did not get the Philosopher on his side, the Philosopher might undo all the work of the Parson.

## CHAPTER XVI.

A SWEET sound came through the orange boughs, and floated to the ears of the Parson, as he wound slowly up the gentle ascent—so sweet, so silvery, he paused in delight—unaware, wretched man! that he was thereby conniving at Papistical errors. Soft it came and sweet; softer and sweeter—“*Ave Maria!*” Violante was chanting the evening hymn to the Virgin Mother. The Parson at last distinguished the sense of the words, and shook his head with the pious shake of an orthodox Protestant. He broke from the spell resolutely, and walked on with a sturdy step. Gaining the terrace, he found the little family seated under an awning. Mrs. Riccabocca knitting; the Signor with his arms folded on his breast: the book he had been reading a few moments before had fallen on the ground, and his dark eyes were soft and dreamy. Violante had finished her hymn, and seated herself on the ground between the two, pillowing her head on her step-mother’s lap, but with her hand resting on her father’s knee, and her gaze fixed fondly on his face.

“Good evening,” said Mr. Dale. Violante stole up to him, and, pulling him so as to bring his ear nearer to her lip, whispered,—“Talk to papa, do—and cheerfully; he is sad.”

She escaped from him as she said this, and appeared to busy herself with watering the flowers arranged on stands round the awning. But she kept her swimming lustrous eyes wistfully on her father.

“How fares it with you, my dear friend?” said the Parson kindly, as he rested his hand on the Italian’s

shoulder. “You must not let him get out of spirits, Mrs. Riccabocca.”

“I am very ungrateful to her if I ever am so,” said the poor Italian, with all his natural gallantry. Many a good wife, who thinks it is a reproach to her if her husband is ever “out of spirits,” might have turned peevishly from that speech, more elegant than sincere, and so have made bad worse. But Mrs. Riccabocca took her husband’s proffered hand affectionately, and said with great *naïveté*—

“You see I am so stupid, Mr. Dale; I never knew I was so stupid till I married. But I am very glad you are come. You can get on some learned subject together, and then he will not miss so much his—”

“His what?” asked Riccabocca inquisitively.

“His country. Do you think that I cannot sometimes read your thoughts?”

“Very often. But you did not read them just then. The tongue touches where the tooth aches, but the best dentist cannot guess at the tooth unless one open one’s mouth.—*Basta!* Can we offer you some wine of our own making, Mr. Dale?—it is pure.”

“I’d rather have some tea,” quoth the Parson hastily.

Mrs. Riccabocca, too pleased to be in her natural element of domestic use, hurried into the house to prepare our national beverage. And the Parson, sliding into her chair, said—

“But you are dejected then? Fie! If there’s a virtue in the world at which we should always aim, it is cheerfulness.”

"I don't dispute it," said Riccabocca, with a heavy sigh. "But though is said by some Greek, who, I think, quoted by your favourite Seneca, that a wise man carries his country in him at the soles of his feet, he can't carry also the sunshine over his head."

"I tell you what it is," said the parson, bluntly, "you would have a much keener sense of happiness if you had much less esteem for philosophy."

"*Cospetto!*" said the Doctor, teasing himself. "Just explain, will you?"

"Does not the search after wisdom and desire not satisfied in this small circle to which your life is confined? It is not so much your country or which you yearn, as it is for space for your intellect, employment for your thoughts, career for your aspirations."

"You have guessed at the tooth which aches," said Riccabocca with admiration.

"Easy to do that," answered the parson. "Our wisdom teeth come out and give us the most pain. And if you would just starve the mind a little, and nourish the heart more, you would be less of a philosopher, and more of a—." The parson had the word "Christian" at the tip of his tongue: he suppressed a word that, so spoken, would have been exceedingly irritating, and substituted, with elegant antithesis, "and more of a happy man!"

"I do all I can with my heart," quoth the Doctor.

"Not you! For a man with such a heart as yours should never feel the want of the sunshine. My friend, we live in an age of over mental cultivation. We neglect too much the simple healthful outer life, in which there is so much positive joy. In looking to the world within us, we

grow blind to this beautiful world without: in studying ourselves as men, we almost forget to look up to heaven, and warm to the smile of God."

The philosopher mechanically shrugged his shoulders, as he always did when another man moralized—especially if the moralizer were a priest; but there was no irony in his smile, as he answered, thoughtfully—

"There is some truth in what you say. I own that we live too much as if we were all brain. Knowledge has its penalties and pains, as well as its prizes."

"That is just what I want you to say to Leonard."

"How have you settled the object of your journey?"

"I will tell you as we walk down to him after tea. At present, I am rather too much occupied with you."

"Me? The tree is formed—try only to bend the young twig!"

"Trees are trees, and twigs twigs," said the parson dogmatically; "but man is always growing till he falls into the grave. I think I have heard you say that you once had a narrow escape of a prison?"

"Very narrow."

"Just suppose that you were now in that prison, and that a fairy conjured up the prospect of this quiet home in a safe land; that you saw the orange trees in flower, felt the evening breeze on your cheek; beheld your child gay or sad, as you smiled or knit your brow; that within this phantom home was a woman, not, indeed, all your young romance might have dreamed of, but faithful and true, every beat of her heart all your own—would you not cry from the depth of the dungeon, 'O fairy! such a change were a paradise.' Ungrateful man! you want interchange for your mind, and your heart should suffice for all!"



Riccabocca was touched and silent.

"Come hither, my child," said Mr. Dale, turning round to Violante, who still stood among the flowers, out of hearing, but with watchful eyes. "Come hither," he said, opening his arms.

Violante bounded forward, and nestled to the good man's heart.

"Tell me, Violante, when you are alone in the fields or the garden, and have left your father looking pleased and serene, so that you have no care for him at your heart,—tell me, Violante, though you are all alone, with the flowers below, and the birds singing overhead, do you feel that life itself is happiness or sorrow?"

"Happiness!" answered Violante,

half shutting her eyes, and in a measured voice.

"Can you explain what kind of happiness it is?"

"Oh no, impossible! and it is never the same. Sometimes it is so still—so still, and sometimes so joyous, that I long for wings to fly up to God, and thank him!"

"O friend," said the Parson, "this is the true sympathy between life and nature, and thus we should feel even, did we take more care to preserve the health and innocence of a child. We are told that we must become as children to enter into the kingdom of heaven; methinks we should also become as children to know what delight there is in our heritage of earth!"

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE maid-servant (for Jackeymo was in the fields) brought the table under the awning, and with the English luxury of tea, there were other drinks as cheap and as grateful on summer evenings—drinks which Jackeymo had retained and taught from the customs of the south—un-ebriate liquors, pressed from cooling fruits, sweetened with honey, and deliciously iced: ice should cost nothing in a country in which one is frozen up half the year! And Jackeymo, too, had added to our good, solid, heavy English bread, preparations of wheat much lighter, and more propitious to digestion—with those crisp *grissins*, which seem to enjoy being eaten, they make so pleasant a noise between one's teeth.

The Parson esteemed it a little treat to drink tea with the Riccaboccas. There was something of *elegance* and *grace*, in that homely

meal, at the poor exile's table, which pleased the eye as well as taste. And the very utensils, plain Wedgwood though they were, had a classical simplicity, which made Mrs. Head-dean's old India delf, and Mrs. Dale's best Worcester china, look tawdry and barbarous in comparison. For it was Flaxman who gave designs to Wedgwood, and the most truly refined of all our manufactures in porcelain (if we do not look to the mere material) is in the reach of the most thrifty.

The little banquet was at first rather a silent one; but Riccabocca threw off his gloom, and became gay and animated. Then poor Mrs. Riccabocca smiled, and pressed the *grissins*; and Violante, forgetting all her stateliness, laughed and played tricks on the Parson, stealing away his cup of warm tea when his head was turned, and substituting iced cherry juice. Then

up and ran after Vio-  
angry faces, and Vio-  
cautifully, till the Par-  
l out, was too glad to  
nd come back to the  
Thus time rolled on,  
afar the stroke of the  
clock, and Mr. Dale  
cried, "But we shall  
for Leonard. Come,  
girl, get your father

ella!" said Riccabocca,  
the cloudless moonlit

against the stars?"  
on laughing.  
are no friends of mine,"  
ca, "and one never  
ay happen!"  
pher and the Parson  
cably.

done me good," said  
but I hope I am not  
reasonably melancholic  
o suspect. The even-  
imes appear long and  
nan whose thoughts on  
most his sole compa-

anions?—your child?"  
young."

—," the bland Italian  
eck some disparaging  
nildly added, "so good,  
you must own that she  
ave much in common."  
hing of the sort. You  
se and your interests,  
and your lives, in com-  
n are so exacting, we  
d ideal nymphs and  
n we condescend to  
l; and if we did, our  
l be boiled to rags, and  
ome up as cold as a

o, you are an oracle,"  
s, laughing. "But I

am not so sceptical as you are. I  
honour the fair sex too much. There  
are a great many women who realise  
the ideal of men, to be found in—  
the poets!"

"There's my dear Mrs. Dale," re-  
sumed the Parson, not heeding this  
sarcastic compliment to the sex, but  
sinking his voice into a whisper, and  
looking round cautiously—"There's  
my dear Mrs. Dale, the best woman  
in the world—an angel I would say,  
if the word was not profane; BUT—"

"What's the BUT?" asked the  
Doctor, demurely.

"BUT I too might say that 'she  
and I have not much in common,' if  
I were only to compare mind to mind,  
and when my poor Carry says some-  
thing less profound than Madame  
de Stael might have said, smile on her  
in contempt from the elevation of  
logic and Latin. Yet when I re-  
member all the little sorrows and joys  
that we have shared together, and  
feel how solitary I should have been  
without her—oh, then, I am instantly  
aware that there is between us in  
common something infinitely closer  
and better than if the same course of  
study had given us the same equality  
of ideas; and I was forced to brace  
myself for a combat of intellect, as I  
am when I fall in with a tiresome  
sage like yourself. I don't pretend to  
say that Mrs. Riccabocca is a Mrs.  
Dale," added the Parson, with lofty  
candour—"there is but one Mrs. Dale  
in the world; but still, you have  
drawn a prize in the wheel matri-  
monial! Think of Socrates, and yet  
he was content even with his—Xan-  
tippe!"

Dr. Riccabocca called to mind Mrs.  
Dale's "little tempers," and inly re-  
joiced that no second Mrs. Dale had  
existed to fall to his own lot. His  
placid Jemima gained by the contrast.  
Nevertheless, he had the ill grace to  
reply, "Socrates was a man beyond

all imitation!—Yet I believe that even he spent very few of his evenings at home. But *revenons à nos moutons*, we are nearly at Mrs. Fairfield's cottage, and you have not yet told me what you have settled as to Leonard."

The Parson halted, took Riccabocca by the button, and informed him, in very few words, that Leonard was to go to Lansmere to see some relations there, who had the fortune, if they had the will, to give full career to his abilities.

"The great thing, in the meanwhile," said the Parson, "would be to enlighten him a little as to what he calls—enlightenment."

"Ah!" said Riccabocca, diverted, and rubbing his hands, "I shall listen with interest to what you say on that subject."

"And must aid me: for the first step in this modern march of lightenment is to leave the parson behind; and if one calls 'Hold! and look at the signs' the traveller hurries on the first saying to himself, 'Pooh, pooh, that is only the cry of the Parson! But my gentleman, when he dares me, will listen to you—you're a philosopher!'"

"We philosophers are of some now and then, even to Parsons!"

"If you were not so conceited: of deluded poor creatures already would say 'Yes,'" replied the Parson generously; and, taking hold of Riccabocca's umbrella, he applied brass handle thereof, by way of knocker, to the cottage door.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

CERTAINLY it is a glorious fever that desire To Know! And there are few sights in the moral world more sublime than that which many a garret might afford, if Asmodeus would bare the roofs to our survey—viz., a brave, patient, earnest human being toiling his own arduous way, athwart the iron walls of penury, into the magnificent Infinite, which is luminous with starry souls.

So there sits Leonard the Self-taught in the little cottage alone: for, though scarcely past the hour in which great folks dine, it is the hour in which small folks go to bed, and Mrs. Fairfield has retired to rest, while Leonard has settled to his books.

He had placed his table under the lattice, and from time to time he looked up and enjoyed the stillness of the moon. Well for him that, in reparation for those hours stolen from

night, the hardy physical labourer commenced with dawn. Students' must not be the sad dyspeptics they; they worked as many hours in open air as my scholar-peasant. even in him you could see the mind had begun a little to affix frame. They who task the intellect must pay the penalty with the intellect. I, believe me, would this world get on if all within it hard-reading, studious animals, using the deuce with the ganglion paratus.

Leonard started as he heard knock at the door; the Parson's known voice re-assured him. In surprise he admitted his visitor.

"We are come to talk to Leonard," said Mr. Dale, "but we shall disturb Mrs. Fairfield."

"Oh no, sir! the door to the case is shut, and she sleeps sound."

"this is a French book—do French, Leonard?" asked he.

"I've not found French difficult, except over the grammar, and the language is so clear; it seems the language for reasoning."

"Voltaire said justly, 'What became is not French,'" objected Riccabocca.

"Oh I could say the same of Latin," muttered the Parson.

"What is this?—Latin too?"

"No, sir. But I find I make little progress without a master. I fear I give it up," (and Leonard

and two gentlemen exchanged glances and seated themselves. The Parson remained standing motionless in his air and mien there was something that touched the heart which pleased the eye. He was no timid boy who had shrunk from the frown of Mr. Stirn, nor a personation of simple phlegm, roused to undisciplined wrath which had received its downy village green of Hazeldean. His every thought was on his countenance, somewhat unquiet still, but earnest. The features had

attained that refinement which is often attributed to race, but comes, in truth, from elegance of idea, whether caught from our parents or learned from books. In his rich brown hair, thrown carelessly from his temples, and curling almost to the shoulders—in his large blue eye, which was deepened to the hue of the violet by the long dark lash—in that firmness of lip, which comes from the grapple with difficulties, there was considerable beauty, but no longer the beauty of the mere peasant. And yet there was still about the whole countenance that expression of goodness and purity which a painter would give to his ideal of the peasant lover—such as Tasso would have placed in the *Aminta*, or Fletcher have admitted to the side of the Faithful Shepherdess.

"You must draw a chair here, and sit down between us, Leonard," said the Parson.

"If any one," said Riccabocca, "has a right to sit, it is the one who is to hear the sermon; and if any one ought to stand, it is the one who is about to preach it."

"Don't be frightened, Leonard," said the Parson graciously; "it is only a criticism, not a sermon;" and he pulled out Leonard's Prize Essay.

## CHAPTER XIX.

PARSON.—“You take for your motto this aphorism\*—‘*Knowledge is Power.*’—BACON.”

RICCABOCCA.—“Bacon make such an aphorism! The last man in the world to have said anything so pert and so shallow.”

LEONARD, (astonished).—“Do you mean to say, sir, that that aphorism is not in Lord Bacon? Why, I have seen it quoted as his in almost every newspaper, and in almost every speech in favour of popular education.”

RICCABOCCA.—“Then that should be a warning to you never again to fall into the error of the would-be scholar—viz., quote second-hand. Lord Bacon wrote a great book to show in what knowledge is power, how that power should be defined, in what it might be mistaken. And, pray, do you think so sensible a man ever would have taken the trouble to write a great book upon the subject, if he could have packed up all he had to say into the portable dogma, ‘*Knowledge is power*?’ Pooh! no such aphorism is to be found in Bacon from

the first page of his writings to the last.”

PARSON, (candidly).—“Well, I supposed it was Lord Bacon’s, and I am very glad to hear that the aphorism has not the sanction of his celebrity.”

LEONARD, (recovering his surprise).—“But why so?”

PARSON.—“Because it either says a great deal too much, or just nothing at all.”

LEONARD.—“At least, sir, it seems to me undeniable.”

PARSON.—“Well, grant that it is undeniable. Does it prove much in favour of knowledge? Pray, is not ignorance power too?”

RICCABOCCA.—“And a power that has had much the best end of the quarter-staff.”

PARSON.—“All evil is power, and does its power make it anything the better?”

RICCABOCCA. — “Fanaticism is power—and a power that has often swept away knowledge like a wild wind. The Mussulman burns the library of a world—and forces the Koran and the sword from the schools of Byzantium to the colleges of Hindostan.”

PARSON, (bearing on with a new column of illustration).—“Hunger is power. The barbarians, starved out of their forests by their own swarming population, swept into Italy and annihilated letters. The Romans, however degraded, had more knowledge, at least, than the Gaul and the Visigoth.”

RICCABOCCA, (bringing up the reserve).—“And even in Greece, when Greek met Greek, the Athenians—our masters in all knowledge

\* This aphorism has been probably assigned to Lord Bacon upon the mere authority of the index to his works. It is the aphorism of the index-maker, certainly not of the great master of inductive philosophy. Bacon has, it is true, repeatedly dwelt on the power of knowledge, but with so many explanations and distinctions, that nothing could be more unjust to his general meaning than the attempt to cramp into a sentence what it costs him a volume to define. Thus, if in one page he appears to confound knowledge with power, in another he sets them in the strongest antithesis to each other; as follows—“*Adeo, signanter Deus opera potentie et sapientie discriminavit.*” But it would be as unfair to Bacon to convert into an aphorism the sentence that discriminates between knowledge and power as it is to convert into an aphorism any sentence that confounds them.

beat by the Spartans, who bring in contempt."

MR.—"Wherefore you see, that though knowledge be it is only *one* of the powers of the mind; that there are others as useful and often much stronger; and education either means but a truism, not worth so frequent mention, or it means something which I would find it very difficult to

ARD.—"One nation may be beaten by another that has more strength and more military education; which last, permit me to say, is a species of knowledge;—"

BOCCA.—"Yes; but your ge-mongers at present call to discard military discipline, and the qualities that produce it, from the useful arts. And in your Essay, you insist upon the use of arms as the great disbander of the mind and the foe of all military education!"

MR.—"Let the young man of letters say, Nations, you say, may be beaten by other nations less learned and less educated?"

ARD.—"But knowledge elevates the mind. I invite the members of the House of Commons to my humble order to know that because knowledge will lift up the poor to power."

BOCCA.—"What do you say Mr. Dale?"

MR.—"In the first place, is it not the class which has the most knowledge gets the most power? The philosophers, like my friend Abocca, think they have the most knowledge. And pray, in what way have the philosophers governed the world? Are they not always grumbling because nobody attends to them?"

BOCCA.—"*Per Bacco*, if I had attended to us, it would not be a droll sort of world by this

PARSON.—"Very likely. But, as a general rule, those have the most knowledge who give themselves up to it the most. Let us put out of the question philosophers, (who are often but ingenious lunatics,) and speak only of erudite scholars, men of letters and practical science, professors, tutors, and fellows of colleges. I fancy any member of Parliament would tell us that there is no class of men which has less actual influence on public affairs. These scholars have more knowledge than manufacturers and shipowners, squires and farmers; but, do you find that they have more power over the Government and the votes of the House of Commons?"

"They ought to have," said Leonard. "Ought they?" said the Parson; "we'll consider that later. Meanwhile, you must not escape from your own proposition, which is, that knowledge is power—not that it *ought* to be. Now, even granting your corollary, that the power of a class is therefore proportioned to its knowledge—pray, do you suppose that while your order, the operatives, are instructing themselves, all the rest of the community are to be at a standstill? Diffuse knowledge as you may, you will never produce equality of knowledge. Those who have most leisure, application, and aptitude for learning, will still know the most. Nay, by a very natural law, the more general the appetite for knowledge, the more the increased competition will favour those most adapted to excel by circumstance and nature. At this day, there is a vast increase of knowledge spread over all society, compared with that in the Middle Ages; but is there not a still greater distinction between the highly educated gentleman and the intelligent mechanic, than there was then between the baron who could not sign his name and the churl at the plough? between the accom-

plished statesman, versed in all historical lore, and the voter whose politics are formed by his newspaper, than there was between the legislator who passed laws against witches, and the burgher who defended his guild from some feudal aggression? between the enlightened scholar and the dunce of to-day, than there was between the monkish alchemist and the blockhead of yesterday? Peasant, voter, and dunce of this century are no doubt wiser than the churl, burgher, and blockhead of the twelfth. But the gentleman, statesman, and scholar of the present age are at least quite as favourable a contrast to the alchemist, witch-burner, and baron of old. As the progress of enlightenment has done hitherto, so will it ever do. Knowledge is like capital: the more there is in a country, the greater the disparities in wealth between one man and another. Therefore, if the working class increase in knowledge, so do the other classes; and if the working class rise peacefully and legitimately into power, it is not in proportion to their own knowledge alone, but rather according as it seems to the knowledge of the other orders of the community, that such augmentation of proportional power is just, and safe, and wise."

Placed between the Parson and the Philosopher, Leonard felt that his position was not favourable to the display of his forces. Insensibly he edged his chair somewhat away, and said mournfully—

"Then, according to you, the reign of knowledge would be no great advance in the aggregate freedom and welfare of man?"

PARSON.—"Let us define. By knowledge, do you mean intellectual cultivation?—by the reign of knowledge, the ascendancy of the most cultivated minds?"

LEONARD, (after a pause).—"Yes."

RICCABOCCA. — "Oh, indeed young man, that is an unfortunate concession of yours; for the ascendancy of the most cultivated minds would be a terrible oligarchy!"

PARSON.—"Perfectly true; and we now reply to your assertion, that men who, by profession have not learning, ought to have more instant than squires and merchants, farmers and mechanics. Observe, all the knowledge that we mortals can acquire is not knowledge positive and perfect, but knowledge comparative, and subject to the errors and passions of humanity. And suppose that you could establish, as the sole regulators of affairs, those who had the most mental cultivation, do you think they would not like that power well enough to take all means which their superior intelligence could devise to keep it to themselves? The experiment was tried of old by the priests of Egypt, and in the empire of China, at this day, the aristocracy are elected from those who have most distinguished themselves in learned colleges. If I may call myself a member of that body, 'the people,' I would rather be an Englishman, however much displeased with dull Ministers and bloated Parliaments, than I would be a Chinese under the rule of the priestly sages of the Celestial Empire. Happily therefore, my dear Leonard, nations are governed by many things besides what is commonly called knowledge, and the greatest practical ministers who, like Themistocles, have made small states great—and the most dominant races, who, like the Romans, have stretched their rule from a village half over the universe—have been distinguished by various qualities which a philosopher would sneer at, and a knowledge-monger would call 'and prejudices,' and 'lamentable errors of reason.'"

LEONARD, (bitterly).—"Sir, you

use of knowledge itself to argue  
; knowledge.”  
son.—“I make use of the  
know to prove the foolishness  
stry. I do not argue against  
dge; I argue against know-  
worship. For here, I see in  
say, that you are not contented  
sizing human knowledge into  
ing like divine omnipotence,  
not also confound her with

According to you, it is but  
se the intelligence of the few  
the many, and all at which  
members aim is accomplished.  
ore; for, whereas, we humble  
rs have never presumed to  
th the heathen Stoic, that even  
is sure of happiness below,  
it be the best road to it,) you  
plainly that this knowledge of  
gives not only the virtue of a  
ut bestows the bliss of a god.  
the steps of your idol, the evils  
disappear. To hear you, one  
t ‘to know,’ in order to be  
from the sins and sorrows of  
erant. Has it ever been so?  
that you diffuse amongst the  
ll the knowledge ever attained  
few. Have the wise few been  
ring and so happy? You sup-  
hat your motto was accurately  
own Bacon. What was Bacon  
? The poet tells you—

est, brightest, meanest of mankind!  
a hope to bestow upon the vast  
your order the luminous intel-

ligence of this, ‘Lord Chancellor of  
Nature?’ Grant that you do so—  
and what guarantee have you for the  
virtue and the happiness which you  
assume as the concomitants of the  
gift. See Bacon himself: what black  
ingratitude! what miserable self-  
seeking! what truckling servility!  
what abject and pitiful spirit! So  
far from intellectual knowledge, in its  
highest form and type, insuring virtue  
and bliss, it is by no means uncommon  
to find great mental cultivation com-  
bined with great moral corruption.”  
(Aside to Riccabocca.—“Push on, will  
you?”)

RICCABOCCA.—“A combination re-  
markable in eras as in individuals.  
Petronius shows us a state of morals  
at which a commonplace devil would  
blush, in the midst of a society more  
intellectually cultivated than certainly  
was that which produced Regulus or  
the Horatii. And the most learned  
eras in modern Italy were precisely  
those which brought the vices into the  
most ghastly refinement.”

LEONARD, (rising in great agita-  
tion, and clapping his hands).—“I  
cannot contend with you, who produce  
against information so slender and  
crude as mine the stores which have  
been locked from my reach. But I  
feel that there must be another side  
to this shield—a shield that you will  
not even allow to be silver. And, oh,  
if you thus speak of knowledge, why  
have you encouraged me to know?”



## CHAPTER XX.

"AH, my son!" said the Parson, "if I wished to prove the value of Religion, would you think I served it much, if I took as my motto, 'Religion is power?' Would not that be a base and sordid view of its advantages? And would you not say, he who regards religion as a power intends to abuse it as a priestcraft?"

"Well put!" said Riccabocca.

"Wait a moment—let me think! Ah—I see, sir!" said Leonard.

PARSON.—"If the cause be holy, do not weigh it in the scales of the market; if its objects be peaceful, do not seek to arm it with the weapons of strife; if it is to be the cement of society, do not vaunt it as the triumph of class against class."

LEONARD, (ingenuously).—"You correct me, nobly, sir. Knowledge is power, but not in the sense in which I have interpreted the saying."

PARSON.—"Knowledge is *one* of the powers in the moral world, but one that, in its immediate result, is not always of the most worldly advantage to the possessor. It is one of the slowest, because one of the most durable, of agencies. It may take a thousand years for a thought to come into power; and the thinker who originated it might have died in rags or in chains."

RICCABOCCA.—"Our Italian proverb saith that 'the teacher is like the candle, which lights others in consuming itself.'"

PARSON.—"Therefore he who has the true ambition of knowledge should entertain it for the power of his idea, not for the power it may bestow on himself: it should be lodged in the conscience, and, like the conscience, look for no certain reward

on this side the grave. And such knowledge is compatible with good and with evil, would not it be better to say, 'Knowledge is a trust?'"

"You are right, sir," said Leonard, cheerfully; "pray proceed."

PARSON.—"You ask me why we encourage you to *KNOW*. First, because (as you say yourself in your Essay) knowledge, irrespective of what is in itself a delight, and ought to be something far more. Like *living* like religion, it may be abused: but I have no more right to say that the poor shall be ignorant, than I have to say that the rich only shall be free, and that the clergy alone shall learn the truths of redemption. You truly observe in your treatise that knowledge opens to us other elements than those of the senses, and another life than that of the moment. The difference between us is this, that you forget that the same refinement which brings us new pleasures opens us to new pains—the horny hand of the peasant feels not the nettle which sting the fine skin of the scholar. You forget also, that what widens the sphere of the desire opens to them also new temptations. Vanity, the desire of applause, the sense of superiority—garden of discontent where that superiority is not recognised—morbid susceptibility which comes with all new feelings—the underrating of simple pleasures apart from the intellectual—the decay of the imagination, often unduly stimulated, for things unattainable below—all these are surely among the first temptations that beset the entrance into knowledge."

Leonard shaded his face with his hand.

continued the Parson—"hence, so far from content we do all that is needful in ourselves as men, when only the intellect, we remember that we thereby increase the range of our therefore of our tempta-

we should endeavour, sly, to cultivate both those the heart which prove to be God's children no he wise, and those moral ick have made men great hen reading and writing sly known: to wit,—pa-fortitude under poverty ; humility and beneficence deur and wealth ; and, in n to that egotism which ity, mental or worldly, is re, Justice, the father of re solid virtues, softened ; which is their loving hus accompanied, know- i becomes the magnificent narity—not the imperious the checked and tempered the soul."

son paused, and Leonard, r him, timidly took his a child's affectionate and pulse.

COA.—"And if, Leonard, t satisfied with our Parent definitions, you have l what Lord Bacon him- d upon the true ends of to comprehend at once he poor great man, whom treats so harshly, would ith those who have stinted t distinctions and pro- ions into that coxcombical sm, and then misconstrued ned to prove in favour of adment, and authority of 'or," added the sage, look- a man does when he is memory, "I think it is

thus that, after saying the greatest error of all is the mistaking or misplacing the end of knowledge, and denouncing the various objects for which it is vulgarly sought—I think it is thus that Lord Bacon proceeds, . . . 'Knowledge is not a shop for profit or sale, but a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of men's estate.'"<sup>\*</sup>

PARSON, (remorsefully.)—"Are those Lord Bacon's words? I am very sorry I spoke so uncharitably of his life. I must examine it again. I may find excuses for it now that I could not when I first formed my judgment. I was then a raw lad at Oxford. But I see, Leonard, there is still something on your mind."

LEONARD.—"It is true, sir: I would but ask whether it is not by knowledge that we arrive at the qualities and virtues you so well describe, but which you seem to consider as coming to us through channels apart from knowledge?"

PARSON.—"If you mean by the word knowledge something very different from what you express in your Essay—and which those con-

<sup>\*</sup> "But the greatest error of all the rest is the mistaking or misplacing of the last or farthest end of knowledge:—for men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge, sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight; sometimes for ornament and reputation; and sometimes to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction; and most times for lucre and profession"—[that is, for most of those objects which are meant by the ordinary citers of the saying, "Knowledge is power;"] "and seldom sincerely to give a true account of these gifts of reason to the benefit and use of men; as if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down, with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention; or a shop for profit or sale—and not a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of men's estate."—ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING, Book I.

tending for mental instruction, irrespective of religion and ethics, appear also to convey by the word—you are right; but, remember, we have already agreed that by the word knowledge we mean culture purely intellectual."

LEONARD.—"That is true—we so understood it."

PARSON.—"Thus, when this great Lord Bacon erred, you may say that he erred from want of knowledge—the knowledge which moralists and preachers would convey. But Lord Bacon had read all that moralists and preachers could say on such matters; and he certainly did not err from want of intellectual cultivation. Let me here, my child, invite you to observe, that He who knew most of our human hearts and our immortal destinies, did not *insist* on this intellectual culture as essential to the virtues that form our well-being here, and conduce to our salvation hereafter. Had it been essential, the Allwise One would not have selected humble fishermen for the teachers of His doctrine, instead of culling His disciples from Roman portico or Athenian academe. And this, which distinguishes so remarkably the Gospel from the ethics of heathen philosophy, wherein knowledge is declared to be necessary to virtue, is a proof how slight was the heathen sage's insight into the nature of mankind, when compared with the Saviour's; for hard, indeed, would it be to men, whether high or low, rich or poor, if science and learning, or contemplative philosophy, were the sole avenues to peace and redemption; since, in this state of ordeal requiring active duties, very few in any age, whether they be high or low, rich or poor, ever are or can be devoted to pursuits merely mental. Christ does not represent heaven as a college for the learned. Therefore the rules of the

Celestial Legislator are rendered to the simplest understanding the deepest."

RICCABOCCA.—"And that Plato and Zeno, Pythagoras, Socrates could not do, was in men whose ignorance would be a by-word in the schools of the gods. The gods of the vulgar were throned; the face of the world changed! This thought us allow, indeed, that the agencies more powerful than knowledge, and ask, after all, the mission which knowledge achieve?"

PARSON.—"The Sacred Being us even that; for after all the truth that, for the in knowledge is not essential! ness and good, it accords knowledge its sublime part revelation prepared and an. When an instrument of ordinary intelligence was required a purpose divine—when the recorded by the simple, was plained by the acute, enforced energetic, carried home to the of the Gentile—the Supreme joined to the zeal of the earliest the learning and genius Paul—not holier than the calling himself the least, yet ing more abundantly than the making himself all things men, so that some might be. The ignorant may be saved surely than the wise; but let the wise man who *helps* to save how the fulness and animation grand Presence, of this ind Energy, seem to vivify the to speed the work!—In you often, in perils of waters, in robbers, in perils of mine own men, in perils by the heathen perils in the city, in perils in darkness, in perils in the sea, amongst false brethren! Be

son! does not Heaven here seem to reveal the true type of Knowledge—a sleepless activity, a pervading agency, a dauntless heroism, an all-supporting faith?—a power—a power indeed—a power apart from the aggrandisement of self—a power that brings to him who owns and transmits it but ‘weariness and painfulness; in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness’—but a power distinct from the mere circumstance of the man, rushing

from him as rays from the sun; borne through the air, and clothing it with light—piercing under earth, and calling forth the harvest! Worship not knowledge—worship not the sun, O my child! Let the sun but proclaim the Creator; let the knowledge but illumine the worship!”

The good man, overcome by his own earnestness, paused; his head drooped on the young student’s breast, and all three were long silent.

## CHAPTER XXI.

WHATEVER ridicule may be thrown upon Mr. Dale’s dissertations by the wit of the enlightened, they had a considerable, and I think a beneficial, effect upon Leonard Fairfield—an effect which may perhaps create less surprise, when the reader remembers that Leonard was unaccustomed to argument, and still retained many of the prejudices natural to his rustic breeding. Nay, he actually thought it possible that, as both Riccabocca and Mr. Dale were more than double his age, and had had opportunities not only of reading twice as many books, but of gathering up experience in wider ranges of life—he actually, I say, thought it possible that they might be better acquainted with the properties and distinctions of knowledge than himself. At all events, the Parson’s words were so far well-timed, that they produced in Leonard very much of that state of mind which Mr. Dale desired to effect, before communicating to him the startling intelligence that he was to visit relations whom he had never seen, of whom he had heard but little, and that it *was at least possible* that the

result of that visit might be to open to him greater facilities for instruction, and a higher degree in life.

Without some such preparation, I fear that Leonard would have gone forth into the world with an exaggerated notion of his own acquirements, and with a notion yet more exaggerated as to the kind of power that such knowledge as he possessed would obtain for itself. As it was, when Mr. Dale broke to him the news of the experimental journey before him, cautioning him against being over sanguine, Leonard received the intelligence with a serious meekness, and thoughts that were nobly solemn.

When the door closed on his visitors, he remained for some moments motionless, and in deep meditation; then he unclosed the door and stole forth. The night was already far advanced, the heavens were luminous with all the host of stars. “I think,” said the student, referring, in later life, to that crisis in his destiny—“I think it was then, as I stood alone, yet surrounded by worlds so numberless, that I first felt the distinction between mind and soul.”

"Tell me," said Riccabocca, as he parted company with Mr. Dale, "whether you would have given to Frank Hazeldean, on entering life, the same lecture on the limits and ends of knowledge which you have bestowed on Leonard Fairfield?"

"My friend," quoth the Parson, with a touch of human conceit, "I have ridden on horseback, and I know that some horses should be guided by the bridle, and some should be urged by the spur."

"*Cospetto*!" said Riccabocca, "you contrive to put every experience of yours to some use—even your journey on Mr. Hazeldean's pad. And I now see why, in this little world of a village, you have picked up so general an acquaintance with life."

"Did you ever read White's *Natural History of Selborne*?"

"No."

"Do so, and you will find that you need not go far to learn the habits of birds, and know the difference between a swallow and a swift. Learn the difference in a village, and you know the difference wherever swallows and swifts skim the air."

"Swallows and swifts!—true; but men—"

"Are with us all the year round—which is more than we can say of swallows and swifts."

"Mr. Dale," said Riccabocca, taking off his hat with great formality, "I ever again I find myself in a dilemma, I will come to you instead of to Michiavelli."

"Ah!" cried the Parson, "if I could but have a calm hour's talk with you on the errors of the Papal relig—"

Riccabocca was off like a shot.

## CHAPTER XXII.

THE next day, Mr. Dale had a long conversation with Mrs. Fairfield. At first, he found some difficulty in getting over her pride, and inducing her to accept overtures from parents who had so long slighted both Leonard and herself. And it would have been in vain to have put before the good woman the worldly advantages which such overtures implied. But when Mr. Dale said, almost sternly, "Your parents are old, your father infirm; their least wish should be as binding to you as their command," the Widow bowed her head, and said—

"God bless them, sir, I was very sinful—'Honour your father and mother.' I'm no scollard, but I know the Commandments. Let Lenny go.

But he'll soon forget me, and maybe he'll learn to be ashamed of me."

"There I will trust him," said the Parson; and he contrived easily to reassure and soothe her.

It was not till all this was settled that Mr. Dale drew forth an unsealed letter, which Mr. Richard Arnes, taking his hint, had given to him, as from Leonard's grandparents, and said—"This is for you, and it contains an enclosure of some value."

"Will you read it, sir? As I said before, I'm no scollard."

"But Leonard is, and he will read it to you."

When Leonard returned home that evening, Mrs. Fairfield showed him the letter. It ran thus—

"DEAR JANE,—Mr. Dale will tell you that we wish Leonard to come to us. We are glad to hear you are well. We forward, by Mr. Dale, a bank-note for £50, which comes from Richard, your brother. So no more at present from your affectionate parents,

"JOHN AND MARGARET AVENEL."

The letter was in a stiff female scrawl, and Leonard observed that two or three mistakes in spelling had been corrected, either in another pen or in a different hand.

"Dear brother Dick, how good in him!" cried the Widow. "When I saw there was money, I thought it must be him. How I should like to see Dick again. But I s'pose he's still in Amerikay. Well, well, this will buy clothes for you."

"No; you must keep it all, mother, and put it in the Savings' Bank."

"I'm not quite so silly as that," cried Mrs. Fairfield with contempt; and she put the fifty pounds into a cracked teapot.

"It must not stay there when I'm gone. You may be robbed, mother."

"Dear me, dear me, that's true. What shall I do with it?—what do I want with it, too? Dear me! I wish they hadn't sent it. I shan't sleep in peace. You must e'en put it in your own pouch, and button it up tight, boy."

Lenny smiled, and took the note; but he took it to Mr. Dale, and begged him to put it into the Savings' Bank for his mother.

The day following he went to take leave of his master, of Jackeymo, of the fountain, the garden. But after he had gone through the first of these adieus with Jackeymo—who, poor man, indulged in all the lively gestimations of grief which make half the eloquence of his countrymen, and then, *absolutely blubbering*, hurried

away—Leonard himself was so affected that he could not proceed at once to the house, but stood beside the fountain, trying hard to keep back his tears.

"You, Leonard—and you are going!" said a soft voice; and the tears fell faster than ever, for he recognised the voice of Violante.

"Do not cry," continued the child, with a kind of tender gravity. "You are going, but papa says it would be selfish in us to grieve, for it is for your good; and we should be glad. But I am selfish, Leonard, and I do grieve. I shall miss you sadly."

"You, young lady—you miss me?"

"Yes. But I do not cry, Leonard, for I envy you, and I wish I were a boy: I wish I could do as you."

The girl clasped her hands, and reared her slight form, with a kind of passionate dignity.

"Do as me, and part from all those you love!"

"But to serve those you love. One day you will come back to your mother's cottage, and say, 'I have conquered fortune.' O that I could go forth and return, as you will! But my father has no country, and his only child is a useless girl."

As Violante spoke, Leonard had dried his tears: her emotion distracted him from his own.

"Oh," continued Violante, again raising her head loftily, "what it is to be a man! A woman sighs 'I wish,' but a man should say 'I will.'"

Occasionally before Leonard had noted fitful flashes of a nature grand and heroic in the Italian child, especially of late—flashes the more remarkable from their contrast to a form most exquisitely feminine, and to a sweetness of temper which made even her pride gentle. But now it seemed as if the child spoke with the command of a queen—almost with the inspiration of a Muse. A strange

and new sense of courage entered within him.

"May I remember these words!" he murmured, half audibly.

The girl turned and surveyed him with eyes brighter for their moisture. She then extended her hand to him, with a quick movement, and, as he bent over it, with a grace taught to him by genuine emotion, she said—"And if you do, then, girl and child as I am, I shall think I have aided a brave heart in the great strife for honour!"

She lingered a moment, smiled as if to herself, and then, gliding away, was lost amongst the trees.

After a long pause, in which Leonard recovered slowly from the surprise and agitation into which Violante had thrown his spirits—previously excited as they were—he went, murmuring to himself, towards the house. But Riccabocca was from home. Leonard turned mechanically to the terrace, and busied himself with the flowers. But the dark eyes of Violante shone on his thoughts, and her voice rang in his ear.

At length Riccabocca appeared on the road, attended by a labourer, who carried something indistinct under his arm.

The Italian beckoned to Leonard to follow him into the parlour, and after conversing with him kindly, and at some length, and packing up, as it were, a considerable provision of wisdom in the portable shape of aphorisms and proverbs, the sage left him alone for a few moments. Riccabocca then returned with his wife, and bearing a small knapsack:—

"It is not much we can do for you, Leonard, and money is the worst gift in the world for a keepsake; but my wife and I have put our heads together to furnish you with a little outfit. Giacomo, who was in our secret, assures us that the clothes will fit;

and stole, I fancy, a coat of your, to have the right measure. Put them on when you go to your relations: it is astonishing what a difference it makes in the ideas people form of us, according as our coats are cut one way or another. I should not be representable in London thus; and nothing is more true than that a tailor is often the making of a man."

"The shirts, too, are very good holland," said Mrs. Riccabocca, about to open the knapsack.

"Never mind details, my dear," cried the wise man; "shirts are comprehended in the general principle of clothes. And, Leonard, as a remembrance somewhat more personal, except this, which I have worn many a year when time was a thing of importance to me, and nobler fates than mine hung on a moment. We missed the moment, or abused it; and here I am, a waif on a foreign shore. Methinks I have done with Time."

The exile, as he thus spoke, placed in Leonard's reluctant hands a watch that would have delighted an antiquary, and shocked a dandy. It was exceedingly thick, having an outer case of enamel, and an inner one of gold. The hands and the figures of the hours had originally been formed of brilliants; but the brilliants had long since vanished. Still, even thus bereft, the watch was much more in character with the giver than the receiver, and was as little suited to Leonard as would have been the red silk umbrella.

"It is old-fashioned," said Mrs. Riccabocca; "but it goes better than any clock in the county. I really think it will last to the end of the world."

"*Carissima mia!*" cried the Doctor, "I thought I had convinced you that the world is by no means come to its last legs."

"Oh, I did not mean anything,

Alphonso," said Mrs. Riccabocca, colouring.

"And that is all we do mean when we talk about that of which we can know nothing," said the Doctor, less gallantly than usual, for he resented that epithet of "old-fashioned," as applied to the watch.

Leonard, we see, had been silent all this time; he could not speak—literally and truly, he could not speak. How he got out of his embarrassment, and how he got out of the room, he never explained to my satisfaction. But, a few minutes afterwards, he was seen hurrying down the road very briskly.

Riccabocca and his wife stood at the window gazing after him.

"There is a depth in that boy's heart," said the sage, "which might float an Argosy."

"Poor dear boy! I think we have put everything into the knapsack that he can possibly want," said good Mrs. Riccabocca musingly.

The Doctor, (continuing his soli-

loquy).—"They are strong, but they are not immediately apparent."

MRS. RICCABOCCA, (resuming hers.)—"They are at the bottom of the knapsack."

The DOCTOR.—"They will stand long wear and tear."

MRS. RICCABOCCA.—"A year, at least, with proper care at the wash."

The DOCTOR, (startled.)—"Care at the wash! What on earth are you talking of, ma'am?"

MRS. RICCABOCCA, (mildly).—"The shirts, to be sure, my love! And you?"

The DOCTOR, (with a heavy sigh.)—"The feelings, ma'am!" Then, after a pause, taking his wife's hand affectionately—"But you did quite right to think of the shirts: Mr. Dale said very truly—"

MRS. RICCABOCCA.—"What?"

The DOCTOR.—"That there was a great deal in common between us—even when I think of feelings, and you but of—shirts!"

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Mr. and Mrs. Avenel sat within the parlour—Mr. Richard stood on the hearth-rug, whistling Yankee Doodle. "The Parson writes word that the lad will come to-day," said Richard, suddenly—"let me see the letter—ay, to-day. If he took the coach as far as —, he might walk the rest of the way in two or three hours. He should be pretty nearly here. I have a great mind to go and meet him: it will save his asking questions, and hearing about me. I can clear the town by the back way, and get out at the high-road."

"You'll not know him from any one else," said Mrs. Avenel.

"Well, that is a good one! Not know an Avenel! We've all the same cut of the jib—have not we, father?"

Poor John laughed heartily, till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"We were always a well-favoured fam'ly," said John, recomposing himself. "There was Luke, but he's gone; and Harry, but he's dead too; and Dick, but he's in Amerikay—no, he's here; and my darling Nora, but—"

"Hush!" interrupted Mrs. Avenel; "hush, John!"

The old man stared at her, and then put his tremulous hand to his



brow. "And Nora's gone too!" said he, in a voice of profound woe. Both hands then fell on his knees, and his head drooped on his breast.

Mrs. Avenel rose, kissed her husband on the forehead, and walked away to the window. Richard took up his hat, and brushed the nap carefully with his handkerchief; but his lips quivered.

"I'm going," said he, abruptly. "Now mind, mother, not a word about uncle Richard yet; we must first see how we like each other, and—in a whisper you'll try and get that into my poor father's head?"

"Ay, Richard," said Mrs. Avenel quietly. Richard put on his hat and went out by the back way. He stole

along the fields that skirted the town, and had only once to cross the street before he got into the high-road.

He walked on till he came to the first milestone. There he seated himself, lighted his cigar, and awaited his nephew. It was now nearly the hour of sunset, and the road before him lay westward. Richard, from time to time, looked along the road, shading his eyes with his hand; and at length, just as the disc of the sun had half sunk down the horizon, a solitary figure came up the way. It emerged suddenly from the turn in the road; the reddening beams coloured all the atmosphere around it. Solitary and silent it came as from a Land of Light.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

"You have been walking far, young man?" said Richard Avenel.

"No, sir, not very. That is Lansmere before me, is it not?"

"Yes, it is Lansmere; you stop there, I guess?"

Leonard made a sign in the affirmative, and walked on a few paces; then, seeing the stranger who had accosted him still by his side, he said—

"If you know the town, sir, perhaps you will have the goodness to tell me whereabouts Mr. Avenel lives?"

"I can put you into a straight cut across the fields, that will bring you just behind the house."

"You are very kind, but it will take you out of your way."

"No, it is in my way. So you are going to Mr. Avenel's?—a good old gentleman."

"I've always heard so; and Mrs. Avenel—"

"A particular superior woman," said Richard. "Any one else to ask after?—I know the family well."

"No, thank you, sir."

"They have a son, I believe; but he's in America, is not he?"

"I believe he is, sir."

"I see the Parson has kept faith with me," muttered Richard.

"If you can tell me anything about him," said Leonard, "I should be very glad."

"Why so, young man?—perhaps he is hanged by this time."

"Hanged!"

"He was a sad dog, I am told."

"Then you have been told very falsely," said Leonard, colouring.

"A sad wild dog—his parents were so glad when he cut and run—went off to the States. They say he made money; but, if so, he neglected his relations shamefully."

"Sir," said Leonard, "you are wholly misinformed. He has been

most generous to a relation who had little claim on him; and I never heard his name mentioned but with love and praise."

Richard instantly fell to whistling Yankee Doodle, and walked on several paces without saying a word. He then made a slight apology for his impertinence—hoped no offence—and, with his usual bold but astute style of talk, contrived to bring out something of his companion's mind. He was evidently struck with the clearness and propriety with which Leonard expressed himself, raised his eyebrows in surprise more than once, and looked him full in the face with an attentive and pleased survey.—Leonard had put on the new clothes with which Riccabocca and wife had provided him. They were those appropriate to a young country tradesman in good circumstances; but as Leonard did not think about the clothes, so he had unconsciously something of the ease of the gentleman.

They now came into the fields. Leonard paused before a slip of ground sown with rye.

"I should have thought grass land would have answered better, so near a town," said he.

"No doubt it would," answered Richard; "but they are sadly behind-hand in these parts. You see the great park yonder, on the other side of the road? That would answer better for rye than grass; but then, what would become of my Lord's

deer? The aristocracy eat us up, young man."

"But the aristocracy did not sow this piece with rye, I suppose?" said Leonard, smiling.

"And what do you conclude from that?"

"Let every man look to his own ground," said Leonard, with a cleverness of repartee caught from Dr. Riccabocca.

"Cute lad you are," said Richard; "and we'll talk more of these matters another time."

They now came within sight of Mr. Avenel's house.

"You can get through the gap in the hedge, by the old pollard oak," said Richard; and come round by the front of the house. Why, you're not afraid—are you?"

"I am a stranger."

"Shall I introduce you? I told you that I knew the old couple."

"Oh no, sir! I would rather meet them alone."

"Go; and—wait a bit—harkye, young man, Mrs. Avenel is a cold-mannered woman; but don't be abashed by that."

Leonard thanked the good-natured stranger, crossed the field, passed the gap, and paused a moment under the stunted shade of the old hollow-hearted oak. The ravens were returning to their nests. At the sight of a human form under the tree, they wheeled round, and watched him afar. From the thick of the boughs, the young ravens sent their hoarse low cry.

## CHAPTER XXV

THE young man entered the neat, prim, formal parlour.

"You are welcome!" said Mrs. Avenel, in a firm voice.

"The gentleman is heartily welcome," cried poor John.

"It is your grandson, Leonard Fairfield," said Mrs. Avenel.

But John, who had risen with knocking knees, gazed hard at Leonard, and then fell on his breast, sobbing aloud—"Nora's eyes!—he has a blink in his eye like Nora's."

Mrs. Avenel approached with a steady step, and drew away the old man tenderly.

"He is a poor creature," she whispered to Leonard—"you excite him. Come away, I will show you your room."

Leonard followed her up the stairs, and came into a room—neatly, and even prettily furnished. The carpet and curtains were faded by the sun, and of old-fashioned pattern; there was a look about the room as if it had been long disused.

Mrs. Avenel sank down on the first chair on entering.

Leonard drew his arm round her waist affectionately: "I fear that I have put you out sadly—my dear grandmother."

Mrs. Avenel glided hastily from his arm, and her countenance worked much—every nerve in it twitching, as it were; then, placing her hand on his locks, she said with passion, "God bless you, my grandson," and left the room.

Leonard dropped his knapsack on the floor, and looked around him wistfully. The room seemed as if it had once been occupied by a female. *There was a work-box on the chest of*

*drawers, and over it hanging shelves for books, suspended by ribbons that had once been blue, with silk and fringe appended to each shelf, and knots and tassels here and there—the taste of a woman, or rather of a girl, who seeks to give a grace to the commonest things around her. With the mechanical habit of a student, Leonard took down one or two of the volumes still left on the shelves. He found SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen*, RACINE in French, TASSO in Italian; and on the fly-leaf of each volume, in the exquisite handwriting familiar to his memory, the name "Leonora." He kissed the books, and replaced them with a feeling akin both to tenderness and awe.*

He had not been alone in his room more than a quarter of an hour, before the maid-servant knocked at his door and summoned him to tea.

Poor John had recovered his spirits, and his wife sat by his side holding his hand in hers. Poor John was even gay. He asked many questions about his daughter Jane, and did not wait for the answers. Then he spoke about the Squire, whom he confounded with Audley Egerton, and talked of elections and the Blue party, and hoped Leonard would always be a good Blue; and then he fell to his tea and toast, and said no more.

Mrs. Avenel spoke little, but she eyed Leonard askant, as it were, from time to time; and, after each glance, the nerves of the poor severe face twitched again.

A little after nine o'clock, Mrs. Avenel lighted a candle, and placing it in Leonard's hand, said, "You must be tired—you know your own room now. Good night."

Leonard took the light, and, as was his wont with his mother, kissed Mrs. Avenel on the cheek. Then he took John's hand and kissed him too. The old man was half asleep, and murmured dreamily, "That's Nora."

Leonard had retired to his room about half an hour, when Richard Avenel entered the house softly, and joined his parents.

"Well, mother?" said he.

"Well, Richard—you have seen him?"

"And like him. Do you know he has a great look of poor Nora?—more like her than Jane."

"Yes; he is handsomer than Jane ever was, but more like your father than any one. John was so comely. You take to the boy, then?"

"Ay, that I do. Just tell him in the morning that he is to go with a gentleman who will be his friend, and don't say more. The chaise shall be at the door after breakfast. Let him get into it: I shall wait for him out of the town. What's the room you gave him?"

"The room you would not take."

"The room in which Nora slept? Oh no! I could not have slept a wink there. What a charm there was in that girl—how we all loved her! But she was too beautiful and good for us—too good to live!"

"None of us are too good," said Mrs. Avenel, with great austerity, "and I beg you will not talk in that way. Good night—I must get your poor father to bed."

When Leonard opened his eyes the next morning, they rested on the face of Mrs. Avenel, which was bending over his pillow. But it was long before he could recognise that countenance, so changed was its expression—so tender, so motherlike. Nay, the face of his own mother had never seemed to him so soft with a mother's passion.

"Ah!" he murmured, half rising

and flinging his young arms round her neck. Mrs. Avenel, this time taken by surprise, warmly returned the embrace: she clasped him to her breast, she kissed him again and again. At length, with a quick start, she escaped, and walked up and down the room, pressing her hands tightly together. When she halted, her face had recovered its usual severity and cold precision.

"It is time for you to rise, Leonard," said she. "You will leave us to-day. A gentleman has promised to take charge of you, and do for you more than we can. A chaise will be at the door soon—make haste."

John was absent from the breakfast-table. His wife said that he never rose till late, and must not be disturbed.

The meal was scarcely over before a chaise and pair came to the door.

"You must not keep the chaise waiting—the gentleman is very punctual."

"But he is not come."

"No; he has walked on before, and will get in after you are out of the town."

"What is his name, and why should he care for me, grandmother?"

"He will tell you himself. Be quick."

"But you will bless me again, grandmother. I love you already."

"I do bless you," said Mrs. Avenel firmly. "Be honest and good, and beware of the first false step." She pressed his hand with a convulsive grasp, and led him to the outer door.

The postboy clanked his whip, the chaise rattled off. Leonard put his head out of the window to catch a last glimpse of the old woman. But the boughs of the pollard oak, and its gnarled decaying trunk, hid her from his eye. And look as he would, till the road turned, he saw but the melancholy tree.

## BOOK FIFTH.

## INITIAL CHAPTER.

CONTAINING MR. CAXTON'S UNAVAILING CAUTION NOT TO BE DULL.

"I HOPE, Pisistratus," said my father, "that you do not intend to be dull?"

"Heaven forbid, sir! What could make you ask such a question? *Intend!* No! if I am dull, it is from innocence."

"A very long discourse upon knowledge!" said my father; "very long. I should cut it out!"

I looked upon my father as a Byzantian sage might have looked on a Vandal. "Cut it out!"

"Stops the action, sir!" said my father, dogmatically.

"Action! But a novel is not a drama."

"No, it is a great deal longer — twenty times as long, I dare say," replied Mr. Caxton, with a sigh.

"Well, sir — well! I think my Discourse upon Knowledge has much to do with the subject — is vitally essential to the subject; does not stop the action — only explains and eluci-

dates the action. And I am astonished, sir, that you, a scholar, and a cultivator of knowledge——"

"There—there!" cried my father, deprecatingly. "I yield—I yield. What better could I expect when I set up for a critic! What author ever lived that did not fly into a passion, even with his own father, if his father presumed to say—'Cut out!'"

MRS. CAXTON.—"My dear Anna, I am sure Pisistratus did not mean to offend you, and I have no doubt he will take your——"

PISISTRATUS, (hastily.)—"Advice for the future, certainly. I will quicken the action, and——"

"Go on with the Novel," whispered Roland, looking up from his eternal account-book. "We have lost £200 by our barley!"

Therewith I plunged my pen into the ink, and my thoughts into the "Fair Shadowland."

## CHAPTER II.

"HALT!" cried a voice; and not little surprised was Leonard when a stranger who had accosted him a preceding evening got into the aisle.

"Well," said Richard, "I am not the sort of man you expected, eh? Take time to recover yourself." And with these words Richard drew forth a book from his pocket, threw himself back, and began to read. Leonard stole many a glance at the acute, merry, handsome face of his companion, and gradually recognised a family likeness to poor John, in whom, despite age and infirmity, the traces of a common share of physical beauty were still evident. And, with that sick link in ideas which mathematical aptitude bestows, the young student at once conjectured that he was before him his uncle Richard. He had the discretion, however, to leave that gentleman free to choose his own time for introducing himself, and silently revolved the new thoughts reduced by the novelty of his situation. Mr. Richard read with notable sickness — sometimes cutting the sides of the book with his penknife, sometimes tearing them open with his forefinger, sometimes skipping whole pages altogether. Thus he slipped to the end of the volume — flung it aside — lighted his cigar, and began to talk.

He put many questions to Leonard relative to his rearing, and especially to the mode by which he had acquired his education; and Leonard, confirmed in the idea that he was replying to a kinsman, answered frankly.

Richard did not think it strange that Leonard should have acquired so much instruction with so little direct

tuition. Richard Avenel himself had been tutor to himself. He had lived too long with our go-ahead brethren, who stride the world on the other side the Atlantic with the seven-leagued boots of the Giant-killer, not to have caught their glorious fever for reading. But it was for a reading wholly different from that which was familiar to Leonard. The books he read must be new; to read old books would have seemed to him going back in the world. He fancied that new books necessarily contained new ideas — a common mistake — and our lucky adventurer was the man of his day.

Tired with talking, he at length chucked the book he had run through to Leonard, and, taking out a pocket-book and pencil, amused himself with calculations on some detail of his business, after which he fell into an absorbed train of thought — part pecuniary, part ambitious.

Leonard found the book interesting: it was one of the numerous works, half-statistic, half-declamatory, relating to the condition of the working-classes, which peculiarly distinguish our century, and ought to bind together rich and poor, by proving the grave attention which modern society bestows upon all that can affect the welfare of the last.

"Dull stuff — theory — claptrap," said Richard, rousing himself from his reverie at last; "it can't interest you."

"All books interest me, I think," said Leonard, "and this especially; for it relates to the working-class, and I am one of them."

"You were yesterday, but you mayn't be to-morrow," answered Richard, good-humouredly, and putting

him on the shoulder. "You see, my lad, that it is the middle class which ought to govern the country. What the book says about the ignorance of country magistrates is very good; but the man writes pretty considerable trash when he wants to regulate the number of hours a free-born boy should work at a factory — only ten hours a-day — pooh! and so lose two hours to the nation! Labour is wealth; and if we could get men to work twenty-four hours a-day, we should be just twice as rich. If the march of civilisation is to proceed," continued Richard, loftily, "men, and boys too, must not lie a-bed doing nothing *all night*, sir." Then, with a complacent tone — "We shall get to the twenty-four hours at last; and, by gad, we must, or we shan't flog the Europeans as we do now."

On arriving at the inn at which Richard had first made acquaintance with Mr. Dale, the coach by which he had intended to perform the rest of the journey was found to be full. Richard continued to perform the journey in post-chaises, not without some grumbling at the expense, and incessant orders to the post-boys to make the best of the way. "Slow country this, in spite of all its brag," said he — "very slow. Time is money — they know that in the States; for why, they are all men of business there. Always slow in a country where a parcel of lazy, idle lords, and dukes, and baronets, seem to think 'time is pleasure.'"

Towards evening the chaise approached the confines of a very large town, and Richard began to grow fidgety. His easy, cavalier air was abandoned. He withdrew his legs from the window, out of which they had been luxuriously dangling; pulled down his waistcoat; buckled more tightly his stock; it was clear that **he was resuming the decorous dignity**

that belongs to state. He was like a monarch who, after travelling happy and incognito, returns to his capital. Leonard divined at once that they were nearing their journey's end.

Humble foot-passengers now looked at the chaise, and touched their hats. Richard returned the salutation with a nod — a nod less gracious than descending. The chaise turned rapidly to the left, and stopped before a small lodge, very new, very white, adorned with two Doric columns in stucco, and flanked by a large pair of gates. "Hollo!" cried the post-boy, and cracked his whip.

Two children were playing before the lodge, and some clothes were hanging out to dry on the shrubs and pales round the neat little building.

"Hang those brats! they are actually playing," growled Dick. "As I live, the jade has been washing again! Stop, boy." During this soliloquy, a good-looking young woman had rushed from the door — slipped the children as, catching sight of the chaise, they ran towards the house — opened the gates, and, dropping a curtsey to the ground, seemed to wish that she could drop into it altogether, so frightened and so trembling seemed she to shrink from the wrathful face which the master now put out of the window.

"Did I tell you, or did I not," said Dick, "that I would not have these horrid, disreputable cubs of yours playing just before my lodge gates?"

"Please, sir —"

"Don't answer me. And did I tell you, or did I not, that the next time I saw you making a drying-ground of my lilacs, you should go out, neck and crop —"

"Oh, please, sir —"

"You leave my lodge next Saturday! drive on, boy. The ingratitude and insolence of those common people are disgraceful to human nature."

red Richard, with an accent of interest misanthropy.

The chaise wheeled along the best and freshest of gravel roads, rough fields of the finest land, in the best state of cultivation. Rapid

Leonard's survey, his rural eye detected the signs of a master in the ground. Hitherto he had regarded the Squire's model farm as the nearest approach to good husbandry he had seen; for Jackeymo's skill was developed rather on an intimate scale of market-gardening than what can fairly be called husbandry. But the Squire's farm was made up of many old-fashioned notions and concessions to the whim of the owner, which would not be found in the farms now-a-days—large tan-

hedge rows, which, though they detract one of the beauties most prized in old England, make sad mistakes from produce; great trees, shading the corn, and harrying the birds; little patches of sward left to waste; and angles of land running into fields, exposing them to rabbits, and blocking the sun. These and such-like on a gentleman-farmer's estate, common-sense and Giacomo made clear to the acute comprehension of Leonard. No such faults perceptible in Richard Avenel's estate. The fields lay in broad direct lines, the hedges were clipped and levelled into their proper destination boundaries. Not a blade of wheat withered under the cold of a tree; not a yard of land waste; not a weed was to be seen, not a thistle to waft its baleful seed through the air: some young plantations were placed, not where the artist would put them, but just where the farmer wanted a fence from the wind. Here no beauty in this? Yes, there was beauty of its kind—beauty recognizable to the initiated

—beauty of use and profit—beauty that could bear a monstrous high rent. And Leonard uttered a cry of admiration which thrilled through the heart of Richard Avenel.

"This is farming!" said the villager.

"Well, I guess it is," answered Richard, all his ill-humour vanishing. "You should have seen the land when I bought it. But we new men, as they call us—(damn their impertinence)—are the new blood of this country."

Richard Avenel never said anything more true. Long may the new blood circulate through the veins of the mighty giants; but let the grand heart be the same as it has been for proud ages.

The chaise now passed through a pretty shrubbery, and the house came into gradual view—a house with a portico—all the offices carefully thrust out of sight.

The postboy dismounted, and rang the bell.

"I almost think they are going to keep me waiting," said Mr. Richard, well-nigh in the very words of Louis XIV.

But that fear was not realised—the door opened; a well-fed servant out of livery presented himself. There was no hearty welcoming smile on his face, but he opened the chaise-door with demure and taciturn respect.

"Where's George? why does not he come to the door?" asked Richard, descending from the chaise slowly, and leaning on the servant's outstretched arm with as much precaution as if he had had the gout.

Fortunately, George here came into sight, settling himself hastily into his livery coat.

"See to the things, both of you," said Richard, as he paid the post-boy.

Leonard stood on the gravel sweep, gazing at the square white house.



"Handsome elevation—classical, I take it—eh?" said Richard, joining him. "But you should see the offices."

He then, with familiar kindness, took Leonard by the arm, and drew him within. He showed him the hall, with a carved mahogany stand for hats; he showed him the drawing-room, and pointed out all its beauties—though it was summer, the drawing-room looked cold, as will look rooms newly furnished, with walls newly papered, in houses newly built. The furniture was handsome, and suited to the rank of a rich trader. There was no pretence about it, and therefore no vulgarity, which is more than can be said for the houses of many an honourable Mrs. Somebody in Mayfair, with rooms twelve feet square, chokeful of buhl, that would have had its proper place in the Tuileries. Then Richard showed him the library, with mahogany book-cases and plate glass, and the fashionable authors handsomely bound. Your new men are much better friends to living authors than your old families who live in the country, and at most subscribe to a book-club. Then Richard took him up-stairs, and led him through the bed-rooms—all very clean and comfortable, and with every modern convenience; and, pausing in a very pretty single gentleman's chamber, said, "This is your den. And now, can you guess who I am?"

"No one but my uncle Richard could be so kind," answered Leonard.

But the compliment did not flatter Richard. He was extremely disconcerted and disappointed. He had hoped that he should be taken for a lord at least, forgetful of all that he had said in disparagement of lords.

"Pish!" said he at last, biting his lip—"so you don't think that I look like a gentleman? Come, now, speak honestly."

Leonard, wonderingly, saw he had given pain, and, with the good breeding which comes instinctively from good nature, replied—"I judge you by your heart, sir, and your likeness to my grandfather—otherwise I should never have presumed to fancy we could be relations."

"Hum!" answered Richard. "You can just wash your hands, and then come down to dinner; you will hear the gong in ten minutes. There's the bell—ring for what you want."

With that, he turned on his heel; and, descending the stairs, gave a look into the dining-room, and admired the plated salver on the sideboard, and the king's pattern spoons and forks on the table. Then he walked to the looking-glass over the mantelpiece; and, wishing to survey the whole effect of his form, mounted a chair. He was just getting into an attitude which he thought imposing, when the butler entered, and, being London bred, had the discretion to try to escape unseen; but Richard caught sight of him in the looking-glass, and coloured up to the temples.

"Jarvis," said he mildly—"Jarvis, put me in mind to have these impressions altered."

## CHAPTER III.

APPROPOS of the inexpressibles, Mr. Richard did not forget to provide his nephew with a much larger wardrobe than could have been thrust into Dr. Riccabocca's knapsack. There was a very good tailor in the town, and the clothes were very well made. And, fit for an air more ingenuous, and a look that, despite study and night gills, retained much of the sunburnt bloom of the rustic, Leonard Fairfield might now have almost passed, without sparing comment, by the bow-window at White's. Richard burst into an immoderate fit of laughter when he first saw the watch which the poor Italian had bestowed upon Leonard; but to atone for the laughter, he made him a present of a very pretty substitute, and bade him lock up his turnip." Leonard was sore hurt by the jeer at his old patron's gift than pleased by his uncle's. But Richard Avenel had no conception of sentiment. It was not for many days that Leonard could reconcile himself to his uncle's manner. Not that the peasant could pretend to rid of its mere conventional defects; at there is an ill-breeding to which, whatever our rank and nurture, we are almost equally sensitive—the ill-breeding that comes from want of consideration for others. Now, the quire was as homely in his way as Richard Avenel, but the Squire's bluntness rarely hurt the feelings; and when it did so, the Squire perceived and hastened to repair his blunder. But Mr. Richard, whether kind or cross, was always wounding men in some little delicate fibre—not from malice, but from the absence of any little delicate fibres of his own. He was really, in many respects, a

most excellent man, and certainly a very valuable citizen. But his merits wanted the fine tints and fluent curves that constitute beauty of character. He was honest, but sharp in his practice, and with a keen eye to his interests. He was just, but as a matter of business. He made no allowances, and did not leave to his justice the large margin of tenderness and mercy. He was generous, but rather from an idea of what was due to himself than with much thought of the pleasure he gave to others; and he even regarded generosity as a capital put out to interest. He expected a great deal of gratitude in return, and, when he obliged a man, considered that he had bought a slave. Every needy voter knew where to come, if he wanted relief or a loan; but woe to him if he had ventured to express hesitation when Mr. Avenel told him how he must vote.

In this town Richard had settled after his return from America, in which country he had enriched himself—first, by spirit and industry—lastly, by bold speculation and good luck. He invested his fortune in business—became a partner in a large brewery—soon bought out his associates—and then took a principal share in a flourishing corn mill. He prospered rapidly—bought a property of some two or three hundred acres, built a house, and resolved to enjoy himself, and make a figure. He had now become the leading man of the town, and the boast to Audley Egerston that he could return one of the members, perhaps both, was by no means an exaggerated estimate of his power. Nor was his proposition, according to his own views, so unprin-

cipled as it appeared to the statesman. He had taken a great dislike to both the sitting members—a dislike natural to a sensible man of moderate politics, who had something to lose. For Mr. Slappe, the active member—who was head-over-ears in debt—was one of the furious democrats rare before the Reform Bill—and whose opinions were held dangerous even by the mass of a Liberal constituency; while Mr. Sleekie, the gentleman member who laid by £5000 every year from his dividends in the Funds, was one of those men whom Richard justly pronounced to be “humbugs”—men who curry favour with the extreme party by voting for measures sure not to be carried; while, if there was the least probability of coming to a decision, that would lower the money market, Mr. Sleekie was seized with a well-timed influenza. Those politicians are common enough now. Propose to march to the Millennium, and they are your men. Ask them to march a quarter of a mile, and they fall to feeling their pockets, and trembling for fear of the footpads. They are never so joyful as when there is no chance of a victory. Did they beat the Minister, they would be carried out of the House in a fit.

Richard Avenel—despising both these gentlemen, and not taking kindly to the Whigs since the great Whig leaders were lords—had looked with a friendly eye to the Government as it then existed, and especially to Audley Egerton, the enlightened representative of commerce. But in giving Audley and his colleagues the benefit of his influence, through conscience, he thought it all fair and right to have a *quid pro quo*, and, as he had so frankly confessed, it was his whim to rise up “Sir Richard.” For this worthy citizen abused the aristocracy much on the same principle as the fair Olivia depreciated Squire

Thornhill—he had a sneaking affection for what he abused. The society of Screwtown was, like most provincial capitals, composed of two classes—the commercial and the exclusive. These last dwelt chiefly apart, around the ruins of an old abbey; they affected its antiquity in their pedigrees, and had much of its ruin in their finances. Widows of rural themes in the neighbourhood—gentle spinsters—officers retired on half-pay—younger sons of rich squires—who had now become old bachelors—in short, a very respectable, proud, aristocratic set—who thought more of themselves than do all the Gowers and Howards, Courtenays and Seymours, put together. It had early been the ambition of Richard Avenel to be admitted into this sublime coterie; and, strange to say, he had partially succeeded. He was never more happy than when he was asked to their card-parties, and never more unhappy than when he was actually there. Various circumstances combined to raise Mr. Avenel into this elevated society. First, he was unmarried, still very handsome, and in that society there was a large proportion of unwedded females. Secondly, he was the only rich tradesman in Screwtown who kept a good cook, and professed to give dinners, and the half-pay captains and colonels swallowed the host for the sake of the venison. Thirdly, and principally, all these exclusives abhorred the two sitting members, and “*idem velle de republica, ex fove amicicia est*,” that is, congeniality in politics pieces porcelain and rockery together better than the best diamond cement. The sturdy Richard Avenel—who valued himself on American independence—held these ladies and gentlemen in an awe that was truly Brahminical. Whether it was that, in England, all notions, even of liberty, are mixed up historically, traditionally,

socially, with that fine and subtle element of aristocracy which, like the press, is the air we breathe; or whether Richard imagined that he really became magnetically imbued with the virtues of these silver pennies and gold seven-shilling pieces, distinct from the vulgar coinage in popular use, it is hard to say. But the truth must be told—Richard Avenel was a notable turf-hunter. He had a great longing to marry out of this society; but he had not yet seen any one sufficiently high-born and high-bred to satisfy his aspirations. In the meanwhile, he had convinced himself that his way would be smooth could he ever make his ultimate choice “My Lady;” and he felt that it would be a proud hour in his life when he could walk before stiff Colonel Pompley to the sound of “Sir Richard.” Still, however disappointed at the ill success of his bluff diplomacy with Mr. Egerton, and however yet cherishing the most vindictive resentment against that individual—he did not, as many would have done, throw up his political convictions out of personal spite. He reserved his private grudge for some special occasion, and continued still to support the Administration, and to hate one of the Ministers.

But, duly to appreciate the value of Richard Avenel, and in just recompense to all his foibles, one ought to have seen what he had effected for the town. Well might he boast of “new blood;” he had done as much

for the town as he had for his fields. His energy, his quick comprehension of public utility, backed by his wealth, and bold, bullying, imperious character, had sped the work of civilisation as if with the celerity and force of a steam-engine.

If the town were so well paved and so well-lighted—if half-a-dozen squalid lanes had been transformed into a stately street—if half the town no longer depended on tanks for their water—if the poor-rates were reduced one-third, praise to the brisk new blood which Richard Avenel had infused into vestry and corporation. And his example itself was so contagious! “There was not a plate-glass window in the town when I came into it,” said Richard Avenel; “and now look down the High Street!” He took the credit to himself, and justly; for, though his own business did not require windows of plate-glass, he had awakened the spirit of enterprise which adorns a whole city.

Mr. Avenel did not present Leonard to his friends for more than a fortnight. He allowed him to wear off his rust. He then gave a grand dinner, at which his nephew was formally introduced, and, to his great wrath and disappointment, never opened his lips. How could he, poor youth, when Miss Clarina Mowbray only talked upon high life; till proud Colonel Pompley went in state through the history of the Siege of Seringapatam?

## CHAPTER IV.

WHILE Leonard accustoms himself gradually to the splendours that surround him, and often turns with a sigh to the remembrance of his mother's cottage and the sparkling fount in the Italian's flowery garden, we will make with thee, O reader, a rapid flight to the metropolis, and drop ourselves amidst the gay groups that loiter along the dusty ground, or loll over the roadside palings of Hyde Park. The season is still at its height; but the short day of fashionable London life, which commences two hours after noon, is in its decline. The crowd in Rotten Row begins to thin. Near the statue of Achilles, and apart from all other loungers, a gentleman, with one hand thrust into his waistcoat, and the other resting on his cane, gazed listlessly on the horsemen and carriages in the brilliant ring. He was still in the prime of life, at the age when man is usually the most social—when the acquaintances of youth have ripened into friendships, and a personage of some rank and fortune has become a well-known feature in the mobile face of society. But though, when his contemporaries were boys scarce at college, this gentleman had blazed foremost amongst the princes of fashion, and though he had all the qualities of nature and circumstance which either retain fashion to the last, or exchange its false celebrity for a graver repute, he stood as a stranger in that throng of his countrymen. Beauties whirled by to the toilet—statesmen passed on to the senate—dandies took flight to the clubs; and neither nods, nor becks, nor wreathed smiles said to the solitary spectator "Follow us—

thou art one of our set." Now and then, some middle-aged bean, near the post of the loiterer, turned round to look again; but the second glance seemed to dissipate the recognition of the first, and the bean silently continued his way.

"By the tombs of my fathers!" said the solitary to himself, "I know now what a dead man might feel if he came to life again, and took a peep at the living."

Time passed on—the evening shades descended fast. Our stranger in London had well-nigh the Park to himself. He seemed to breathe more freely as he saw that the space was clear.

"There's oxygen in the atmosphere now," said he, half aloud; "and I can walk without breathing in the gaseous fumes of the multitude. O those chemists—what dolts they are! They tell us that crowds taint the air, but they never guess why! Pah, it is not the lungs that poison the element—it is the reek of bad hearts. When a periwig-pated fellow breathes on me, I swallow a mouthful of care. *Allons!* my friend Nero; now for a stroll." He touched with his cane a large Newfoundland dog, who lay stretched near his feet; and dog and man went slow through the growing twilight, and over the brown dry turf. At length our solitary paused, and threw himself on a bench under a tree. "Half-past eight!" said he, looking at his watch—"one may smoke one's cigar without shocking the world."

He took out his cigar-case, struck a light, and in another moment, reclined at length on the bench—seemed absorbed in regarding the

smoke, that scarce coloured, ere it vanished into air.

"It is the most barefaced lie in the world, my Nero," said he, addressing his dog, "this boasted liberty of man! Now, here am I, a free-born Englishman, a citizen of the world, caring—I often say to myself—caring not a jot for Kaiser or Mob; and yet I no more dare smoke this cigar in the Park at half-past six, when all the world is abroad, than I dare pick my Lord Chancellor's pocket, or hit the Archbishop of Canterbury a thump on the nose. Yet no law in England forbids me my cigar, Nero! What is law at half-past eight was not crime at six and a-half! Britannia says, 'Man, thou art free,' and she lies like a commonplace woman. O Nero, Nero! you enviable dog!—you serve but from liking. No thought of the world costs you one wag of the tail. Your big heart and true instinct suffice you for reason and law. You would want nothing to your felicity, if in these moments of ennui you would but smoke a cigar. Try it, Nero!—try it!" And, rising from his incumbent posture, he sought to force the end of the weed between the teeth of the dog.

While thus gravely engaged, two figures had approached the place. The one was a man who seemed weak and sickly. His threadbare coat was buttoned to the chin, but hung large on his shrunken breast. The other was a girl, who might be from twelve to fourteen, on whose arm he leant heavily. Her cheek was wan, and there was a patient sad look on her face, which seemed so settled that you would think she could never have known the mirthfulness of childhood.

"Pray rest here, papa," said the child softly; and she pointed to the bench, without taking heed of its *pre-occupant*, who now, indeed, con-

fined to one corner of the seat, was almost hidden by the shadow of the tree.

The man sat down, with a feeble sigh; and then, observing the stranger, raised his hat, and said, in that tone of voice which betrays the usages of polished society, "Forgive me, if I intrude on you, sir."

The stranger looked up from his dog, and seeing that the girl was standing, rose at once, as if to make room for her on the bench.

But still the girl did not heed him. She hung over her father, and wiped his brow tenderly with a little kerchief which she took from her own neck for the purpose.

Nero, delighted to escape the cigar, had taken to some unwieldy curvets and gambols, to vent the excitement into which he had been thrown; and now returning, approached the bench with a low growl of surprise, and sniffed at the intruders of his master's privacy.

"Come here, sir," said the master. "You need not fear him," he added, addressing himself to the girl.

But the girl, without turning round to him, cried in a voice rather of anguish than alarm, "He has fainted! Father! father!"

The stranger kicked aside his dog, which was in the way, and loosened the poor man's stiff military stock. While thus charitably engaged, the moon broke out, and the light fell full on the pale care-worn face of the unconscious sufferer.

"This face seems not unfamiliar to me, though sadly changed," said the stranger to himself; and bending towards the girl, who had sunk on her knees, and was chafing her father's hands, he asked, "My child, what is your father's name?"

The child continued her task, too absorbed to answer.

The stranger put his hand on her

shoulder, and repeated the question.

"Digby," answered the child, almost unconsciously; and as she spoke the man's senses began to return. In a few minutes more he had sufficiently recovered to falter forth his thanks to the stranger. But the last took his hand, and said, in a voice at once tremulous and soothing, "Is it possible that I see once more an old brother in arms? Algernon Digby, I do not forget you; but it seems England has forgotten."

A hectic flush spread over the soldier's face, and he looked away from the speaker as he answered—

"My name is Digby, it is true, sir; but I do not think we have met before. Come, Helen, I am well now—we will go home."

"Try and play with that great dog, my child," said the stranger—"I want to talk with your father."

The child bowed her submissive head, and moved away; but she did not play with the dog.

"I must reintroduce myself formally, I see," quoth the stranger. "You were in the same regiment with myself, and my name is L'Estrange."

"My lord," said the soldier, rising, "forgive me that—"

"I don't think that it was the fashion to call me 'my lord' at the mess-table. Come, what has happened to you?—on half-pay?"

Mr. Digby shook his head mournfully.

"Digby, old fellow, can you lend me £100?" said Lord L'Estrange, clapping his *ci-devant* brother officer on the shoulder, and in a tone of voice that seemed like a boy's—so impudent was it, and devil-me-carish. "No! Well, that's lucky, for I can lend it to you."

Mr. Digby burst into tears.

Lord L'Estrange did not seem to

observe the emotion, but went on carelessly—

"Perhaps you don't know that, besides being heir to a father who is not only very rich but very liberal, I inherited, on coming of age, from a maternal relation, a fortune so large that it would bore me to death if I were obliged to live up to it. But in the days of our old acquaintance, I fear we were both sad extravagant fellows, and I dare say I borrowed of you pretty freely."

"Me! Oh, Lord L'Estrange!"

"You have married since then, and reformed, I suppose. Tell me, old friend, all about it."

Mr. Digby, who by this time had succeeded in restoring some calm to his shattered nerves, now rose, and said in brief sentences, but clear firm tones,—

"My Lord, it is idle to talk of me—useless to help me. I am fast dying. But, my child there, my only child, (he paused for an instant, and went on rapidly.) I have relations in a distant county, if I could but get to them—I think they would at least, provide for her. This has been for weeks my hope, my dream, my prayer. I cannot afford the journey except by your help. I have begged without shame for myself; shall I be ashamed, then, to beg for her?"

"Digby," said L'Estrange, with some grave alteration of manner, "talk neither of dying nor begging. You were nearer death when the balls whistled round you at Waterloo. If soldier meets soldier and says 'Friend, thy purse,' it is not begging, but brotherhood. Ashamed! By the soul of Belisarius! if I needed money, I would stand at a crossing with my Waterloo medal over my breast, and say to each sleek citizen I had helped to save from the sword of the French man, 'It is your shame if I starve!

"lean upon me; I see you should at home—which way?"

The poor soldier pointed his hand towards Oxford Street, and reluctantly spotted the proffered arm.

"And when you return from your missions, you will call on me? What! hesitate? Come, promise."

"I will."

"On your honour."

"If I live, on my honour."

"I am staying at present at Nightsbridge, with my father; but I will always hear of my address at — Grosvenor Square, Mr. Egerton's. So you have a long journey before you?"

"Very long."

"Do not fatigue yourself—travel slowly. Ho, you foolish child!—I see you are jealous of me. Your father has another arm to spare you."

Thus talking, and getting but short answers, Lord L'Estrange continued to exhibit those whimsical peculiarities of character, which had obtained for him the repute of heartlessness in the world. Perhaps the reader may think the world was not in the right. But if ever the world does judge rightly of the character of a man who does not live for the world, nor talk for the world, nor feel with the world, it will be centuries after the soul of Harley L'Estrange has done with this planet.

## CHAPTER V.

LORD L'ESTRANGE parted company with Mr. Digby at the entrance Oxford Street. The father and son there took a cabriolet. Mr. Digby directed the driver to go down Edgeware Road. He refused to give L'Estrange his address, and this

such evident pain, from the sores on his side, that L'Estrange could not resist the point. Reminding the soldier of his promise to call, Harley

took a pocket-book into his hand, walked off hastily towards Grosvenor Square.

He reached Audley Egerton's door as that gentleman was getting into his carriage; and the two entered the house together.

"Does the nation take a nap to-day?" asked L'Estrange. "Poor lady! She hears so much of her name, that she may well boast of her situation: it must be of iron."

The House is still sitting," answered Audley, seriously, and with

small heed of his friend's witticism.

"But it is not a Government motion, and the division will be late, so I came home; and if I had not found you here, I should have gone into the Park to look for you."

"Yes—one always knows where to find me at this hour, 9 o'clock P.M.—cigar—Hyde Park. There is not a man in England so regular in his habits."

Here the friends reached a drawing-room in which the Member of Parliament seldom sat, for his private apartments were all on the ground-floor.

"But it is the strangest whim of yours, Harley," said he.

"What?"

"To affect detestation of ground-floors."

"Affect! O sophisticated man, of the earth, earthy! Affect!—nothing less natural to the human soul than a ground-floor. We are quite far enough from heaven, mount as many



stairs as we will, without grovelling by preference."

"According to that symbolical view of the case," said Audley, "you should lodge in an attic."

"So I would, but that I abhor new slippers. As for hair-brushes, I am indifferent."

"What have slippers and hair-brushes to do with attics?"

"Try! Make your bed in an attic, and the next morning you will have neither slippers nor hair-brushes!"

"What shall I have done with them?"

"Shied them at the cats!"

"What odd things you say, Harley!"

"Odd! By Apollo and his nine spinsters! there is no human being who has so little imagination as a distinguished member of Parliament. Answer me this, thou solemn Right Honourable,—Hast thou climbed to the heights of august contemplation? Hast thou gazed on the stars with the rapt eye of song? Hast thou dreamed of a love known to the angels, or sought to seize in the Infinite the mystery of life?"

"Not I indeed, my poor Harley."

"Then no wonder, poor Audley, that you cannot conjecture why he who makes his bed in an attic, disturbed by base catterwauls, shies his slippers at cats. Bring a chair into the balcony. Nero spoiled my cigar to-night. I am going to smoke now. You never smoke. You can look on the shrubs in the square."

Audley slightly shrugged his shoulders, but he followed his friend's counsel and example, and brought his chair into the balcony. Nero came too, but at sight and smell of the cigar prudently retreated, and took refuge under the table.

"Audley Egerton, I want something from Government."

"I am delighted to hear it."

"There was a cornet in my regi-

ment, who would have not to have come into it for the most part of us fops."

"You all fought well"

"Puppies and fops"

Vanity and valour get

gether. Cæsar, who

head with due care

curls, and, even, in dyin

the folds in his toga; W

who could not walk

because of the gems

Alcibiades, who loung

Agora with doves in h

an apple in his hand,

dizened in gold lace a

Demetrius, the City-Tal

himself up like a Frencl

were all pretty good fel

ing. A slovenly hero l

is a paradox in nature,

in history. But to r

cornet. We were rich;

When the pot of clay

the stream with the br

sure of a smash. Me

was stingy; I saw he

gant. But every one,

be rather thought sting

Bref.—I left the army,

no more till to-night.

never shabby poor gentl

stage more awfully s

pathetically gentleman.

ye, this man has fought

It was no child's play

let me tell you, Mr. E

but for such men, you

best a *sous-préfet*, and

ment a Provincial Ass

must do something for I

shall it be?"

"Why, really, my

this man was no great fr

—eh?"

"If he were, he wou

the Government to he

would not be ashamed

money from me."

"That is all very fine, Harley; but there are so many poor officers, and so little to give. It is the most difficult thing in the world that which you ask me. Indeed, I know nothing can be done: he has his half-pay?"

"I think not; or, if he has it, no doubt it all goes on his debts. That's nothing to us: the man and his child are starving."

"But if it is his own fault—if he has been imprudent?"

"Ah—well, well; where the devil is Nero?"

"I am so sorry I can't oblige you. If it were anything else—"

"There is something else. My valet—I can't turn him adrift—excellent fellow, but gets drunk now and then. Will you find him a place in the Stamp Office?"

"With pleasure."

"No, now I think of it—the man knows my ways: I must keep him. But my old wine-merchant—civil man, never dunned—is a bankrupt. I am under great obligations to him, and he has a very pretty daughter. Do you think you could thrust him into some small place in the Colonies, or make him a King's Messenger, or something of the sort?"

"If you very much wish it, no doubt I can."

"My dear Audley, I am but feeling my way: the fact is, I want something for myself."

"Ah, that indeed gives me pleasure!" cried Egerton, with animation.

"The mission to Florence will soon be vacant—I know it privately. The place would quite suit me. Pleasant city; the best figs in Italy—very little to do. You could sound Lord — on the subject."

"I will answer beforehand. Lord

— would be enchanted to secure to the public service a man so accomplished as yourself, and the son of a peer like Lord Lansmere."

Harley L'Estrange sprang to his feet, and flung his cigar in the face of a stately policeman who was looking up at the balcony.

"Infamous and bloodless official!" cried Harley L'Estrange; "so you could provide for a pimple-nosed lackey—for a wine-merchant who has been poisoning the king's subjects with whitelead or sloe-juice—for an idle sybarite, who would complain of a crumpled rose-leaf; and nothing, in all the vast patronage of England, for a broken-down soldier, whose dauntless breast was her rampart?"

"Harley," said the Member of Parliament, with his calm sensible smile, "this would be a very good clap-trap at a small theatre; but there is nothing in which Parliament demands such rigid economy as the military branch of the public service; and no man for whom it is so hard to effect what we must plainly call a job as a subaltern officer, who has done nothing more than his duty—and all military men do that. Still, as you take it so earnestly, I will use what interest I can at the War Office, and get him, perhaps, the mastership of a barrack."

"You had better; for, if you do not, I swear I will turn Radical, and come down to your own city to oppose you, with Hunt and Cobbett to canvass for me."

"I should be very glad to see you come into Parliament, even as a Radical, and at my expense," said Audley, with great kindness. "But the air is growing cold, and you are not accustomed to our climate. Nay, I, you are too poetic for catarrhs and rheums, I'm not—come in."

## CHAPTER VI.

LORD L'ESTRANGE threw himself on a sofa, and leant his cheek on his hand thoughtfully. Audley Egerton sat near him, with his arms folded, and gazed on his friend's face with a soft expression of aspect, which was very unusual to the firm outline of his handsome features. The two men were as dissimilar in person as the reader will have divined that they were in character. All about Egerton was so rigid, all about L'Estrange so easy. In every posture of Harley's there was the unconscious grace of a child. The very fashion of his garments showed his abhorrence of restraint. His clothes were wide and loose; his neckcloth, tied carelessly, left his throat half bare. You could see that he had lived much in warm and southern lands, and contracted a contempt for conventionalities; there was as little in his dress as in his talk of the formal precision of the north. He was three or four years younger than Audley, but he looked at least twelve years younger. In fact, he was one of those men to whom old age seems impossible—voice, look, figure, had all the charm of youth: and perhaps it was from this gracious youthfulness—at all events, it was characteristic of the kind of love he inspired—that neither his parents, nor the few friends admitted into his intimacy, ever called him, in their habitual intercourse, by the name of his title. He was not L'Estrange with them, he was Harley; and by that familiar baptismal I will usually designate him. He was not one of those men whom author or reader wish to view at a distance, and remember as "my Lord"—it was so rarely that he remembered it himself.

For the rest, it had been said by a shrewd wit—"He is so that every one calls him." Harley L'Estrange was not cally handsome as Audley Egerton; a common-place observer he rather good-looking than so. But women said that he had "a beautiful countenance," and they were wrong. He wore his hair, of a fair chestnut, long, and curls; and instead of the man's whiskers, indulged in a reigner's moustache. His nose was delicate, though not delicate it was rather the delicacy of a woman. In his clear grey eye there was a vigour of life. A skilful painter looking only into that eye, would recognise rare stamina of nature—a nature so rich that easily disturbed, it would resist the effects of time, or all the combinations of passion and grief. Even now, that thoughtful, and even so sad of that eye were as concent steady as the light of the

"You were only, then," said Audley, after a long pause, "when you spoke of this Florence. You have still not entered into public life?"

"None."

"I had hoped better than got your promise to pass on London. But, indeed, you have your promise to the ear to the spirit. I could not persuade that you would shun all so be as much of a hermit here as the vines of Como."

"I have sat in the Strand lately, and heard your great

in the pit of the opera,  
our fine ladies; I have  
streets; I have lounged  
ks, and I say that I can't  
with a faded dowager,  
fills up her wrinkles with

t dowager do you speak?"  
matter-of-fact Audley.

s a great many titles.  
e call her Fashion—you  
Politics: it is all one—  
and artificial. I mean

3. No, I can't fall in love  
wining old harridan!"  
you could fall in love with

could, with all my heart."  
1 are so *blasé*."

contrary, I am so fresh.  
f the window—what do

5."

5—"

5 but houses and dusty  
coachman dozing on his  
women in pettens cross-  
sual."

at those where I lie on the  
but the stars. And I  
as I did when I was a  
Eton. It is you who  
not I. Enough of this.  
t forget my commission  
t to the exile who has  
your brother's family?"  
t here you set me a task  
lt than that of saddling  
on the War Office."

r it is difficult, for the  
fluence is vigilant and  
on the other hand, the  
damnable a traitor that  
ave the Fates and the  
ods on one's side."

reless," said the practical  
ding over a book on the  
think that the best plan  
o attempt a compromise  
itor."

"To judge of others by myself,"  
answered Harley, with spirit, "it  
were less bitter to put up with  
wrong than to palter with it for com-  
pensation. And such wrong! Com-  
promise with the open foe—that may  
be done with honour; but with the  
perjured friend—that were to forgive  
the perjury!"

"You are too vindictive," said  
Egerton; "there may be excuses for  
the friend, which palliate even—"

"Hush! Audley, hush! or I shall  
think the world has indeed corrupted  
you. Excuse for the friend who de-  
ceives, who betrays! No, such is the  
true outlaw of Humanity; and the  
Furies surround him even while he  
sleeps in the temple."

The man of the world lifted his  
eyes slowly on the animated face of  
one still natural enough for the pas-  
sions. He then once more returned  
to his book, and said, after a pause,  
"It is time you should marry, Harley."

"No," answered L'Estrange, with  
a smile at this sudden turn in the  
conversation—"not time yet; for my  
chief objection to that change in life is,  
that the women now-a-days are too  
old for me, or I am too young for  
them. A few, indeed, are so infan-  
tine that one is ashamed to be their  
toy; but most are so knowing that  
one is afraid to be their dupe. The  
first, if they condescended to love  
you, love you as the biggest doll they  
have yet dandled, and for a doll's  
good qualities—your pretty blue eyes  
and your exquisite millinery. The  
last, if they prudently accept you, do  
so on algebraical principles; you are  
but the X or the Y that represents a  
certain aggregate of goods matri-  
monial—pedigree, title, rent-roll, dia-  
monds, pin-money, opera-box. They  
cast you up with the help of mamma,  
and you wake some morning to find  
that *plus* wife *minus* affection equals  
—the Devil!"

"Nonsense," said Audley, with his quiet grave laugh. "I grant that it is often the misfortune of a man in your station to be married rather for what he has, than for what he is; but you are tolerably penetrating, and not likely to be deceived in the character of the woman you court."

"Of the woman I court?—No! But of the woman I marry, very likely indeed. Woman is a changeable thing, as our Virgil informed us at school; but her change *par excellence* is from the fairy you woo to the brownie you wed. It is not that she has been a hypocrite, it is that she is a transmigration. You marry a girl for her accomplishments. She paints charmingly, or plays like St. Cecilia. Clap a ring on her finger, and she never draws again—except perhaps your caricature on the back of a letter, and never opens a piano after the honeymoon. You marry her for her sweet temper; and next year, her nerves are so shattered that you can't contradict her but you are whirled into a storm of hysterics. You marry her because she declares she hates balls and likes quiet; and ten to one but what she becomes a patroness at Almack's, or a lady-in-waiting."

"Yet most men marry, and most men survive the operation."

"If it were only necessary to live, that would be a consolatory and encouraging reflection. But to live with peace, to live with dignity, to live with freedom, to live in harmony with your thoughts, your habits, your aspirations—and this in the perpetual companionship of a person to whom you have given the power to wound your peace, to assail your dignity, to cripple your freedom, to jar on each thought and each habit, and bring you down to the meanest details of earth, when you invite her, poor soul, to soar to the spheres—that makes

the To Be or Not To Be, which is the question."

"If I were you, Harley, I would do as I have heard the author of *Sandford and Merton* did—choose out a child and educate her yourself, after your own heart."

"You have hit it," answered Harley, seriously. "That has long been my idea—a very vague one, I confess. But I fear I shall be an old man before I find even the child."

"Ah!" he continued, yet more earnestly, while the whole character of his varying countenance changed again—"ah! if indeed I could discover what I seek—one who, with the heart of a child, has the mind of a woman; one who beholds in nature the variety, the charm, the never feverish, ever healthful excitement that others vainly seek in the *fastid* sentimentalities of a life false with artificial forms; one who can comprehend, as by intuition, the rich poetry with which creation is clothed—poetry so clear to the child when enraptured with the flower, or when wondering at the star! If on me such exquisite companionship were bestowed—why, then—" He paused, sighed deeply, and, covering his face with his hand, resumed, in faltering accents,—

"But once—but once only, did such vision of the Beautiful make Human rise before me—rise amidst 'golden exhalations of the dawn.' It beggared my life in vanishing. You know only—you only—how—"

He bowed his head, and the tears forced themselves through his clenched fingers.

"So long ago!" said Audley, sharing his friend's emotion. "Years so long and so weary, yet still thus tenacious of a mere boyish memory."

"Away with it, then!" cried Harley, springing to his feet, and with a

gh of strange merriment. "Yourriage still waits: set me home are you go to the House."

Then laying his hand lightly on friend's shoulder, he said, "Is it you, Audley Egerton, to speak strangely of boyish memories? What is it that binds us together? What else warms my heart when I set you? What else draws your sights from blue-books and beer-halls, to waste them on a vagrant like me? Shake hands. Oh, friend of my boyhood! recollect the oars that plied and the bats that we wielded the old time, or the murmured talk on the moss-grown bank, as we sat together, building in the summer castles mightier than Windsor. Are they strong ties, those boyish memories, believe me! I remember, as if it were yesterday, my translation of that lovely passage in *Æneid*, beginning—let me see—

*sum primum pavido custos mihi pura cernit,*

at passage on friendship which shines out so livingly from the stern art of the satirist: And when I—complimented me on my eyes, my eyes sought yours. Verily, now say as then,

*scio quod, certe est quod me tibi temperet astrum.*"

Audley turned away his head as returned the grasp of his friend's hand; and while Harley, with his light elastic footstep, descended the stairs, Egerton lingered behind, and there was no trace of the worldly man upon his countenance when he

"What was the star I know not, but surely some star it was that attuned me to thee."

took his place in the carriage by his companion's side.

Two hours afterwards, weary cries of "Question, question!" "Divide, divide!" sunk into reluctant silence as Audley Egerton rose to conclude the debate—the man of men to speak late at night, and to impatient benches: a man who would be heard; whom a Bedlam broke loose would not have roared down; with a voice clear and sound as a bell, and a firm as firmly set on the ground as a church-tower. And while, on the dulllest of dull questions, Audley Egerton thus, not too lively himself, enforced attention, where was Harley L'Estrange? Standing alone by the river at Richmond, and murmuring low fantastic thoughts as he gazed on the moonlit tide.

When Audley left him at home, he had joined his parents, made them gay with his careless gaiety, seen the old fashioned folks retire to rest, and then—while they, perhaps, deemed him once more the hero of ball-rooms and the cynosure of clubs—he drove slowly through the soft summer night, amidst the perfumes of many a garden and many a gleaming chestnut grove, with no other aim before him than to reach the loveliest margin of England's loveliest river, at the hour when the moon was fullest and the song of the nightingale most sweet. And so eccentric a humourist was this man, that I believe, as he there loitered—no one near to cry "How affected!" or "How romantic!"—he enjoyed himself more than if he had been exchanging the politest "how-d'ye-dos" in the hottest of London drawing-rooms, or betting his hundreds on the odd trick, with Lord De R—— for his partner.

## CHAPTER VII.

LEONARD had been about six weeks with his uncle, and those weeks were well spent. Mr. Richard had taken him to his counting-house, and initiated him into business and the mysteries of double entry; and, in return for the young man's readiness and zeal in matters which the acute trader instinctively felt were not exactly to his tastes, Richard engaged the best master the town afforded to read with his nephew in the evening. This gentleman was the head usher of a large school—who had his hours to himself after eight o'clock—and was pleased to vary the dull routine of enforced lessons by instructions to a pupil who took delightedly—even to the Latin grammar. Leonard made rapid strides, and learned more in those six weeks than many a cleverish boy does in twice as many months. These hours which Leonard devoted to study Richard usually spent from home—sometimes at the houses of his grand acquaintances in the Abbey Gardens, sometimes in the Reading-Room appropriated to those aristocrats. If he stayed at home, it was in company with his head clerk, and for the purpose of checking his account-books, or looking over the names of doubtful electors.

Leonard had naturally wished to communicate his altered prospects to his old friends, that they, in turn, might rejoice his mother with such good tidings. But he had not been two days in the house before Richard had strictly forbidden all such correspondence.

"Look you," said he, "at present we are on an experiment—we must see if we like each other. Suppose we don't, you will only have raised

expectations in your mother which must end in bitter disappointment; and suppose we do, it will be time enough to write when something definite is settled."

"But my mother will be so anxious—"

"Make your mind easy on that score. I will write regularly to Mr. Dale, and he can tell her that you are well and thriving. No more words, my man—when I say a thing, I say it." Then, observing that Leonard looked blank and dissatisfied, Richard added, with a good-humoured smile, "I have my reasons for all this—you shall know them later. And I tell you what,—if you do as I bid you, it is my intention to settle something handsome on your mother; but if you don't, devil a penny she'll get from me."

With that Richard turned on his heel, and in a few moments his voice was heard loud in oburgation with some of his people.

About the fourth week of Leonard's residence at Mr. Avenel's, his host began to evince a certain change of manner. He was no longer quite so cordial with Leonard, nor did he take the same interest in his progress. About the same period he was frequently caught by the London butler before the looking-glass. He had always been a smart man in his dress, but he was now more particular. He would spoil three white cravats when he went out of an evening, before he could satisfy himself as to the tie. He also bought a "Peerage," and it became his favourite study at odd quarters of an hour. All these symptoms proceeded from a cause, and that cause was—woman.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE first people at Screwtown were indisputably the Pompleys. Colonel Pompley was grand, but Mrs. Pompley was grander. The Colonel was stately in right of his military rank and his services in India; Mrs. Pompley was majestic in right of her connections. Indeed, Colonel Pompley himself would have been crushed under the weight of the dignities which his lady heaped upon him, if he had not been enabled to prop his position with a "connection" of his own. He would never have held his own, nor been permitted to have an independent opinion on matters aristocratic, but for the well-sounding name of his relations, "the Digbys." Perhaps on the principle that obscurity increases the natural size of objects, and is an element of the Sublime, the Colonel did not too accurately define his relations "the Digbys;" he let it be casually understood that they were the Digbys to be found in Debrett. But if some indiscreet *Vulgarian* (a favourite word with both the Pompleys) asked point-blank if he meant "my Lord Digby," the Colonel with a lofty air, answered—"The elder branch, sir." No one at Screwtown had ever seen these Digbys: they lay amidst the *Far*—the *Recondite*—even to the wife of Colonel Pompley's bosom. Now and then, when the Colonel referred to the lapse of years, and the uncertainty of human affections, he would say—"When young Digby and I were boys together," and then add with a sigh, "but we shall never meet again in this world. His family interests secured him a valuable appointment in a distant part of the *British dominions*." Mrs. Pompley

was always rather cowed by the Digbys. She could not be sceptical as to this connection, for the Colonel's mother was certainly a Digby, and the Colonel impaled the Digby arms. *En revanche*, as the French say, for these marital connections, Mrs. Pompley had her own favourite affinity, which she specially selected from all others when she most desired to produce effect; nay, even upon ordinary occasions the name rose spontaneously to her lips—the name of the Honourable Mrs. M'Catchley. Was the fashion of a gown or cap admired, her cousin, Mrs. M'Catchley, had just sent to her the pattern from Paris. Was it a question whether the Ministry would stand, Mrs. M'Catchley was in the secret, but Mrs. Pompley had been requested not to say. Did it freeze, "my cousin, Mrs. M'Catchley had written word that the icebergs at the Pole were supposed to be coming this way." Did the sun glow with more than usual fervour, Mrs. M'Catchley had informed her "that it was Sir Henry Halford's decided opinion that it was on account of the cholera." The good people knew all that was doing at London, at court, in this world—nay, almost in the other—through the medium of the Honourable Mrs. M'Catchley. Mrs. M'Catchley was, moreover, the most elegant of women, the wittiest creature, the dearest. King George the Fourth had presumed to admire Mrs. M'Catchley; but Mrs. M'Catchley, though no prude, let him see that she was proof against the corruptions of a throne. So long had the ears of Mrs. Pompley's friends been filled with the renown of Mrs. M'Catchley, that at last Mrs. M'Catchley was



secretly supposed to be a myth, a creature of the elements, a poetic fiction of Mrs. Pompley's. Richard Avenel, however, though by no means a credulous man, was an implicit believer in Mrs. M'Catchley. He had learned that she was a widow—an honourable by birth, an honourable by marriage—living on her handsome jointure, and refusing offers every day that she so lived. Somehow or other, whenever Richard Avenel thought of a wife, he thought of the Honourable Mrs. M'Catchley. Perhaps that Romantic attachment to the fair invisible preserved him heart-whole amongst the temptations of Screwestown. Suddenly, to the astonishment of the Abbey Gardens, Mrs. M'Catchley proved her identity, and arrived at Colonel Pompley's in a handsome travelling-carriage, attended by her maid and footman. She had come to stay some weeks—a tea party was given in her honour. Mr. Avenel and his nephew were invited. Colonel Pompley, who kept his head clear in the midst of the greatest excitement, had a desire to get from the Corporation a lease of a piece of ground adjoining his garden, and he no sooner saw Richard Avenel enter, than he caught him by the button, and drew him into a quiet corner in order to secure his interest. Leonard, meanwhile, was borne on by the stream, till his progress was arrested by a sofa-table at which sat Mrs. M'Catchley herself, with Mrs. Pompley by her side. For, on this great occasion the hostess had abandoned her proper post at the entrance, and, whether to show her respect to Mrs. M'Catchley, or to show Mrs. M'Catchley her wellbred contempt for the people of Screwestown, remained in state by her friend, honouring only the *élite* of the town with introductions to the illustrious visitor.

Mrs. M'Catchley was a very fine

woman—a woman who just *if* Pompley's pride in her. *He* bones were rather high, *it* but that proved the purity Caledoninn descent; for *the* had a brilliant complexion, *he* by a *souppçon* of rouge—good teeth, a showy figure, and ladies of Screwestown pronounced dress to be perfect. She *noig* arrived at that age at which tends to stop for the next *ten* but even a Frenchman would have called her *passée*—that *is* widow. For a spinster, it *would* been different.

Looking round her with *a* *gl* which Mrs. Pompley was in the *h* of declaring that "Mrs. M'Catchley used like an angel," this *day* *a* denly perceived Leonard Fairbank and his quiet, simple, thoughtful *and* and look so contrasted with the *old* beaux to whom she had been *presented*, that, experienced in *fashion* *a* so fine a personage must be *supposed* to be, she was nevertheless *deceived* into whispering to Mrs. Pompley—

"That young man has really *an air distingué*—who is he?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Pompley, in *a* affected surprise, "that is the nephew of the rich Vulgarian I was telling you of this morning."

"Ah! and you say that he is *Arundel's* heir?"

"Avenel—not Arundel—my *sw* friend."

"Avenel is not a bad name," *s* Mrs. M'Catchley. But is the *w* really so rich?"

"The Colonel was trying this *v* day to guess what he is worth; he says it is impossible to *ga* it."

"And the young man is his heir  
"It is thought so; and reading College, I hear. They say he *clever*."

"Present him, my love; I

clever people," said Mrs. M'Catchley, falling back languidly.

About ten minutes afterwards, Richard Avenel having effected his escape from the Colonel, and his gaze being attracted towards the sofa-table by the buzz of the admiring crowd, beheld his nephew in animated conversation with the long-cherished idol of his dreams. A fierce pang of jealousy shot through his breast. His nephew had never looked so handsome and so intelligent; in fact, poor Leonard had never before been drawn out by a woman of the world, who had learned how to make the most of what little she knew. And, as jealousy operates like a pair of bellows on incipient flames, so, at first sight of the smile which the fair widow bestowed upon Leonard, the heart of Mr. Avenel felt in a blaze.

He approached with a step less assured than usual, and, overhearing Leonard's talk, marvelled much at the boy's audacity. Mrs. M'Catchley had been speaking of Scotland and the Waverley Novels, about which Leonard knew nothing. But he knew Burns, and on Burns he grew artlessly eloquent. Burns the poet and peasant: Leonard might well be eloquent on *him*. Mrs. M'Catchley was amused and pleased with his freshness and *naïveté*, so unlike anything she had ever heard or seen, and she drew him on and on till Leonard fell to quoting: And Richard heard, with less respect for the sentiment than might be supposed, that

"Rank is but the guineastamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that."

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Avenel. "Pretty piece of politeness to tell that to a lady like the Honourable Mrs. M'Catchley. You'll excuse him, ma'am."

"Sir!" said Mrs. M'Catchley startled, and lifting her glass. Leonard, rather confused, rose and offered his

chair to Richard, who dropped into it. The lady, without waiting for formal introduction, guessed that she saw the rich uncle.

"Such a sweet poet—Burns!" said she, dropping her glass. "And it is so refreshing to find so much youthful enthusiasm," she added, pointing her fan towards Leonard, who was receding fast among the crowd.

"Well, he is youthful, my nephew—rather green!"

"Don't say green!" said Mrs. M'Catchley. Richard blushed scarlet. He was afraid he had committed himself to some expression low and shocking. The lady resumed, "Say unsophisticated."

"A tarnation long word," thought Richard; but he prudently bowed, and held his tongue.

"Young men now-a-days," continued Mrs. M'Catchley, re-settling herself on the sofa, "affect to be so old. They don't dance, and they don't read, and they don't talk much; and a great many of them wear *toupets* before they are two-and-twenty!"

Richard mechanically passed his hand through his thick curls. But he was still mute; he was still ruefully chewing the cud of the epithet *green*. What occult horrid meaning did the word convey to ears polite? Why should he not say "green?"

"A very fine young man your nephew, sir," resumed Mrs. M'Catchley.

Richard grunted.

"And seems full of talent. Not yet at the University? Will he go to Oxford or Cambridge?"

"I have not made up my mind, yet, if I shall send him to the University at all."

"A young man of his expectations!" exclaimed Mrs. M'Catchley, artfully.

"Expectations!" repeated Richard.

firing up. "Has he been talking to you of his expectations?"

"No, indeed, sir. But the nephew of the rich Mr. Avenel! Ah, one hears a great deal, you know, of rich people; it is the penalty of wealth, Mr. Avenel!"

Richard was very much flattered. His crest rose.

"And they say," continued Mrs. M'Catchley, dropping out her words very slowly, as she adjusted her blonde scarf, "that Mr. Avenel has resolved not to marry."

"The devil they do, ma'am!" bolted out Richard, gruffly; and then, ashamed of his *lapseus lingua*, screwed up his lips firmly, and glared on the company with an eye of indignant fire.

Mrs. M'Catchley observed him

over her fan. Richard turned abruptly, and she withdrew her eye modestly, and raised the fan.

"She's a real beauty," said Richard, between his teeth.

The fan fluttered.

Five minutes afterwards, the widow and the bachelor seemed so much at their ease that Mrs. Pompley—who had been forced to leave her friend, in order to receive the Dean's lady—could scarcely believe her eyes when she returned to the sofa.

Now, it was from that evening that Mr. Richard Avenel exhibited the change of mood which I have described. And from that evening he abstained from taking Leonard with him to any of the parties in the Abbey Gardens.

## CHAPTER IX.

SOME days after this memorable *soirée*, Colonel Pompley sate alone in his study (which opened pleasantly on an old-fashioned garden) absorbed in the house bills. For Colonel Pompley did not leave that domestic care to his lady—perhaps she was too grand for it. Colonel Pompley with his own sonorous voice ordered the joints, and with his own heroic hands dispensed the stores. In justice to the Colonel, I must add—at whatever risk of offence to the fair sex—that there was not a house at Screws-town so well managed as the Pompley's; none which so successfully achieved the difficult art of uniting economy with show. I should despair of conveying to you an idea of the extent to which Colonel Pompley made his income go. It was but *seven hundred a-year*; and many a

family contrive to do less upon three thousand. To be sure, the Pompleys had no children to sponge upon them. What they had they spent all on themselves. Neither, if the Pompleys never exceeded their income, did they pretend to live much within it. The two ends of the year met at Christmas—just met, and no more.

Colonel Pompley sate at his desk. He was in his well-brushed blue coat—buttoned across his breast—his grey trousers fitted tight to his limbs, and fastened under his boots with a link chain. He saved a great deal of money in straps. No one ever saw Colonel Pompley in dressing-gow and slippers. He and his house were alike in order—always fit to be seen—"From morn to noon, from noon to dew eve."

The Colonel was a short compe

lined to be stout—with a face, that seemed not only but resped. He wore his pped close, except just in ere it formed what the hair- lled a feather; but it seemed of iron, so stiff and so strong. Firmness and precision were ally marked on the Colonel's nce. There was a resolute his features, as if he was nployed in making the two t!

sate before his house-book, steel-pen in his hand, and roses here and notes of in- on there. "Mrs. M'Catch- d," said the Colonel to him- ist be put upon rations. The she drinks! Good Heavens! ain!"

was a modest ring at the r. "Too early for a visitor!" the Colonel. "Perhaps it is r-rates."

at man-servant—never seen the offices, save in *grande* lushed and powdered—and bowed.

gentleman, sir, wishes to see

gentleman," repeated the plancing towards the clock. i sure it is a gentleman?" an hesitated. "Why, sir, I tly sure; but he speaks like nan. He do say he comes don to see you, sir."

and interesting correspond- then being held between nel and one of his wife's touching the investment of npley's fortune. It might astee—nay, it must be. The ad talked of running down n.

him come in," said the "and when I ring—and- id sherry."

sir?"

"Hara."

The Colonel put aside his house-book, and wiped his pen.

In another minute the door opened, and the servant announced

"MR. DIGBY."

The Colonel's face fell, and he staggered back.

The door closed, and Mr. Digby stood in the middle of the room, leaning on the great writing-table for support. The poor soldier looked sicklier and shabbier, and nearer the end of all things in life and fortune, than when Lord L'Estrange had thrust the pocket-book into his hands. But still the servant showed knowledge of the world in calling him gentleman; there was no other word to apply to him.

"Sir," began Colonel Pompley recovering himself, and with great solemnity, "I did not expect this pleasure."

The poor visitor stared round him dizzily, and sank into a chair, breathing hard. The Colonel looked as a man only looks upon a poor relation, and buttoned up first one trouser pocket and then the other.

"I thought you were in Canada," said the Colonel at last.

Mr. Digby had now got breath to speak, and he said meekly, "The climate would have killed my child, and it is two years since I returned."

"You ought to have found a very good place in England, to make it worth your while to leave Canada."

"She could not have lived through another winter in Canada—the doctor said so."

"Pooh," quoth the Colonel.

Mr. Digby drew a long breath. "I would not come to you, Colonel Pompley, while you could think that I came as a beggar for myself."

The Colonel's brow relaxed. "A very honourable sentiment, Mr. Digby."

"No: I have gone through a great deal; but you see, Colonel," added the poor relation, with a faint smile, "the campaign is well nigh over, and peace is at hand."

The Colonel seemed touched.

"Don't talk so, Digby—I don't like it. You are younger than I am—nothing more disagreeable than these gloomy views of things. You have got enough to live upon, you say—at least so I understand you. I am very glad to hear it; and, indeed, I could not assist you—so many claims on me. So it is all very well, Digby."

"Oh, Colonel Pompley," cried the soldier, clasping his hands, and with feverish energy, "I am a suppliant, not for myself, but my child! I have but one—only one—a girl. She has been so good to me. She will cost you little. Take her when I die; promise her a shelter—a home. I ask no more. You are my nearest relative. I have no other to look to. You have no children of your own. She will be a blessing to you, as she has been all upon earth to me!"

If Colonel Pompley's face was red in ordinary hours, no epithet sufficiently rubicund or sanguineous can express its colour at this appeal. "The man's mad," he said, at last, with a tone of astonishment that almost concealed his wrath—"stark mad! I take his child!—lodge and board a great, positive, hungry child! Why, sir, many and many a time have I said to Mrs. Pompley, 'Tis a mercy we have no children. We could never live in this style if we had children—never make both ends meet.' Child—the most expensive, ravenous, ruinous thing in the world—a child."

"She has been accustomed to starve," said Mr. Digby, plaintively. "Oh, Colonel, let me see your wife. *Her heart I can touch—she is a woman.*"

Unlucky father! A more untoward,

unseasonable request the Father could not have put into his lips.

Mrs. Pompley saw the Danger! Mrs. Pompley learn the condition of the Colonel's grand connections! The Colonel would never have been his own man again. At the bare idea, he felt as if he could have sunk into the earth with shame. In his alarm he made a stride to the door, with the intention of locking it. Good heavens, if Mrs. Pompley should come in! And the man, too, had been announced by name. Mrs. Pompley might have learned already that a Digby was with her husband—the might be actually dressing to receive him worthily—there was not a moment to lose.

The Colonel exploded. "Sir, I wonder at your impudence. See Mrs. Pompley! Hush, sir, hush!—hold your tongue. I have disowned your connection. I will not have my wife—a woman, sir, of the first family—disgraced by it. Yes; you need not fire up. John Pompley is not a man to be bullied in his own house. I am disgraced. Did not you run into debt, and spend your fortune? Did not you marry a low creature—a vulgarian—a tradesman's daughter?—and your poor father such a respectable man—a beneficed clergyman! Did not you sell your commission? Heaven knows what became of the money! Did not you turn (I shudder to say it) a common stage-player, sir? And then, when you were on your legs, did I not give you £200 out of my own purse to go to Canada? And now here you are again—and ask me with a coolness that—that takes away my breath—takes away—my breath, sir—to provide for the child you have thought proper to have;—a child whose connections on the mother side are of the most abject and dishonourable condition. Leave my house—leave it—good heavens, sir, not this

way! — this." And the Colonel opened the glass-door that led into the garden. "I will let you out this way. If Mrs. Pompley should see you!" And with that thought the Colonel absolutely hooked his arm into his poor relation's, and hurried him into the garden.

Mr. Digby said not a word, but he struggled ineffectually to escape from the Colonel's arm; and his colour went and came, came and went, with a quickness that showed that in those shrunk veins there were still some drops of a soldier's blood.

But the Colonel had now reached a little postern-door in the garden wall. He opened the latch, and thrust out his poor cousin. Then looking down the lane, which was long, straight, and narrow, and seeing it was quite solitary, his eye fell upon the forlorn man, and remorse shot through his heart. For a moment the hardest of all kinds of avarice, that of the *genteel*, relaxed its gripe. For a moment the most intolerant of all forms of pride,

that which is based upon false pretences, hushed its voice, and the Colonel hastily drew out his purse. "There," said he — "that is all I can do for you. Do leave the town as quick as you can, and don't mention your name to any one. Your father was such a respectable man — beneficed clergyman!"

"And paid for your commission, Mr. Pompley. My name! — I am not ashamed of it. But do not fear I shall claim your relationship. No; I am ashamed of *you*!"

The poor cousin put aside the purse, still stretched towards him, with a scornful hand, and walked firmly down the lane.

Colonel Pompley stood irresolute. At that moment a window in his house was thrown open. He heard the noise, turned round, and saw his wife looking out.

Colonel Pompley sneaked back through the shrubbery, hiding himself amongst the trees.

## CHAPTER X.

"ILL-LUCK is a *bêtise*," said the great Cardinal Richelieu; and on the long run, I fear, his eminence was right. If you could drop Dick Avenel and Mr. Digby in the middle of Oxford Street — Dick in a fustian jacket, Digby in a suit of superfine — Dick with five shillings in his pocket, Digby with a thousand pounds — and if, at the end of ten years, you looked up your two men, Dick would be on his road to a fortune, Digby — what we have seen him! Yet Digby had no vice; he did not drink, nor gamble. What was he, then? Helpless. He had been an only son — a spoiled child

— brought up as "a gentleman;" that is, as a man who was not expected to be able to turn his hand to anything. He entered, as we have seen, a very expensive regiment, wherein he found himself, at his father's death, with £4000, and the incapacity to say "No." Not naturally extravagant, but without an idea of the value of money — the easiest, gentlest, best-tempered man whom example ever led astray. This part of his career comprised a very common history — the poor man living on equal terms with the rich. Debt; recourse to usurers; bills signed sometimes for

others, renewed at twenty per cent.; the £4000 melted like snow; pathetic appeal to relations; relations have children of their own; small help given grudgingly, eked out by much advice, and coupled with conditions. Amongst the conditions there was a very proper and prudent one—exchange into a less expensive regiment. Exchange effected; peace; obscure country quarters; *enami*, flute-playing, and idleness. Mr. Digby had no resources on a rainy day—except flute-playing; pretty girl of inferior rank; all the officers after her; Digby smitten; pretty girl very virtuous; Digby forms honourable intentions; excellent sentiments; imprudent marriage. Digby falls in life; colonel's lady will not associate with Mrs. Digby; Digby cut by his whole kith and kin; many disagreeable circumstances in regimental life; Digby sells out; love in a cottage; execution in ditto. Digby had been much applauded as an amateur actor; thinks of the stage; genteel comedy—a gentleman-like profession. Tries in a provincial town, under another name; unhappily succeeds; life of an actor; hand-to-mouth life; illness; chest affected; Digby's voice becomes hoarse and feeble; not aware of it; attributes failing success to ignorant provincial public; appears in London; is hissed; returns to the provinces; sinks into very small parts; prison; despair; wife dies; appeal again to relations; a subscription made to get rid of him; send him out of the country; place in Canada—superintendent to an estate, £150 a-year; pursued by ill-luck; never before fit for business, not fit now; honest as the day, but keeps slovenly accounts; child cannot bear the winter of Canada; Digby wrapped up in the child; return home; mysterious life for two

years; child patient, thoughtful, loving; has learned to work; manages for father; often supports him; constitution rapidly breaking; thought of what will become of his child—worst disease of all. Poor Digby! Never did a base, cruel, unkind thing in his life; and here he is, walking down the lane from Colonel Pompley's house! Now, if Digby had but learned a little of the world's coming, I think he would have succeeded even with Colonel Pompley. Had he spent the £100 received from Lord B. in strange with a view to effect—had he bestowed a fitting wardrobe on himself and his pretty Helen; had he stopped at the last stage, taken there a smart chaise and pair, and presented himself at Colonel Pompley's in a way that would not have discredited the Colonel's connection, and then, instead of praying for home and shelter, asked the Colonel to become guardian to his child in case of his death, I have a strong notion that the Colonel, in spite of his avarice, would have stretched both ends so as to take in Helen Digby. But our poor friend had no such arts. Indeed, of the £100 he had already very little left, for before leaving town he had committed what Sheridan considered the extreme of extravagance—frittered away his money in paying his debts; and as for dressing up Helen and himself—if that thought had ever occurred to him, he would have rejected it as foolish. He would have thought that the more he showed his poverty, the more he would be pitied—the worse mistake a poor cousin can commit. According to Theophrastus, the partridge of Paphlagonia has two hearts; so have most men; it is the common mistake of the unlucky to knock at the wrong one.

## CHAPTER XL

DIGBY entered the room of which he had left Helen seated by the window, and sat wistfully on the narrow erchaps at the children at play. It had never been a playtime for Digby. She sprang forward when either came in. His coming holiday.

"I must go back to London," Digby, sinking helplessly on the floor. Then with his sort of smile — for he was bland even to a child — "Will you kindly inform me when the first coach leaves?" The active cares of their care-evolved upon that quiet child. He had her father, placed before a rough mixture which he had from London, and went out to make the necessary arrangements and prepare for the journey.

Eight o'clock the father and he seated in the night-coach, with the other passenger — a man up to the chin. After the coachman let down one of the boxes. Though it was summer, the air was chill and raw. Digby shivered and coughed.

He placed her hand on the window, leaning towards the other, and whispered softly.

"I said the passenger, 'draw the windows? You have got your share of this mine. Oxygen, my dear,' he added solemnly, 'this is the breath of life. Cott, he continued with suppressed emotion and a Welsh pronunciation, 'let us breathe and live.'"

He was frightened, and recoiled. The other, who had not heard, or misheard, this colloquy, re-

treated into the corner, put up the collar of his coat, and coughed again.

"It is cold, my dear," said he languidly to Helen.

The passenger caught the word, and replied indignantly, but as if self-loquising —

"Cold — agh! I do believe the English are the stuffiest people! Look at their four-post beds! — all the curtains drawn, shutters closed, board before the chimney — not a house with a ventilator! Cold — agh!"

The window next Mr. Digby did not fit well into its frame.

"There is a sad draught," said the invalid.

Helen instantly occupied herself in stopping up the chinks of the window with her handkerchief. Mr. Digby glanced ruefully at the other window. The look, which was very eloquent, aroused yet more the traveller's spleen.

"Pleasant!" said he. "Cott! I suppose you will ask me to go outside next! But people who travel in a coach should know the law of a coach. I don't interfere with your window; you have no business to interfere with mine."

"Sir, I did not speak," said Mr. Digby meekly.

"But Miss here did."

"Ah, sir!" said Helen plaintively, "if you knew how papa suffers!" And her hand again moved towards the obnoxious window.

"No, my dear; the gentleman is in his right," said Mr. Digby; and, bowing with his wonted suavity, he added, "Excuse her, sir. She thinks a great deal too much of me."

The passenger said nothing, and



Helen nestled closer to her father, and strove to screen him from the air.

The passenger moved uneasily. "Well," said he, with a sort of snort, "air is air, and right is right: but here goes"—and he hastily drew up the window.

Helen turned her face full towards the passenger with a grateful expression, visible even in the dim light.

"You are very kind, sir," said poor Mr. Digby; "I am ashamed to"—his cough choked the rest of the sentence.

The passenger, who was a plethoric, sanguineous man, felt as if he were stifling. But he took off his wrappers, and resigned the oxygen like a hero.

Presently he drew nearer to the sufferer, and laid hand on his wrist.

"You are feverish, I fear. I am a medical man. St!—one—two. Cott! you should not travel; you are not fit for it!"

Mr. Digby shook his head; he was too feeble to reply.

The passenger thrust his hand into his coat-pocket, and drew out what seemed a cigar-case, but what, in fact, was a leathern repertory, containing a variety of minute phials. From one of these phials he extracted two tiny globules. "There," said he, "open your mouth—put those on the tip of your tongue. They will lower the pulse—check the fever. Be better presently—but should not travel—want rest—you should be in bed. Aconite!—Henbane!—hum! Your papa is of fair complexion—a timid character, I should say—a horror of work, perhaps. Eh, child?"

"Sir!" faltered Helen, astonished and alarmed.—Was the man a con-  
juror?

"A case for *Phosphor*!" cried the passenger: "that fool Browne would have said *arsenic*. Don't be persuaded to take arsenic!"

"Arsenic, sir!" echoed the mild

Digby. "No: however unfortunate a man may be, I think, sir, the suicide is—tempting, perhaps, but highly criminal."

"Suicide," said the passenger tranquilly—"suicide is my hobby! You have no symptom of that kind, you say?"

"Good heavens! No, sir."

"If ever you feel violently impelled to drown yourself, take *pulsatilla*. But if you feel a preference toward blowing out your brains, accompany with weight in the limbs, loss of appetite, dry cough, and bad *con-sulphuret of antimony*. Don't forget."

Though poor Mr. Digby ~~confused~~ thought that the gentleman was out of his mind, yet he tried politely to say "that he was much obliged, and would be sure to remember;" but his tongue failed him, and his own mind grew perplexed. His head fell heavily, and he sank into a slum which seemed that of sleep.

The traveller looked hard at Helen as she gently drew her father's head on her shoulder, and there pillowed with a tenderness which was more that of mother than child.

"Moral affections—soft—compassionate!—a good child, and would well with—*pulsatilla*."

Helen held up her finger, glanced from her father to the traveller, and then to her father again.

"Certainly—*pulsatilla*!" mused the homoeopathist; and, enclosing himself in his own corner, he sought to sleep. But after a few efforts, accompanied by restless tures and movements, he suddenly started up, and again extracted phial-book.

"What the deuce are they to do?" he muttered. "Morbid sensibility character—*coffea*? No!—acpanied by vivacity and violence?" He brought his book to

contrived to read the label  
my bottle. *Naz!* that's it,  
and he swallowed a globule!  
," quoth he, after a pause,  
care a straw for the misfor-

tunes of other people—nay, I have  
half a mind to let down the window."

Helen looked up.

"But I'll not," he added resolutely;  
and this time he fell fairly asleep.

## CHAPTER XII.

each stopped at eleven o'clock,  
the passengers to sup. The  
thist woke up, got out, gave  
a shake, and inhaled the  
into his vigorous lungs with  
at sensation of delight. He  
rned and looked into the

your father get out, my  
said he, with a tone more  
an usual. "I should like to  
in-doors—perhaps I can do  
l."

hat was Helen's terror when  
d that her father did not  
e was in a deep swoon, and  
e insensible when they lifted  
n the carriage. When he  
l his senses, his cough re-  
and the effort brought up

impossible for him to pro-  
rther. The homœopathist  
to undress and put him into  
ad having administered an-  
his mysterious globules, he  
of the landlady how far it  
the nearest doctor—for the  
l by itself in a small hamlet.  
was the parish apothecary  
les off. But on hearing that  
defolks employed Dr. Dose-  
l it was a good seven miles to  
e, the homœopathist fetched  
eath. The coach only stopped  
r of an hour.

!" said he, angrily, to him-  
he *naz* was a failure. My

sensibility is chronic. I must go  
through a long course to get rid of it.  
Hollo, guard! get out my carpet-bag.  
I shan't go on to-night."

And the good man after a very  
alight supper, went up stairs again to  
to the sufferer.

"Shall I send for Dr. Dosewell,  
sir?" asked the landlady, stopping  
him at the door.

"Hum! At what hour to-morrow  
does the next coach to London pass?"

"Not before eight, sir."

"Well, send for the doctor to be  
here at seven. That leaves us at  
least some hours free from allopathy  
and murder," grunted the disciple of  
Hahnemann, as he entered the room.

Whether it was the globule that  
the homœopathist had administered,  
or the effect of nature, aided by  
repose, that checked the effusion of  
blood, and restored some temporary  
strength to the poor sufferer, is more  
than it becomes one not of the  
Faculty to opine. But certainly Mr.  
Digby seemed better, and he gradually  
fell into a profound sleep, but not till  
the doctor had put his ear to his  
chest, tapped it with his hand, and  
asked several questions; after which  
the homœopathist retired into a corner  
of the room and leaning his face on  
his hand seemed to meditate. From  
his thoughts he was disturbed by a  
gentle touch. Helen was kneeling at  
his feet.

"Is he very ill—very?" said she;

and her fond wistful eyes were fixed on the physician's with all the earnestness of despair.

"Your father is very ill," replied the doctor after a short pause. "He cannot move hence for some days at least. I am going to London—shall I call on your relations, and tell some of them to join you?"

"No, thank you, sir," answered Helen, colouring. "But do not fear; I can nurse papa. I think he has been worse before—that is, he has complained more."

The homœopathist rose, and took two strides across the room, then he paused by the bed, and listened to the breathing of the sleeping man.

He stole back to the child, who

was still kneeling, took her in his arms and kissed her. "Tamm it," said he angrily, and putting her down, "go to bed now—you are not wanted any more."

"Please, sir," said Helen, "I cannot leave him so. If he wakes he would miss me."

The doctor's hand trembled; he had recourse to his globules. "Anxiety—grief suppressed," muttered he. "Don't you want to cry, my dear? Cry—do!"

"I can't," murmured Helen.

"*Pulsatilla!*" said the doctor, almost with triumph. "I said so from the first. Open your mouth—here! Good night. My room is opposite—No. 6; call me if he wakes."

### CHAPTER XIII.

AT seven o'clock Dr. Dosewell arrived, and was shown into the room of the homœopathist, who, already up and dressed, had visited his patient.

"My name is Morgan," said the homœopathist—"I am a physician. I leave in your hands a patient whom, I fear, neither I nor you can restore. Come and look at him."

The two doctors went into the sick-room. Mr. Digby was very feeble, but he had recovered his consciousness, and inclined his head courteously.

"I am sorry to cause so much trouble," said he. The homœopathist drew away Helen; the allopathist seated himself by the bed-side and put his questions, felt the pulse, sounded the lungs, and looked at the tongue of the patient. Helen's eye was fixed on the strange doctor, and her colour rose, and her eye sparkled

when he got up cheerfully, and said in a pleasant voice, "You may have a little tea."

"Tea!" growled the homœopathist—"barbarian!"

"He is better, then, sir?" said Helen, creeping to the allopathist.

"Oh, yes, my dear—certainly; and we shall do very well, I hope."

The two doctors then withdrew.

"Last about a week!" said Dr. Dosewell, smiling pleasantly, and showing a very white set of teeth.

"I should have said a month; but our systems are different," replied Dr. Morgan, drily.

DR. DOSEWELL (courteously).—"We country doctors bow to our metropolitan superiors; what would you advise? You would venture perhaps, the experiment of bleeding."

DR. MORGAN, (spluttering and growing Welsh, which he never did but in excitement).—"Yes! Oh

heaven! do you think I am a cher—an executioner? Plead! *far.*"

DR. DOSEWELL.—"I don't find it over, myself, when both lungs are wet! But perhaps you are for in-ting."

DR. MORGAN.—"Fiddledee!"

DR. DOSEWELL, (with some dis-  
surance).—"What would you ad-  
se, then, in order to prolong our  
sent's life for a month?"

DR. MORGAN.—"Give him *Rhus*!"

DR. DOSEWELL.—"Rhus, sir!  
me! I don't know that medicine.  
us!"

DR. MORGAN.—"*Rhus Toxicodendron*."

The length of the last word excited  
Dosewell's respect. A word of  
se syllables—this was something  
se! He bowed deferentially, but  
he looked puzzled. At last he said,  
sling frankly, "You great London  
actioners have so many new medi-  
cines: may I ask what *Rhus toxicodendron*—"

"Dendron."

"Is?"

"The juice of the Upas—vulgarly  
had the Poison-Tree."

Dr. Dosewell started.

"Upas—poison-tree—little birds  
at come under the shade fall  
own dead! You give upas juice in  
use desperate cases—what's the  
me?"

Dr. Morgan grinned maliciously,  
and produced a globule the size of a  
ball pin's head.

Dr. Dosewell recoiled in disgust.

"Oh!" said he very coldly, and  
summing at once an air of superb su-  
periority, "I see—a homœopathist,  
is?"

"A homœopathist!"

"Um!"

"Um!"

"A strange system, Dr. Morgan,"

Dr. Dosewell, recovering his

cheerful smile, but with a curl of  
contempt in it, "and would soon do  
for the druggists."

"Serve 'em right. The druggists  
soon do for the patients."

"Sir!"

"Sir!"

DR. DOSEWELL, (with dignity).—"You don't know, perhaps, Dr. Morgan, that I am an apothecary as well as a surgeon. In fact," he added, with a certain grand humility, "I have not yet taken a diploma, and am but Doctor by courtesy."

DR. MORGAN.—"All one, Sir! Doctor signs the death-warrant—'pothecary does the deed!"

DR. DOSEWELL, (with a withering sneer).—"Certainly we don't profess to keep a dying man alive upon the juice of the deadly upas tree."

DR. MORGAN, (complacently).—"Of course you don't. There are no poisons with us. That's just the difference between you and me, Dr. Dosewell."

DR. DOSEWELL, (pointing to the homœopathist's travelling pharmacopœia, and with affected candour).—"Indeed, I have always said that if you can do no good you can do no harm, with your infinitesimals."

Dr. Morgan, who had been obtuse to the insinuation of poisoning, fires up violently at the charge of doing no harm.

"You know nothing about it! I could kill quite as many people as you, if I chose it; but I don't choose."

DR. DOSEWELL, (shrugging his shoulders).—"Sir! 'tis no use argu-  
ing; the thing's against common sense. In short, it is my firm belief that it is—is a complete—"

DR. MORGAN.—"A complete what?"

DR. DOSEWELL, (provoked to the utmost).—"Humbug!"

DR. MORGAN.—"Humpug! Codd in heaven! You old—"

DR. DOSEWELL. — "Old what, sir?"

DR. MORGAN, (at home in a series of alliterative vowels, which none but a Cymbrian could have uttered without gasping).—"Old allopathical anthropophagite!"

DR. DOSEWELL, (starting up, seizing by the back the chair on which he had sate, and bringing it down violently on its four legs).—"Sir!"

DR. MORGAN, (imitating the action with his own chair).—"Sir!"

DR. DOSEWELL.—"You're abusive."

DR. MORGAN.—"You're impertinent."

DR. DOSEWELL.—"Sir!"

DR. MORGAN.—"Sir!"

The two rivals fronted each other.

They were both athletic men, and ~~they~~ men. Dr. Dosewell was the taller, but Dr. Morgan was the stouter. Dr. Dosewell on the mother's side was Irish; but Dr. Morgan on both sides was Welsh. All things considered, I would have backed Dr. Morgan if it had come to blows. But, luckily for the honour of science, here the chambermaid knocked at the door, and said, "The coach is coming, sir."

Dr. Morgan recovered his temper and his manners at that announcement. "Dr. Dosewell," said he, "I have been too hot—I apologise."

Dr. Morgan," answered the allopathist, "I forgot myself. Your hand, sir."

DR. MORGAN.—"We are both devoted to humanity, though with different opinions. We should respect each other."

DR. DOSEWELL.—"Where look for liberality, if men of science are illiberal to their brethren."

DR. MORGAN, (aside).—"The old hypocrite! He would pound me in a mortar if the law would let him."

DR. DOSEWELL, (aside).—"The

wretched charlatan! I should to pound him in a mortar."

DR. MORGAN.—"Good bye, esteemed and worthy brother."

DR. DOSEWELL.—"My ex-friend, good bye."

DR. MORGAN, (returning in haste).—"I forgot. I don't think our patient is very rich. I confide to your disinterested benevolence (Hurries away.)"

DR. DOSEWELL, (in a rage).—"Seven miles at six o'clock in morning, and perhaps done out fee! Quack! Villain!"

Meanwhile, Dr. Morgan has turned to the sick room.

"I must wish you farewell, he to poor Mr. Digby, who was guidly sipping his tea. "He are in the hands of a—of a—of a man in the profession."

"You have been too kind-shocked," said Mr. Digby. "where's my purse?"

Dr. Morgan paused.

He paused, first, because it is owned that his practice was res and a fee gratified the vanity: to unappreciated talent, and the charm of novelty, which is a human nature itself. Second was a man

"Who knew his rights; and, know to maintain."

He had resigned a coach stayed a night—and thought relieved his patient. He had to his fee.

On the other hand, he because, though he had some taste, he was tolerably well did not care for money in it; he suspected his patient to be a Cressus.

Meanwhile, the purse was in hand. He took it from her, but a few sovereigns within the worn net-work. He drew it a little aside.

swer me, my dear, frankly—papa rich?" And he glanced shabby clothes strewed on the and Helen's faded frock.

as, no!" said Helen, hanging id.

that all you have?"

l."

am ashamed to offer you two t," said Mr. Digby's hollow om the bed.

d I should be still more ashamed them. Good bye, sir. Come

ny child. Keep your money, n't waste it on the other doc-

ore than you can help. His

es can do your father no good.

suppose you must have some.

o physician, therefore there's

He'll send a bill—it can't be

You understand. And now,

as you."

Morgan was off. But, as he

paid the landlady his bill, he said, considerably, "The poor people up stairs can pay you, but not that doctor—and he's of no use. Be kind to the little girl, and get the doctor to tell his patient (quietly, of course) to write to his friends—soon—you understand. Somebody must take charge of the poor child. And stop—hold your hand; take care—these globules for the little girl when her father dies —(here the Doctor muttered to himself, 'grief;—aconite')—and if she cries too much afterwards—these—(don't mistake.) Tears;—caustic!"

"Come, sir," cried the coachman.

"Coming;—tears—caustic," repeated the homoeopathist, pulling out his handkerchief and his phial-book together as he got into the coach: and he hastily swallowed his antilech-rymal.

## CHAPTER XIV.

LARD AVENEL was in a state of ervous excitement. He pro- o give an entertainment of a holly new to the experience of

town. Mrs. M'Catchley had

ed with much eloquence the

de *dansants* of her fashionable

residing in the elegant suburbs

bledon and Fulham. She de-

that nothing was so agreeable.

l even said point-blank to Mr.

"Why don't you give a *Dé-*

*ansant*?" And, therewith, a

de *dansant* Mr. Avenel resolved

day was fixed, and Mr. Avenel

into all the requisite prepa-

with the energy of a man

providence of a woman.

morning as he stood musing

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on the lawn, irresolute as to the best site for the ~~party~~, Leonard came up to him with an open letter in his hand.

"My dear uncle," said he, softly.

"Ha!" exclaimed Mr. Avenel, with a start. "Ha—well—what now?"

"I have just received a letter from Mr. Dale. He tells me that my poor mother is very restless and uneasy, because he cannot assure her that he has heard from me; and his letter requires an answer. Indeed I shall seem very ungrateful to him—to all—if I do not write."

Richard Avenel's brows met. He uttered an impatient "pish!" and turned away. Then coming back, he fixed his clear hawk-like eye on Leonard's ingenuous countenance, linked

his arm in his nephew's, and drew him into the shrubbery.

"Well, Leonard," said he, after a pause, "it is time that I should give you some idea of my plans with regard to you. You have seen my manner of living—some difference from what you ever saw before, I calculate! Now I have given you, what no one gave me, a lift in the world; and where I place you, there you must help yourself."

"Such is my duty, and my desire," said Leonard, heartily.

"Good. You are a clever lad, and a genteel lad, and will do me credit. I have had doubts of what is best for you. At one time I thought of sending you to college. That, I know, is Mr. Dale's wish; perhaps it is your own. But I have given up that idea; I have something better for you. You have a clear head for business, and are a capital arithmetician. I think of bringing you up to superintend my business; by-and-by I will admit you into partnership; and before you are thirty you will be a rich man. Come, does that suit you?"

"My dear uncle," said Leonard frankly, but much touched by this generosity, "it is not for me to have a choice. I should have preferred going to college, because there I might gain independence for myself, and cease to be a burden on you. Moreover, my heart moves me to studies more congenial with the college than the counting-house. But all this is nothing compared with my wish to be of use to you, and to prove in any way, however feebly, my gratitude for all your kindness."

"You're a good, grateful, sensible lad," exclaimed Richard, heartily; "and believe me, though I'm a rough diamond, I have your true interest at heart. You can be of use to me, and in being so you will best serve yourself. To tell you the truth, I have

some idea of changing my condition. There's a lady of fashion and quality who, I think, may condescend to become Mrs. Avenel; and if so, I shall probably reside a great part of the year in London. I don't want to give up my business. No other investment will yield the same interest. But you can soon learn to superintend it for me, as some day or other I may retire, and then you can step in. Once a member of our great commercial class, and with your talents you may be anything—member of parliament, and after that, minister of state, for what I know. And my wife—hem!—that is to be—has great connexions, and you shall marry well; and—oh, the Avenels will hold their heads with the highest after all! Damn the aristocracy—we clever fellows will be the aristocrats—eh?" Richard rubbed his hands.

Certainly, as we have seen, Leonard, especially in his earlier steps to knowledge, had repined at his position in the many degrees of life—certainly he was still ambitious—certainly he could not now have returned contentedly to the humble occupation he had left; and woe to the young man who does not hear with a quickened pulse, and brightening eye words that promise independence, and flatter with the hope of distinction. Still, it was with all the reaction of chill and mournful disappointment that Leonard, a few hours after the dialogue with his uncle, found himself alone in the fields, and pondering on the prospects before him. He had set his heart upon completing his intellectual education, upon developing those powers within him which yearned for an arena of literature and revolted from the routine trade. But to his credit be it said that he vigorously resisted this natural disappointment, and by degrees

colled himself to look cheerfully on path imposed on his duty, and confirmed by the manly sense that was at the core of his character.

He believed that this self-conquest proved that the boy had true genius. A false genius would have written words and despaired.

But still, Richard Avenel left his brow sadly perplexed as to the only question from which their talk the future had diverged—viz., would he write to the Parson, and

assure the fears of his mother? How do so without Richard's consent, when Richard had on a former occasion so imperiously declared that, if he did, it would lose his mother all that Richard intended to settle on her? While he was debating this matter with his conscience, leaning against a stile that interrupted a path to the town, Leonard Fairfield was startled by an exclamation. He looked up, and beheld Mr. Sprott, the tinker.

## CHAPTER XV.

His tinker, blacker and grimmer than ever, stared hard at the altered form of his old acquaintance, and bended his sable fingers, as if intended to convince himself by the use of touch that it was Leonard in a flesh that he beheld, under vestments so marvellously elegant and supernaturally spruce.

Leonard shrunk mechanically from contact, while in great surprise he stared—

"You here, Mr. Sprott! What did bring you so far from home?"

"Ome!" echoed the tinker, "I see 'ome! or rather, d'ye see, later Fairfield, I makes myself at me vererer I goes! Lor' love ye I 's settled on no parridge. I vanders 'p, and I vanders there, and that's y'ome vererer I can mend my stiles and sell my tracks!"

So saying, the tinker slid his paniers to the ground, gave a grunt of release and satisfaction, and seated himself in great composure on the stile, from which Leonard had retreated.

"But, dash my vig," resumed Mr. Sprott, as he once more surveyed Leonard, "vy, you bees a rale gentleman, be, surely! Vot's the dodge—eh?"

"Dodge!" repeated Leonard mechanically—"I don't understand you." Then, thinking that it was neither necessary nor expedient to keep up his acquaintance with Mr. Sprott, nor prudent to expose himself to the battery of questions which he foresaw that further parley would bring upon him, he extended a crown-piece to the tinker; and saying, with a half smile, "You must excuse me for leaving you—I have business in the town; and do me the favour to accept this trifle," he walked briskly off.

The tinker looked long at the crown-piece, and then sliding it into his pocket, said to himself—

"Ho—'ush-money! No go, my swell cove."

After venting that brief soliloquy he sat silent a little while, till Leonard was nearly out of sight, then rose, resumed his fardel, and creeping quick along the hedgerows, followed Leonard towards the town. Just in the last field, as he looked over the hedge, he saw Leonard accosted by a gentleman of comely mien and important swagger. That gentleman soon left the young man, and came, whistling loud, up the path, and



straight towards the tinker. Mr. Sprott looked round, but the hedge was too neat to allow of a good hiding-place, so he put a bold front on it, and stepped forth like a man. But, alas for him! before he got into the public path, the proprietor of the land, Mr. Richard Avenel, (for the gentleman was no less a personage,) had spied out the trespasser, and called to him with a "Hillo, fellow," that bespoke all the dignity of a man who owns acres, and all the wrath of a man who beholds those acres impudently invaded.

The Tinker stopped, and Mr. Avenel stalked up to him.

"What the devil are you doing on my property, lurking by my hedge? I suspect you are an incendiary!"

"I be a tinker," quoth Mr. Sprott, not louting low, (for a sturdy republican was Mr. Sprott,) but, like a lord of human-kind,

"Pride in his port, defiance in his eye."

Mr. Avenel's fingers itched to knock the tinker's villanous hat off his jacobinical head, but he repressed the undignified impulse by thrusting both hands deep into his trousers' pockets.

"A tinker!" he cried—"that's a vagrant; and I'm a magistrate, and I've a great mind to send you to the tread-mill—that I have. What do you do here, I say? You have not answered my question?"

"What does I do 'ere?" said Sprott. "Vy, you had better crakter of the young gent I: talking with just now; he me!"

"What! my nephew know

"W—hew," whistled the "your nephew is it, sir? I great respek for your family knowed Mrs. Fairfild, the v man, this many a year. I w your pardon." And he took hat this time.

Mr. Avenel turned red and in a breath. He growled a thing inaudible, turned on him and strode off. The tinker him as he had watched Leon then dogged the uncle as dogged the nephew. I do sume to say that there was a effect in what happened the but it was what is called "a coincidence" that that night Richard Avenel's ricks was fire; and that that day he be Mr. Sprott an incendiary. M was a man of a very high sp did not forgive an insult easi nature was inflammatory, and that of the lucifers which b carried about him, with his tr glue-pots.

The next morning there inquiry made for the tinker had disappeared from the ne hood.

## CHAPTER XVI.

It was a fortunate thing that the *jeûne dansant* so absorbed Mr. Richard Avenel's thoughts, that even a conflagration of his rick could not take away the graceful and poetic images connected with that pastoral futility. He was even loose and careless in the questions he put to Richard about the tinker; nor did he find justice in pursuit of that itinerant trader; for, to say truth, Richard was a man accustomed to make enemies amongst the lower orders; and though he suspected Mr. Brett of destroying his rick, yet, when he once set about suspecting, he found he had quite as good cause to suspect fifty other persons. How earth could a man puzzle himself with ricks and tinkers, when all his powers and energies were devoted to a *jeûne dansant*? It was a maxim of Richard Avenel's, as it ought to be of every clever man, "to do one thing at a time;" and therefore he postponed all other considerations till the *jeûne dansant* was fairly done with. Amongst these considerations was the letter which Leonard wished to write to the Parson. "Wait a bit, we will both write!" said Richard, sed-humouredly, "the moment the *jeûne dansant* is over!"

It must be owned that this fête was no ordinary provincial ceremonial. Richard Avenel was a man to do a thing well when he set about it—he soured the cabbage with a bounteous heart."

Little and little his first notions expanded, till what had been meant to be only neat and elegant embraced the costly and magnificent. Artificers accustomed to *dé-*

London to assist, to direct, to create. Hungarian singers, and Tyrolean singers, and Swiss peasant-women who were to chaunt the *Ranz des Vaches*, and milk cows or make syllabubs, were engaged. The great marquee was decorated as a Gothic banquet-hall; the breakfast itself was to consist of "all the delicacies of the season." In short, as Richard Avenel said to himself, "It is a thing once in a way; a thing on which I don't object to spend money, provided that the thing is—the thing!"

It had been a matter of grave meditation how to make the society worthy of the revel; for Richard Avenel was not contented with the mere aristocracy of the town—his ambition had grown with his expenses. "Since it will cost so much," said he, "I may as well come it strong, and get in the county."

True, that he was personally acquainted with very few of what are called county families. But still, when a man makes himself a mark in a large town, and can return one of the members whom that town sends to parliament; and when, moreover, that man proposes to give some superb and original entertainment, in which the old can eat and the young can dance, there is no county in the island that has not families enough who will be delighted by an invitation from THAT MAN. And so Richard, finding that, as the thing got talked of, the Dean's lady, and Mrs. Pompley, and various other great personages, took the liberty to suggest that Squire this, and Sir Somebody that, would be so pleased if they were asked, fairly took the bull by the horns, and sent out his cards to Park, Hall,

and Rectory, within a circumference of twelve miles. He met with but few refusals, and he now counted upon five hundred guests.

"In for a penny in for a pound," said Mr. Richard Avenel. "I wonder what Mrs. M'Catchley will say?" Indeed, if the whole truth must be known, Mr. Richard Avenel not only gave that *déjeuné dansant* in honour of Mrs. M'Catchley, but he had fixed

in his heart of hearts upon that occasion, (when surrounded by all his splendour, and assisted by the seductive arts of Terpsichore and Bacchus,) to whisper to Mrs. M'Catchley those soft words which—but why not here let Mr. Richard Avenel use his own idiomatic and unsophisticated expression? "Please the pigs, then," said Mr. Avenel to himself, "I shall pay the question!"

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE Great Day arrived at last; and Mr. Richard Avenel, from his dressing-room window, looked on the scene below as Hannibal or Napoleon looked from the Alps on Italy. It was a scene to gratify the thought of conquest, and reward the labours of ambition. Placed on a little eminence stood the singers from the mountains of the Tyrol, their high-crowned hats and filigree buttons and gay sashes gleaming in the sun. Just seen from his place of watch, though concealed from the casual eye, the Hungarian musicians lay in ambush amidst a little belt of laurels and American shrubs. Far to the right lay what had once been called (*horresco referens*) the duckpond, where—*Dulce sonant tenui gutture carmen aves*. But the ruthless ingenuity of the head-artificer had converted the duckpond into a Swiss lake, despite grievous wrong and sorrow to the *assuetum innocuumque genus*—the familiar and harmless inhabitants, who had been all expatriated and banished from their native waves. Large poles twisted with fir branches, stuck thickly around the lake, gave to the waters the becoming Helvetian gloom. And here, beside three cows all bedecked with

ribbons, stood the Swiss maids destined to startle the shades with the *Ranz des Vaches*. To the left, full upon the sward, which it almost entirely covered, stretched the great Gothic marquee, divided into two grand sections—one for the *dancing*, one for the *déjeuné*.

The day was propitious—not a cloud in the sky. The musicians were already tuning their instruments; figures of waiters hired of Genter-trim and decorous, in black trousers and white waistcoats—passed to and fro the space between the house and marquee. Richard looked and looked; and as he looked he drew mechanically his razor across the strop; and when he had looked his fill, he turned reluctantly to the glass and shaved. All that blessed morning he had been too busy, till then, to think of shaving.

There is a vast deal of character in the way that a man performs that operation of shaving! You should have seen Richard Avenel shave! You could have judged at once how he would shave his neighbours, when you saw the celerity, the completeness with which he shaved himself—forestroke and a backstroke, with the

*vestis barba cadebat!* Cheek and hair were as smooth as glass. You would have buttoned up your pockets instinctively if you had seen him.

But the rest of Mr. Avenel's toilet was not completed with correspondent dispatch. On his bed, and on his chairs, and on his sofa, and on his drawers, lay trousers and vests and waists enough to distract the choice of a Stoic. And first one pair of trousers was tried on, and then another—and one waistcoat, and then a second, and then a third. Gradually that *chef-d'œuvre* of Civilization—a man dressed—grew into development and form; and, finally, Mr. Richard Avenel emerged into the light of day. He had been lucky in his costume—he felt it. It might not suit every one in colour or cut, but it suited him.

And this was his garb. On such occasions, what epic poet would not describe the robe and tunic of a hero?

His surtout—in modern phrase, his frockcoat—was blue, a rich blue, a blue that the royal brothers of George the Fourth were wont to favour. And the surtout, single-breasted, was thrown open gallantly; and in the second button-hole thereof was a moorcock. The vest was white, and the trousers a pearl-grey, with what tailors' style "a handsome fall over the boot." A blue and white silk cravat, tied loose and debonair; an ample field of shirt front, with plain gold studs; a pair of lemon-coloured kid gloves, and a white hat, placed somewhat too knowingly on one side, complete the description, and "give the world assurance of the man." And, with his light, firm, well-shaped figure, his clear complexion, his keen, bright eye, and features that bespoke the courage, precision, and alertness of his character—that is to say, features bold, not large, well-defined, and regular—you might walk long

through town or country before you would see a handsomer specimen of humanity than our friend Richard Avenel.

Handsome, and feeling that he was handsome; rich, and feeling that he was rich; lord of the fête, and feeling that he was lord of the fête, Richard Avenel stepped out upon his lawn.

And now the dust began to rise along the road, and carriages, and gigs, and chaises, and flies might be seen at near intervals and in quick procession. People came pretty much about the same time—as they do in the country—heaven reward them for it!

Richard Avenel was not quite at his ease at first in receiving his guests, especially those whom he did not know by sight. But when the dancing began, and he had secured the fair hand of Mrs. McCatchley for the initiary quadrille, his courage and presence of mind returned to him; and, seeing that many people whom he had not received at all seemed to enjoy themselves very much, he gave up the attempt to receive those who came after,—and that was a great relief to all parties.

Meanwhile Leonard looked on the animated scene with a silent melancholy, which he in vain endeavoured to shake off—a melancholy more common amongst very young men in such scenes than we are apt to suppose. Somehow or other, the pleasure was not congenial to him; he had no Mrs. McCatchley to endear it—he knew very few people—he was shy—he felt his position with his uncle was equivocal—he had not the habit of society—he heard incidentally many an ill-natured remark upon his uncle and the entertainment—he felt indignant and mortified. He had been a great deal happier eating his radishes, and reading his book by the little fountain

in Riccabocca's garden. He retired to a quiet part of the grounds, seated himself under a tree, leant his cheek on his hand, and mused. He was soon far away;—happy age, when, whatever the present, the future seems so fair and so infinite!

But now the *déjeuné* had succeeded the earlier dances; and, as champagne flowed royally, it is astonishing how the entertainment brightened.

The sun was beginning to slope towards the west, when, during a temporary cessation of the dance, all the guests had assembled in such space as the tent left on the lawn, or thickly filled the walks immediately adjoining it. The gay dresses of the ladies, the joyous laughter heard everywhere, and the brilliant sunlight over all, conveyed even to Leonard the notion, not of mere hypocritical pleasure, but actual healthful happiness. He was attracted from his reverie, and timidly mingled with the groups. But Richard Avenel, with the fair Mrs. M'Catchley—her complexion more vivid, and her eyes more dazzling, and her step more elastic than usual—had turned from the gaiety just as Leonard had turned towards it, and was now on the very spot (remote, obscure, shaded by the few trees above five years old that Mr. Avenel's property boasted) which the young dreamer had deserted.

And then! Ah then! moment so meet for the sweet question of questions, place so appropriate for the delicate, bashful, murmured popping thereof!—suddenly from the sward before, from the groups beyond, there floated to the ears of Richard Avenel an indescribable mingled ominous

sound—a sound as of a general titter—a horrid, malignant, but low exclamation. And Mrs. M'Catchley, stretching forth her parasol, exclaimed, "Dear me, Mr. Avenel, what can they be all crowding there for?"

There are certain sounds and certain sights—the one indistinct, the other vaguely conjecturable—which nevertheless, we know, by an instinct, bode some diabolical agency at work in our affairs. And if any man gives an entertainment, and hears afar a general ill-suppressed derisive titter, and sees all his guests hurrying towards one spot, I defy him to remain unmoved and uninquisitive. I defy him still more to take that precise occasion (however much he may have before designed it) to drop gracefully on his right knee before the handsomest Mrs. M'Catchley in the universe, and—pop the question! Richard Avenel blurted out something very like an oath; and, half guessing that something must have happened that it would not be pleasing to bring immediately under the notice of Mrs. M'Catchley, he said, hastily—"Excuse me. I'll just go and see what is the matter—pray, stay till I come back." With that he sprang forward; in a minute he was in the midst of the group, that parted aside with the most obliging complacency to make way for him.

"But what's the matter?" he asked impatiently, yet fearfully. Not a voice answered. He strode on, and beheld his nephew in the arms of a woman!

"God bless my soul!" said Richard Avenel.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

AND such a woman!

She had on a cotton gown—very neat, I dare say—for an under house-maid; and *such* thick shoes! She had on a little black straw bonnet; and a kerchief, that might have cost temperance, pinned across her waist instead of a shawl; and she looked altogether—respectable, no doubt, but exceedingly dusty! And she was hanging upon Leonard's neck, and scolding, and caressing, and crying very loud. "God bless my soul!" said Mr. Richard Avenel.

And as he uttered that innocent self-benediction, the woman hastily turned round, and, darting from Leonard, threw herself right upon Richard Avenel—burying under her embrace blue-coat, moss-rose, white waistcoat and all—with a vehement sob and a loud exclamation!

"Oh! brother Dick!—dear, dear brother Dick! And I lives to see thee agin!" And then came two such kisses—you might have heard them a mile off! The situation of brother Dick was appalling; and the crowd, that had before only tittered politely, could not now resist the effect of this sudden embrace. There was a general explosion!—It was a roar! That roar would have killed a weak man; but it sounded to the strong heart of Richard Avenel like the defiance of a foe, and it plucked forth in an instant from all conventional let and barrier the native spirit of the Anglo-Saxon.

He lifted abruptly his handsome masculine head, and looked round the ring of his ill-bred visitors with a haughty stare of rebuke and surprise.

"*Ladies and gentlemen,*" then

said he, very coolly, "I don't see what there is to laugh at! A brother and sister meet after many years separation, and the sister cries, poor thing. For my part I think it very natural that *she* should cry; but not that you should laugh!" In an instant the whole shame was removed from Richard Avenel, and rested in full weight upon the bystanders. It is impossible to say how foolish and sheepish they all looked, nor how slinkingly each tried to creep off.

Richard Avenel seized his advantage with the promptitude of a man who had got on in America, and was, therefore, accustomed to make the best of things. He drew Mrs. Fairfield's arm in his, and led her into the house; but when he had got her safe into his parlour—Leonard following all the time—and the door was closed upon those three, *then* Richard Avenel's ire burst forth.

"You impudent, ungrateful, audacious—drab!"

Yes, drab was the word. I am shocked to say it, but the duties of a historian are stern: and the word *was* drab.

"Drab!" faltered poor Jane Fairfield; and she clutched hold of Leonard, to save herself from falling.

"Sir!" cried Leonard fiercely.

You might as well have cried "sir" to a mountain torrent. Richard hurried on, for he was furious.

"You nasty, dirty, dusty, dowdy! How dare you come here to disgrace me in my own house and premises, after my sending you fifty pounds! To take the very time, too, when—when—"

Richard gasped for breath; and the laugh of his guests rang in his ears.



and got into his chest, and choked him. Jane Fairfield drew herself up, and her tears were dried.

"I did not come to disgrace you; I came to see my boy, and—"

"Ha!" interrupted Richard, "to see *him*."

He turned to Leonard: "You have written to this woman, then?"

"No sir, I have not."

"I believe you lie."

"He does not lie; and he is as good as yourself, and better, Richard Avenel," exclaimed Mrs. Fairfield; "and I won't stand here and hear him insulted—that's what I want. And as for your fifty pounds, there are forty-five of it; and I'll work my fingers to the bone till I pay back the other five. And don't be afraid I shall disgrace you, for I'll never look on your face agin; and you're a wicked bad man—that's what you are."

The poor woman's voice was so raised, and so shrill, that any other and more remorseful feeling which Richard might have conceived was drowned in his apprehension that she would be overheard by his servants or his guests—a masculine apprehension, with which females rarely sympathise; which, on the contrary, they are inclined to consider a mean and cowardly terror on the part of their male oppressors.

"Hush! hold your infernal squall—do!" said Mr. Avenel in a tone that he meant to be soothing. "There—sit down—and don't stir till I come back again, and can talk to you calmly. Leonard, follow me, and help to explain things to our guests."

Leonard stood still, but shook his head slightly.

"What do you mean, sir?" said Richard Avenel, in a very portentous growl. "Shaking your head at me? Do you intend to disobey me? You had better take care!"

Leonard's front rose; he drew one arm round his mother, and thus he spoke:—

"Sir, you have been kind to me, and generous, and that thought alone silenced my indignation, when I heard you address such language to my mother; for I felt that, if I spoke, I should say too much. Now I speak, and it is to say, shortly, that—"

"Hush, boy," said poor Mrs. Fairfield, frightened: "don't mind me. I did not come to make mischief, and ruin your prosper. I'll go!"

"Will you ask her pardon, Mr. Avenel?" said Leonard firmly; and he advanced towards his uncle.

Richard, naturally hot and intolerant of contradiction, was then excited, not only by the angry emotions which, it must be owned, a man so mortified, and in the very flush of triumph, might well experience, but by much more wine than he was in the habit of drinking; and when Leonard approached him, he misinterpreted the movement into one of menace and aggression. He lifted his arm: "Come a step nearer," said he, between his teeth, "and I'll knock you down." Leonard advanced the forbidden step; but as Richard caught his eye, there was something in that eye—not defying, not threatening, but bold and dauntless—which Richard recognised and respected, for that something spoke the Freeman. The uncle's arm mechanically fell to his side.

"You cannot strike me, Mr. Avenel," said Leonard, "for you are aware that I could not strike again my mother's brother. As her son, I once more say to you,—ask her pardon."

"Ten thousand devils! Are you mad?—or do you want to drive me mad? you insolent beggar, fed and clothed by my charity. *Back to*

pardon!—what for? That she has made me the object of jeer and ridicule with that d—d cotton gown, and those double-d—d thick shoes. I vow and protest they've got nails in them! Hark ye, sir, I've been insulted by her, but I'm not to be bullied by you. Come with me instantly, or I discard you; not a shilling of mine shall you have as long as I live. Take your choice—be a peasant, a labourer, or—”

“A base renegade to natural affection, a degraded beggar indeed!” cried Leonard, his breast heaving, and his cheeks in a glow. “Mother, mother, come away. Never fear—I have strength and youth, and we will work together as before.”

But poor Mrs. Fairfield, overcome by her excitement, had sunk down into Richard's own handsome morocco

leather easy-chair, and could neither speak nor stir.

“Confound you both!” muttered Richard. “You can't be seen creeping out of my house now. Keep her here, you young viper, you; keep her till I come back; and then, if you choose to go, go and be—”

Not finishing his sentence, Mr. Avenel hurried out of the room, and locked the door, putting the key into his pocket. He paused for a moment in the Hall, in order to collect his thoughts—drew three or four deep breaths—gave himself a great shake—and, resolved to be faithful to his principle of doing one thing at a time, shook off in that shake all disturbing recollection of his mutinous captives. Stern as Achilles when he appeared to the Trojans, Richard Avenel stalked back to his lawn.

## CHAPTER XIX.

BRIEF as had been his absence, the host could see that, in the interval, a great and notable change had come over the spirit of his company. Some of those who lived in the town were evidently preparing to return home on foot; those who lived at a distance, and whose carriages (having been sent away, and ordered to return at a fixed hour) had not yet arrived, were gathered together in small knots and groups; all looked sullen and displeased, and all instinctively turned from their host as he passed them by. They felt they had been lectured, and they were more put out than Richard himself. They did not know if they might not be lectured again. This vulgar man, of what might he not be capable?

*Richard's shrewd sense compre-*

hended in an instant all the difficulties of his position; but he walked on deliberately and directly towards Mrs. M'Catchley, who was standing near the grand marquess with the Pompleys and the Dean's lady. As these personages saw him make thus boldly towards them, there was a flutter. “Hang the fellow!” said the Colonel, intrenching himself in his stock, “he is coming here. Low and shocking—what shall we do? Let us stroll on.”

But Richard threw himself in the way of the retreat.

“Mrs. M'Catchley,” said he, very gravely, and offering her his arm, “allow me three words with you.”

The poor widow looked very much discomposed. Mrs. Pompley pulled her by the sleeve. Richard still



stood gazing into her face, with his arm extended. She hesitated a minute, and then took the arm.

"Monstrous impudent!" cried the Colonel.

"Let Mrs. M'Catchley alone, my dear," responded Mrs. Pompley; "*she* will know how to give him a lesson."

"Madam," said Richard, as soon as he and his companion were out of hearing, "I rely on you to do me a favour."

"On me?"

"On you, and you alone. You have influence with all those people, and a word from you will effect what I desire. Mrs. M'Catchley," added Richard, with a solemnity that was actually imposing, "I flatter myself that you have some friendship for me, which is more than I can say of any other soul in these grounds—will you do me this favour, ay or no?"

"What is it, Mr. Avenel?" asked Mrs. M'Catchley, much disturbed, and somewhat softened—for she was by no means a woman without feeling; indeed, she considered herself nervous.

"Get all your friends—all the company, in short—to come back into the tent for refreshments—for anything. I want to say a few words to them."

"Bless me! Mr. Avenel—a few words!" cried the widow, "but that's just what they're all afraid of! You must pardon me, but you really can't ask people to a *déjeuné dansant*, and then—scold 'em!"

"I'm not going to scold them," said Mr. Avenel, very seriously—"upon my honour, I'm not! I'm going to make all right, and I even hope afterwards that the dancing may go on—and that you will honour me again with your hand. I leave you to your task; and believe me, I'm not an ungrateful man." He spoke, and bowed—not without some

dignity—and vanished within the breakfast division of the marquee. There he busied himself in re-collecting the waiters, and directing them to re-arrange the mangled remains of the table as they best could. Mrs. M'Catchley, whose curiosity and interest were aroused, executed her commission with all the ability and tact of a woman of the world, and in less than a quarter of an hour the marquee was filled—the corks flew—the champagne bounced and sparkled—people drank in silence, munched fruits and cakes, kept up their courage with the conscious sense of numbers, and felt a great desire to know what was coming. Mr. Avenel, at the head of the table, suddenly rose.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said he, "I have taken the liberty to invite you once more into this tent, in order to ask you to sympathise with me, upon an occasion which took us all a little by surprise to-day.

"Of course, you all know I am a new man—the maker of my own fortunes."

A great many heads bowed involuntarily. The words were said manfully, and there was a general feeling of respect.

"Probably, too," resumed Mr. Avenel, "you may know that I am the son of very honest tradespeople. I say honest, and they are not ashamed of me—I say tradespeople, and I'm not ashamed of them. My sister married and settled at a distance. I took her son to educate and bring up. But I did not tell her where he was, nor even that I had returned from America—I wished to choose my own time for that, when I could give her the surprise, not only of a rich brother, but of a son whom I intended to make a gentleman, so far as manners and education can make one. Well, the poor time

## VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

woman has found me out sooner than I expected, and turned the tables on me by giving me a surprise of her own invention. Pray, forgive the confusion this little family scene has created; and though I own it was very laughable at the moment, and I was wrong to say otherwise, yet I am sure I don't judge ill of your good hearts when I ask you to think what brother and sister must feel who parted from each other when they were boy and girl. To me (and Richard gave a great gulp—for he felt that a great gulp alone could swallow the abominable lie he was about to utter)—to me this has been a *very happy occasion*! I'm a plain man: no one can take ill what I've said. And, wishing that you may be all as happy in your family as I am in mine—humble though it be—I beg to drink your very good healths!"

There was a universal applause when Richard sat down; and so well in his plain way had he looked the thing, and done the thing, that at least half of those present—who till then had certainly disliked and half despised him—suddenly felt that they were proud of his acquaintance. For however aristocratic this country of ours may be, and however especially aristocratic be the genteeler classes in provincial towns and co-tries—there is nothing which English folks, from the highest to the lowest, in their hearts so respect as a man who has risen from nothing, and owns it frankly. Sir Compton Delaval, an old baronet, with a pedigree as long as a Welshman's, who had been reluctantly decoyed to the feast by his three unmarried daughters—not one of whom, however, had hitherto condescended even to bow to the host—now rose. It was his right—he was the first person there *in rank and station*.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," quoth Sir Compton Delaval, "I am sure that I express the feelings of all present when I say that we have heard with great delight and admiration the words addressed to us by our excellent host. (Applause.) And if any of us, in what Mr. Avenel describes justly as the surprise of the moment, were betrayed into an unseemly merriment at — at — (the Dean's lady whispered 'some of the') — some of the—some of the—" repeated Sir Compton, puzzled, and coming to a dead lock—('holiest sentiments,' whispered the Dean's lady)—"ay, some of the holiest sentiments in our nature—I beg him to accept our sincerest apologies. I can only say, for my part, that I am proud to rank Mr. Avenel amongst the gentlemen of the county, (here Sir Compton gave a sounding thump on the table,) and to thank him for one of the most brilliant entertainments it has ever been my lot to witness. If he won his fortune honestly, he knows how to spend it nobly."

Whiz went a fresh bottle of champagne.

"I am not accustomed to public speaking, but I could not repress my sentiments. And I've now only to propose to you the health of our host, Richard Avenel, Esquire; and to couple with that the health of his—very interesting sister, and long life to them both."

The sentence was half drowned in enthusiastic plaudits, and in three cheers for Richard Avenel, Esquire, and his very interesting sister.

"I'm a cursed humbug," thought Richard Avenel, as he wiped his forehead; "but the world is such a humbug!"

Then he glanced towards Mrs. McCatchley, and, to his great satisfaction saw Mrs. McCatchley with her handkerchief before her eyes.

Truth must be told—although the fair widow might certainly have contemplated the probability of accepting Mr. Avenel as a husband, she had never before felt the least bit in love with him; and now she did. There is something in courage and candour—at a word, in manliness—that all women, the most worldly, do admire in men; and Richard Avenel, humble though his conscience said he was, seemed to Mrs. M'Catchley like a hero.

The host saw his triumph. "Now for another dance!" said he, gaily; and he was about to offer his hand to Mrs. M'Catchley, when Sir Compton Delaval, seizing it, and giving it a hearty shake, cried, "You have not yet danced with my eldest daughter; so, if you'll not ask her, why, I must offer her to you as your partner. Here—Sarah."

Miss Sarah Delaval, who was five feet eight, and as stately as she was tall, bowed her head graciously; and Mr. Avenel, before he knew where he was, found her leaning on his arm. But as he passed into the next division of the tent, he had to run the gauntlet of all the gentlemen, who thronged round to shake hands with him. Their warm English hearts could not be satisfied till they had so repaired the sin of their previous haughtiness and mockery. Richard Avenel might then have safely introduced his sister—gown, kerchief, thick shoes and all—to the crowd; but he had no such thought. He thanked heaven devoutly that she was safely under lock and key.

It was not till the third dance that he could secure Mrs. M'Catchley's hand, and then it was twilight. The carriages were at the door, but no one yet thought of going. People were really enjoying themselves. Mr. Avenel had had time, in the interim, to mature all his plans for completing and consummating that triumph

which his tact and pluck had drawn from his momentary disgrace. Excited as he was with wine and suppressed passion, he had yet the sense to feel that, when all the halo that now surrounded him had evaporated, and Mrs. M'Catchley was re-delivered up to the Pompleys, whom he felt to be the last persons his interest could desire for her advisers—the thought of his low relations could return with calm reflection. Now was the time. The iron was hot—now was the time to strike it, and forge the enduring chain.

As he led Mrs. M'Catchley after the dance, into the lawn, he therefore said tenderly—

"How shall I thank you for the favour you have done me?"

"Oh!" said Mrs. M'Catchley warmly, "it was no favour—and I am so glad—" She stopped.

"You're not ashamed of me then, in spite of what has happened?"

"Ashamed of you! Why, I should be so proud of you, if I were—"

"Finish the sentence and say—'your wife!'—there, it is out. My dear madam, I am rich, as you know; I love you very heartily. With your help, I think I can make a figure in a larger world than this: and that, whatever my father, my grandson at least will be.—But it is time enough to speak of *him*. What say you?—you turn away. I'll not tease you—it is not my way. I said before, ay or no; and your kindness so emboldens me that I say it again—ay or no?"

"But you take me so unawares—so—so—Lord, my dear Mr. Avenel; you are so hasty—I—I—" And the widow actually blushed, and was genuinely bashful.

"Those horrid Pompleys!" thought Richard, as he saw the Colonel bustling up with Mrs. M'Catchley's cloak on his arm.

"I press for your answer," continued the suitor, speaking very fast. "I shall leave this place to-morrow, if you will not give it."

"Leave this place—leave me?"

"Then you will be mine!"

"Ah, Mr. Avenel!" said the widow, languidly, and leaving her hand in his; "who can resist you?"

Up came Colonel Pompley; Richard took the shawl: "No hurry for that now, Colonel—Mrs. M'Catchley feels already at home here."

Ten minutes afterwards, Richard Avenel so contrived that it was known by the whole company that their host was accepted by the Honourable Mrs. M'Catchley. And every one said, "He is a very clever man, and a very good fellow," except the Pompleys—and the Pompleys were frantic. Mr. Richard Avenel had forced his way into the aristocracy of the country; the husband of an Honourable—connected with peers!

"He will stand for our city—Vulgarian!" cried the Colonel.

"And his wife will walk out before me," cried the Colonel's lady—"sassy woman!" And she burst into tears.

The guests were gone; and Richard had now leisure to consider what course to pursue with regard to his sister and her son.

His victory over his guests had in much softened his heart towards his relations; but he still felt bitterly aggrieved at Mrs. Fairfield's unreasonable intrusion, and his pride was greatly chafed by the boldness of Leonard. He had no idea of any man whom he had served, or meant to serve, having a will of his own—having a single thought in opposition to his pleasure. He began, too, to feel that words had passed between him and Leonard which could not be well forgotten by either, and would render their close connection less pleasant than heretofore. He, the great

Richard Avenel, beg pardon of Mrs. Fairfield, the washerwoman! No; she and Leonard must beg his. "That must be the first step," said Richard Avenel; "and I suppose they have come to their senses." With that expectation, he unlocked the door of his parlour, and found himself in complete solitude. The moon, lately risen, shone full into the room, and lit up every corner. He stared round bewildered—the birds had flown. "Did they go through the keyhole?" said Mr. Avenel. "Ha! I see!—the window is open!" The window reached to the ground. Mr. Avenel, in his excitement, had forgotten that easy mode of egress.

"Well," said he, throwing himself into his easy-chair, "I suppose I shall soon hear from them: they'll be wanting my money fast enough, I fancy." His eye caught sight of a letter, unsealed, lying on the table. He opened it, and saw bank-notes to the amount of £50—the widow's forty-five country notes, and a new note, Bank of England, that he had lately given to Leonard. With the money were these lines, written in Leonard's bold, clear, writing, though a word or two here and there showed that the hand had trembled—

"I thank you for all you have done to one whom you regarded as the object of charity. My mother and I forgive what has passed. I depart with her. You bade me make my choice, and I have made it.

"LEONARD FAIRFIELD."

The paper dropped from Richard's hand, and he remained mute and remorseful for a moment. He soon felt, however, that he had no help for it but working himself up into a rage. "Of all people in the world," cried Richard, stamping his foot on the floor, "there are none so disagreeable, insolent, and ungrateful as poor relations. I wash my hands of them!"

## BOOK SIXTH.

## INITIAL CHAPTER.

## WHEREIN MR. CAXTON IS PROFOUNDLY METAPHYSICAL.

"LIFE," said my father, in his most dogmatical tone, "is a certain quantity in time, which may be regarded in two ways—1st, as life *Integral*; 2d, as life *Fractional*. Life integral is that complete whole, expressive of a certain value, large or small, which each man possesses in himself. Life fractional is that same whole seized upon and invaded by other people, and subdivided amongst them. They who get a large slice of it say, 'A very valuable life this!'—those who get but a small handful say, 'So, so; nothing very great!'—those who get none of it in the scramble exclaim, 'Good for nothing!'"

"I don't understand a word you are saying," growled Captain Roland.

My father surveyed his brother with compassion—"I will make it all clear, even to your understanding. When I sit down by myself in my study, having carefully locked the door on all of you, alone with my books and thoughts, I am in full possession of my integral life. I am *totus, teres, atque rotundus*—a whole human being—equivalent in value, we will say, for the sake of illustration, to a fixed round sum—£100, for example. But when I go forth into the common apartment, each of those to whom I am of any worth whatso-

ever puts his finger into the bag that contains me, and takes out of me what he wants. Kitty requires me to pay a bill; Pisistratus to save him the time and trouble of looking into a score or two of books; the children to tell them stories, or play at hide-and-seek; and so on throughout the circle to which I have incautiously given myself up for plunder and subdivision. The £100 which I represented in my study is now parcelled out; I am worth £40 or £50 to Kitty, £20 to Pisistratus, and perhaps 30s. to the children. This is life fractional. And I cease to be an integral till once more returning to my study, and again closing the door on all existence but my own. Meanwhile, it is perfectly clear that, to those who, whether I am in the study, or whether I am in the common sitting-room, get nothing at all out of me, I am not worth a farthing. It must be wholly indifferent to a native of Kamschatka whether Austin Caxton be or be not rated out of the great account-book of human beings.

"Hence," continued my father,—"hence it follows that the more fractional a life be—*id est*, the greater the number of persons among whom it can be subdivided—why, the more there are to say, 'A very valuable life

" Thus, the leader of a party, a conqueror, a king, an or, who is amusing hundreds, or sands, or millions, has a greater number of persons whom his worth este and affects than a Saint n Stylites could have when he ed himself at the top of a co- ; although, regarded each in elf, Saint Simon, in his grand ification of flesh, in the idea that ereby pleased his Divine Bene- r, might represent a larger sum oral value *per se* than Buonaparte otaire."

ISISTRATUS. — "Perfectly clear, but I don't see what it has to do My Novel."

R. CAXTON. — "Everything.— novel, if it is to be a full and prehensive survey of the '*Quic- agant homines*;' (which it ought c, considering the length and dth to which I foresee, from the development of your story, you itate extending and expanding will embrace the two views of ence—the integral and the frac- al. You have shown us the er in Leonard, when he is sitting ie mother's cottage, or resting i his work by the little fount in abocca's garden. And in har- y with that view of his life, you e surrounded him with compara- integrals, only subdivided by the ler hands of their immediate fa- es and neighbours—your Squires Parsons, your Italian Exile and Jemima. With all these, life is, e or less, the life Natural, and is always, more or less, the life gral. Then comes the life Arti- l, which is always, more or less, life Fractional. In the life Na- l, wherein we are swayed but by own native impulses and desires, ervient only to the great silent of Virtue, (which has pervaded universe since it swung out of ol. I.—No. 371.

chaos,) a man is of worth from what he is in himself—Newton was as worthy before the apple fell from the tree as when all Europe applauded the discoverer of the Principle of Gravity. But in the life Artificial we are only of worth inasmuch as we affect others. And, relative to that life, Newton rose in value more than a million per cent. when down fell the apple from which, ultimately, sprang up his discovery. In order to keep civilization going, and spread over the world the light of human intellect, we have certain desires within us, ever swelling beyond the ease and independence which belong to us as integrals. Cold man as Newton might be, (he once took a lady's hand in his own, Kitty, and used her fore-finger for his tobacco-stopper;—great philosopher!)—cold as he might be, he was yet moved into giving his discoveries to the world, and that from motives very little differing in their quality from the motives that make Dr. Squills communicate articles to the Phrenological Journal upon the skulls of Bushmen and wombats. For it is the *property of light to travel*. When a man has light in him, forth it must go. But the first passage of Genius from its integral state (in which it has been reposing on its own wealth) into the fractional, is usually through a hard and vulgar pathway. It leaves behind it the reveries of solitude, that self-contemplating rest which may be called the Visionary, and enters suddenly into the state that may be called the Positive and Actual. There, it sees the operations of money on the outer life—sees all the ruder and commoner springs of action—sees ambition without nobleness—love without romance—is bustling about, and ordered, and trampled, and cowed—in short, it passes an apprenticeship with some Richard

Avenel, and does not yet detect what good and what grandeur, what addition even to the true poetry of the social universe, fractional existences like Richard Avenel's bestow; for the pillars that support society are like those of the Court of the Hebrew Tabernacle—they are of brass, it is true, but they are filleted with silver. From such intermediate state Genius is expelled and driven on in its way, and would have been so in this case had Mrs. Fairfield (who is but the representative of the homely natural affections, strongest ever in true genius—for light is warm) never crushed Mr. Avenel's moss-rose on her sisterly bosom. Now, forth from this passage and defile of transition into the larger world, must Genius go on, working out its natural destiny amidst things and forms the most artificial. Passions that move and influence the world are at work around it. Often lost sight of itself, its very absence is a silent contrast to the agencies present. Merged and vanished for a while amidst the Practical World, yet we ourselves feel all the while that it is *there*; is at work amidst the workings around it. This practical world that effaces it, rose out of some genius that has gone before; and so each man of genius, though we never come across him, as his operations proceed, in places remote from our thoroughfares, is yet influencing the practical world that ignores him, for ever and ever. That is GENIUS! We can't describe it in books—we can only hint and suggest it, by the accessories which we artfully heap about it. The entrance of a true Probationer into the terrible ordeal of Practical Life is like that into the miraculous cavern, by which, legend informs us, St. Patrick converted Ireland."

BLANCK.—"What is that legend? I never heard of it."

MR. CAXTON.—"My dear, you will find it in a thin folio at the right on entering my study, written by Thomas Messingham, and called 'Florilegium Insule Sanctorum,' &c. The account therein is confirmed by the relation of an honest soldier, one Louis Ennius, who had actually entered the cavern. In short, the truth of the legend is undeniable, unless you mean to say, which I can't for a moment suppose, that Louis Ennius was a liar. Thus it runs: St. Patrick, finding that the Irish pagans were incredulous as to his pathetic assurances of the pains and torments destined to those who did not expiate their sins in this world, prayed for a miracle to convince them. His prayer was heard; and a certain cavern, so small that a man could not stand up therein at his ease, was suddenly converted into a Purgatory, comprehending tortures sufficient to convince the most incredulous. One unacquainted with human nature might conjecture that few would be disposed to venture voluntarily into such a place;—on the contrary, pilgrims came in crowds. Now, all who entered from vain curiosity, or with souls unprepared, perished miserably; but those who entered with deep and earnest faith, conscious of their faults, and if bold yet humble, not only came out and sound, but purified, as if from the waters of a second baptism. See Savage and Johnson, at night in Fleet Street;—and who shall doubt the truth of St. Patrick's Purgatory! Therewith my father sighed—close his Lucian, which had lain open on the table, and would read none but "good books" for the rest of the evening."

## CHAPTER II.

his escape from the prison to Mr. Avenel had condemned Leonard and his mother found y to a small public-house at a little distance from the d on the outskirts of the l. With his arm round his waist, Leonard supported , and soothed her excitement, in fact, the poor woman's ere greatly shaken, and she easy remorse at the injury sion had inflicted on the an's worldly prospects. As wd reader has guessed al at infamous Tinker was the ent of evil in this critical the affairs of his quondam . For, on his return to his round Hazeldean and the he Tinker had hastened to Mrs. Fairfield of his inter- Leonard, and, on finding was not aware that the boy r the roof of his uncle, the vagabond (perhaps from inst Mr. Avenel, or perhaps t pure love of mischief by metaphysical critics explain acter of Iago, and which formed a main element in yacrazz of Mr. Sprott) had sed on the widow's mind the demeanour of the uncle and ed costume of the nephew, . Fairfield had been seized tter and insupportable jea- there was an intention to of her boy!—he was to be fine for her. His silence accounted for. This sort y, always more or less a quality, is often very strong the poor; and it was the one in Mrs. Fairfield, be-

cause, lone woman that she was, the boy was all in all to her. And though she was reconciled to the loss of his presence, nothing could reconcile her to the thought that his affections should be weaned from her. Moreover, there were in her mind certain impressions, of the justice of which the reader may better judge hereafter, as to the gratitude—more than ordinarily filial—which Leonard owed to her. In short, she did not like, as she phrased it, “to be shaken off,” and after a sleepless night she resolved to judge for herself, much moved thereto by the malicious suggestions to that effect made by Mr. Sprott, who mightily enjoyed the idea of mortifying the gentleman by whom he had been so disrespectfully threatened with the treadmill. The widow felt angry with Parson Dale, and with the Riccaboccas: she thought they were in the plot against her; she communicated, therefore, her intentions to none—and off she set, performing the journey partly on the top of the coach, partly on foot. No wonder that she was dusty, poor woman.

“And, oh boy!” said she, half sobbing, “when I got through the lodges, came on the lawn, and saw all that power o’ fine folk—I said to myself, says I—(for I felt frittled)—I’ll just have a look at him and go back. But ah, Lenny, when I saw thee, looking so handsome—and when thee turned and cried ‘mother,’ my heart was just ready to leap out o’ my mouth—and so I could not help hugging thee, if I had died for it. And thou wert so kind, that I forgot all Mr. Sprott had said about Dick’s pride, or thought he had just told a



fib about that, as he had wanted me to believe a fib about thee. Then Dick came up—and I had not seen him for so many years—and we come o' the same father and mother; and so—and so—" The widow's sobs here fairly choked her. "Ah," she said, after giving vent to her passion, and throwing her arms round Leonard's neck, as they ate in the little sanded parlour of the public-house—"Ah, and I've brought thee to this. Go back; go back, boy, and never mind me."

With some difficulty Leonard pacified poor Mrs. Fairfield, and got her to retire to bed; for she was, indeed, thoroughly exhausted. He then stepped forth into the road, musingly. All the stars were out; and Youth, in its troubles, instinctively looks up to the stars. Folding his arms, Leonard gazed on the heavens, and his lips murmured.

From this trance, for so it might be called, he was awakened by a voice in a decidedly London accent; and, turning hastily round, saw Mr. Avenel's very gentleman-like butler. Leonard's first idea was that his uncle had repented, and sent in search of him. But the butler seemed as much surprised at the rencontre as himself: that personage, indeed, the fatigues of the day being over, was accompanying one of Mr. Gunter's waiters to the public-house, (at which the latter had secured his lodging,) having discovered an old friend in the waiter, and proposing to regale himself with a cheerful glass, and—(that of course)—abuse of his present situation.

"Mr. Fairfield!" exclaimed the butler, while the waiter walked discreetly on.

Leonard looked, and said nothing. The butler began to think that some apology was due for leaving his plate and his pantry, and that he might as well secure Leonard's propitiatory influence with his master.

"Please, sir," said he, hat, "I was just a-show the way to the Blue Be puts up for the night. master will not be offer are a-going back, sir kindly mention it?"

"I am not going," answered Leonard, after am leaving Mr. Avenel accompany my mother deny. I should be very to you if you would things of mine to me Bells. I will give you will step with me to the

Without waiting for nard then turned toward made his humble in the clothes he had brought from the Casino; item that had contained the books, ditto; item, D watch; item, sundry the young student no hopes of fame and fort he put into Mr. Jarvis

"Sir," said the butler, paper between his fingers "you're not a-going for and he looked on the young man, who has "civil spoken to him," curiosity and as much so apathetic and princ could experience in a family less aristocratic hitherto condescended

"Yes," said Leonard briefly, "and your doubt excuse you for this service."

Mr. Jarvis postponed sent his glass and the waiter, and went back Avenel. That gentleman in his library, had not the butler's absence; Jarvis entered and to had met Mr. Fairfield

ending the commission with which he was entrusted, asked leave to execute it, Mr. Avenel felt the man's inquisitive eye was on him, and conceived new wrath against Leonard for a new humiliation to his pride. It was awkward to give no explanation of his nephew's departure, still more awkward to explain.

After a short pause, Mr. Avenel said, sullenly, "My nephew is going away on business for some time—do what he tells you;" and then turned his back, and lighted his cigar.

"That beast of a boy," said he, soliloquising, "either means this as an affront, or an overture: if an affront, he is, indeed, well got rid of; if an overture, he will soon make a more respectful and proper one. After all, I can't have too little of re-

lations till I have fairly secured Mrs. M'Catchley. An Honourable! I wonder if that makes me an Honourable too? This cursed Debreton contains no practical information on those points."

The next morning, the clothes and the watch with which Mr. Avenel presented Leonard were returned, with a note meant to express gratitude, but certainly written with very little knowledge of the world, and so full of that somewhat over-resentful pride which had in earlier life made Leonard fly from Hazeldean, and refuse all apology to Randal, that it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Avenel's last remorseful feelings evaporated in ire. "I hope he will starve!" said the uncle, vindictively.

## CHAPTER II

"LISTEN to me, my dear mother," said Leonard the next morning, as, with knapsack on his shoulder and Mrs. Fairfield on his arm, he walked along the high-road; "I do assure you, from my heart, that I do not regret the loss of favours which I see plainly would have crushed out of me the very sense of independence. But do not fear for me; I have education and energy—I shall do well for myself, trust me. No, I cannot, it is true, go back to our cottage—I cannot be a gardener again. Don't ask me—I should be discontented, miserable. But I will go up to London! That's the place to make a fortune and a name: I will make both. O yes, trust me, I will. You shall soon be proud of your Leonard; and then we will always live together—always! Don't cry."

"But what can you do in Lunnun—such a big place, Lenny?"

"What! Every year does not some lad leave our village, and go and seek his fortune, taking with him but health and strong hands? I have these, and I have more: I have brains, and thoughts, and hopes, that—again I say, No, no—never fear for me!"

The boy threw back his head proudly; there was something sublime in his young trust in the future.

"Well. But you will write to Mr. Dale, or to me? I will get Mr. Dale or the good Mounseer (now I know they were not agin me) to read your letters."

"I will, indeed!"

"And, boy, you have nothing in your pockets. We have paid Dick; these, at least, are my own, after

paying the coach fare." And she would thrust a sovereign and some shillings into Leonard's waistcoat pocket.

After some resistance, he was forced to consent.

"And there's a sixpence with a hole in it. Don't part with that, Lenny; it will bring thee good luck."

Thus talking, they gained the inn where the three roads met, and from which a coach went direct to the Casino. And here, without entering the inn, they sat on the greenward by the hedgerow, waiting the arrival of the coach. Mrs. Fairfield was much subdued in spirits, and there was evidently on her mind something uneasy—some struggle with her conscience. She not only upbraided herself for her rash visit, but she kept talking of her dead Mark. And what would he say of her, if he could see her in heaven?

"It was so selfish in me, Lenny."

"Pooh, pooh! Has not a mother a right to her child?"

"Ay, ay, ay!" cried Mrs. Fairfield. I do love you as a child—my own

child. But if I was not your mother, after all, Lenny, and cost you all this—oh, what would you say of me then?"

"Not my own mother!" said Leonard, laughing, as he kissed her. "Well, I don't know what I should say then differently from what I say now—that you, who brought me up and nursed and cherished me, had right to my home and my heart, wherever I was."

"Bless thee!" cried Mrs. Fairfield as she pressed him to her heart. "But it weighs here—it weighs," she said, starting up.

At that instant the coach appeared and Leonard ran forward to inquire if there was an outside place. There was a short bustle while the horses were being changed; and Mrs. Fairfield was lifted up to the roof of the vehicle. So all farther private conversation between her and Leonard ceased. But as the coach whirled away, and she waved her hand to the boy, who stood on the road-side gazing after her, she still murmured "It weighs here—it weighs!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

LEONARD walked sturdily on in the high-road to the Great City. The day was calm and sunlit, but with a gentle breeze from grey hills at the distance; and with each mile that he passed, his step seemed to grow more firm, and his front more elate. Oh! it is such joy in youth to be alone with one's day-dreams. And youth feels so glorious a vigour in the sense of its own strength, though the world be before and—against it! Removed from that chilling counting-house—from the

imperious will of a patron or master—all friendless, but all dependent—the young adventurer felt a new being—felt his grandeur as Man. And on the day he rushed the genius long interdicted and thrust aside—rushing back, with the first breath of adversity, to the sole—no! the Man needed not consolation,—to kindle, to animate, rejoice! If there is a being in the world worthy of our envy, after we have grown wise philosophers of fireside, it is the pale, the

lunary, nor the care-worn statesman, nor even the great prince of arts and letters, already crowned with the laurel, whose leaves are as fit for poison as for garlands; it is the young child of adventure and hope. Ay, and the emptier his purse, ten to one but the richer his heart, and the wider the domains which his fancy enjoys as he goes on with kingly step to the Future.

Not till towards the evening did our adventurer slacken his pace, and think of rest and refreshment. There, then, lay before him on either side the road, those wide patches of unenclosed land, which in England often denote the entrance to a village. Presently one or two neat cottages came in sight—then a small farmhouse, with its yard and barns. And some way farther yet, he saw the sign swinging before an inn of some pretensions—the sort of inn often found on a long stage between two great towns, commonly called “The Half-way House.” But the inn stood back from the road, having its own separate sward in front, whereon was a great beech-tree (from which the sign extended) and a rustic arbour—so that to gain the inn, the coaches that stopped there took a sweep from the main thoroughfare. Between our pedestrian and the inn there stood, naked and alone, on the common land, a church; our ancestors never would have chosen that site for it; therefore it was a modern church—modern gothic—handsome to an eye not versed in the attributes of ecclesiastical architecture—very barbarous to an eye that was. Somehow or other the church looked cold and raw and uninviting. It looked a church for show—much too big for the scattered hamlet—and void of all the venerable associations which give their peculiar and unspeakable atmosphere of piety to the churches in which succeeding

generations have knelt and worshipped. Leonard paused and surveyed the edifice with an unlearned but poetical gaze—it dissatisfied him. And he was yet pondering why, when a young girl passed slowly before him, her eyes fixed on the ground, opened the little gate that led into the churchyard, and vanished. He did not see the child's face; but there was something in her movements so utterly listless, forlorn, and sad, that his heart was touched. What did she there? He approached the low wall with a noiseless step, and looked over it wistfully.

There, by a grave evidently quite recent, with no wooden tomb nor tombstone like the rest, the little girl had thrown herself, and she was sobbing loud and passionately. Leonard opened the gate, and approached her with a soft step. Mingled with her sobs, he heard broken sentences, wild and vain, as all human sorrowings over graves must be.

“Father!—oh, father! do you not really hear me? I am so lone—so lone! Take me to you—take me!” And she buried her face in the deep grass.

“Poor child!” said Leonard, in a half whisper—“he is not there. Look above!”

The girl did not heed him—he put his arm round her waist gently—she made a gesture of impatience and anger, but she would not turn her face—and she clung to the grave with her hands.

After clear sunny days the dews fall more heavily; and now, as the sun set, the herbage was bathed in a vaporous haze—a dim mist rose around. The young man seated himself beside her, and tried to draw the child to his breast. Then she turned eagerly, indignantly, and pushed him aside with jealous arms. He profaned the grave! He understood her

with his deep poet-heart, and rose. There was a pause.

Leonard was the first to break it.

"Come to your home with me, my child, and we will talk of *him* by the way."

"Him! Who are you? You did not know him!"—said the girl, still with anger. "Go away—why do you disturb me? I do no one harm. Go—go!"

"You do yourself harm, and that will grieve him if he sees you yonder! Come!"

The child looked at him through her blinding tears, and his face softened and soothed her.

"Go!" she said, very plaintively, and in subdued accents. "I will but stay a minute more. I—I have as much to say yet."

Leonard left the churchyard, and waited without; and in a short time the child came forth, waved him aside as he approached her, and hurried away. He followed her at a distance, and saw her disappear within the inn.

## CHAPTER V.

"HIP—HIP—HURRAH!" Such was the sound that greeted our young traveller as he reached the inn door—a sound joyous in itself, but sadly out of harmony with the feelings which the child sobbing on the tombless grave had left at his heart. The sound came from within, and was followed by thumps and stamps, and the jingle of glasses. A strong odour of tobacco was wafted to his olfactory sense. He hesitated a moment at the threshold. Before him, on benches under the beech-tree and within the arbour, were grouped sundry athletic forms with "pipes in the liberal air."

The landlady, as she passed across the passage to the tap-room, caught sight of his form at the doorway, and came forward. Leonard still stood irresolute. He would have gone on his way, but for the child: she had interested him strongly.

"You seem full, ma'am," said he. "Can I have accommodation for the night?"

"Why, indeed, sir," said the landlady, civilly, "I can give you a bed-

room, but I don't know where to put you meanwhile. The two parlours and the tap-room and the kitchen are all choke full. There has been a great cattle fair in the neighbourhood, and I suppose we have as many as fifty farmers and drovers stopping here."

"As to that, ma'am, I can sit in the bed-room you are kind enough to give me; and if it does not cause you much trouble to let me have some tea there, I should be glad; but I can wait your leisure. Do not put yourself out of the way for me."

The landlady was touched by consideration she was not much habituated to receive from her bluff customers.

"You speak very handsome, sir, and we will do our best to serve you, if you will excuse all faults. This way sir." Leonard lowered his knapsack, stepped into the passage, with some difficulty forced his way through a knot of sturdy giants in top-boots or leathern gaiters, who were swarming in and out the tap-room, and followed his hostess up-stairs to a

little bed-room at the top of the house.

"It is small, sir, and high," said the hostess, apologetically. "But there be four gentlemen farmers that have come a great distance, and all the first floor is engaged; you will be more out of the noise here."

"Nothing can suit me better. But, stay—pardon me;" and Leonard, glancing at the garb of the hostess, observed she was not in mourning. "A little girl whom I saw in the churchyard yonder, weeping very bitterly—is she a relation of yours? Poor child, she seems to have deeper feelings than are common at her age."

"Ah, sir," said the landlady, putting the corner of her apron to her eyes, it is a very sad story—I don't know what to do. Her father was taken ill on his way to Lunnnon, and stopped here, and has been buried four days. And the poor little girl seems to have no relations—and where is she to go? Laryer Jones says we must pass her to Marybone parish, where her father lived last; and what's to become of her then? My heart bleeds to think on it." Here there rose such an uproar from below, that it was evident some quarrel had broke out; and the hostess, recalled to her duties, hastened to carry thither her propitiatory influences.

Leonard seated himself pensively by the little lattice. Here was some one more alone in the world than he. And she, poor orphan, had no stout man's heart to grapple with fate, and no golden manuscripts that were to be as the "Open-Sesame" to the treasures of Aladdin. By-and-by, the hostess brought him up a tray with tea and other refreshments, and Leonard resumed his inquiries. "No relatives?" said he; "surely the child must have some kinsfolk in London? Did her father leave no directions, or was he in possession of his faculties?"

"Yes, sir; he was quite reasonable like to the last. And I asked him if he had not anything on his mind, and he said, 'I have.' And I said, 'Your little girl, sir?' And he answered me, 'Yes, ma'am;' and laying his head on his pillow, he wept very quietly. I could not say more myself, for it set me off to see him cry so meekly; but my husband is harder nor I, and he said, 'Cheer up, Mr. Digby; had not you better write to your friends?'"

"'Friends!' said the gentleman, in such a voice! 'Friends I have but one, and I am going to Him! I cannot take her there!' Then he seemed suddenly to recollect himself, and called for his clothes, and rummaged in the pockets as if looking for some address, and could not find it. He seemed a forgetful kind of gentleman, and his hands were what I call *helpless* hands, sir! And then he gasped out, 'Stop—stop! I never had the address. Write to Lord Les——,' something like Lord Lester—but we could not make out the name. Indeed he did not finish it, for there was a rush of blood to his lips; and though he seemed sensible when he recovered, (and knew us and his little girl too, till he went off smiling,) he never spoke word more."

"Poor man," said Leonard, wiping his eyes. "But his little girl surely remembers the name that he did not finish?"

"No. She says he must have meant a gentleman whom they had met in the Park not long ago, who was very kind to her father, and was Lord something; but she don't remember the name, for she never saw him before or since, and her father talked very little about anyone lately, but thought he should find some kind friends at Screwstown, and travelled down there with her from Lunnnon. But she supposes he was disappointed, for he

went out, came back, and merely told her to put up the things, as they must go back to Lunnion. And on his way there he—died. Hush, what's that? I hope she did not overhear us. No, we were talking low. She has the next room to your'n, sir. I thought I heard her sobbing. Hush!"

"In the next room? I hear nothing. Well, with your leave, I will speak to her before I quit you. And had her father no money with him?"

"Yes, a few sovereigns, sir; they paid for his funeral, and there is a little left still—enough to take her to town; for my husband said, says he, 'Hannah, the widow gave her mite, and we must not take the orphan's;' and my husband is a hard man, too, sir—bless him!"

"Let me take your hand, ma'am. God reward you both."

"La, sir!—why, even Dr. Dosewell said, rather grumpily though, 'Never mind my bill; but don't call me up at six o'clock in the morning again, without knowing a little more about people.' And I never afore knew Dr. Dosewell go without his bill being paid. He said it was a trick o' the other Doctor to spite him."

"What other Doctor?"

"Oh, a very good gentleman, who got out with Mr. Digby when he was taken ill, and stayed till the next morning; and our Doctor says his name is Morgan, and he lives in—Lunnion, and is a homy—something."

"Homicide," suggested Leonard, ignorantly.

"Ah—homicide; something like that, only a deal longer and worse. But he left some of the tiniest little balls you ever see, sir, to give the child; but, bless you, they did her no good—how should they?"

"Tiny balls, oh—homœopathist—I understand. And the Doctor was kind to her; perhaps he may help her. Have you written to him?"

"But we don't know his address, and Lunnion is a vast place, sir."

"I am going to London, and will find it out."

"Ah, sir, you seem very kind; and sin' she must go to Lunnion, (for what can we do with her here!—she's too genteel for service,) I wish she was going with you."

"With me?" said Leonard, startled—"with me! Well, why not?"

"I am sure she comes of good blood, sir. You would have known her father was quite the gentleman, only to see him die, sir. He went of so kind and civil like, as if he was ashamed to give so much trouble—quite a gentleman, if ever there was one. And so are you, sir, I'm sure," said the landlady, curtsying; "I know what gentlefolk be. I've been a housekeeper in the best of families in this very shire, sir, though I can't say I've served in Lunnion; and so, as gentlefolks know each other, I've no doubt you could find out her relations. Dear—dear! Coming, coming!"

Here there were loud cries for the hostess, and she hurried away. The farmers and drovers were beginning to depart, and their bills were to be made out and paid. Leonard saw his hostess no more that night. The last Hip—hip—hurrah, was heard; some toast, perhaps to the health of the county members;—and the chamber of woe, beside Leonard's, rattled with the shout. By-and-by, silence gradually succeeded the various dissonant sounds below. The carts and gigs rolled away; the clatter of hoofs on the road ceased; there was then a dumb dull sound as of locking-up, and low, humming voices below, and footsteps mounting the stairs to bed, with now and then a drunken hiccup or maudlin laugh, as some conquered votary of Bacchus was fairly carried up to his domicile.

All, then, at last was silent, just as the clock from the church sounded the stroke of eleven.

Leonard, meanwhile, had been looking over his MSS. There was first a project for an improvement on the steam-engine—a project that had long lain in his mind, begun with the first knowledge of mechanics that he had gleaned from his purchases of the Tinker. He put that aside now—it required too great an effort of the reasoning faculty to re-examine.

He glanced less hastily over a collection of essays on various subjects—some that he thought indifferent, some that he thought good. He then lingered over a collection of verses, written in his best hand with loving care—verses first inspired by his perusal of Nora's melancholy memorials. These verses were as a diary of his heart and his fancy—those deep, unwitnessed struggles which the boyhood of all more thoughtful natures has passed in its bright yet murky storm of the cloud and the lightning-flash—though but few boys pause to record the crisis from which slowly emerges Man. And these first desultory grapplings with the fugitive airy images that flit through the dim chambers of the brain, had become with each effort more sustained and vigorous, till the phantoms were spelled, the flying ones arrested, the immaterial seized, and clothed with Form. Gazing on his last effort, Leonard felt that there at length spoke forth the Poet. It was a work which, though as yet but half completed, came from a strong hand; not that shadow-trembling on unsteady waters, which is but the pale reflex and imitation of some bright mind, sphered out of reach and afar, but an original substance—a life—a thing of the *Creative Faculty*—breathing back

already the breath it had received. This work had paused during Leonard's residence with Mr. Avenel, or had only now and then, in stealth, and at night, received a rare touch. Now, as with a fresh eye, he reperused it, and with that strange, innocent admiration, not of self—for a man's work is not, alas! himself—it is the beautified and idealised essence, extracted he knows not how from his own human elements of clay) admiration known but to poets—their purest delight, often their sole reward. And then, with a warmer and more earthly beat of his full heart, he rushed in fancy to the Great City, where all rivers of Fame meet, but not to be merged and lost—sallying forth again, individualised and separate, to flow through that one vast Thought of God which we call THE WORLD.

He put up his papers; and opened his window, as was his ordinary custom, before he retired to rest—for he had many odd habits; and he loved to look out into the night when he prayed. His soul seemed to escape from the body—to mount on the air—to gain more rapid access to the far Throne in the Infinite—when his breath went forth among the winds, and his eyes rested fixed on the stars of Heaven.

So the boy prayed silently; and after his prayer he was about, lingeringly, to close the lattice, when he heard distinctly sobs close at hand. He paused, and held his breath; then looked gently out; the casement next his own was also open. Some one was also at watch by that casement—perhaps also praying. He listened yet more intently, and caught, soft, and low, the words, "Father—father—do you hear me now?"



## CHAPTER VI.

LEONARD opened his door and stole towards that of the room adjoining; for his first natural impulse had been to enter and console. But when his touch was on the handle, he drew back. Child though the mourner was, her sorrows were rendered yet more sacred from intrusion by her sex. Something, he knew not what, in his young ignorance, withheld him from the threshold. To have crossed it then would have seemed to him profanation. So he returned, and for hours yet he occasionally heard the sobs, till they died away, and childhood wept itself to sleep.

But the next morning, when he heard his neighbour astir, he knocked gently at her door: there was no answer. He entered softly, and saw her seated very listlessly in the centre of the room—as if it had no familiar nook or corner as the rooms of home have—her hands drooping on her lap, and her eyes gazing desolately on the floor. Then he approached and spoke to her.

Helen was very subdued, and very silent. Her tears seemed dried up; and it was long before she gave sign or token that she heeded him. At length, however, he gradually succeeded in rousing her interest; and the first symptom of his success was in the quiver of her lip, and the overflow of her downcast eyes.

By little and little he wormed himself into her confidence; and she told him, in broken whispers, her simple story. But, what moved him the most was, that, beyond her sense of loneliness, she did not seem to feel her own unprotected state. She mourned the object she had nursed, and heeded, and cherished; for she

had been rather the protectress than the protected to the helpless child. He could not gain from her any more satisfactory information than the landlady had already imparted, as to her friends and prospects; but she permitted him passively to look among the effects her father had left—only that, if his hand touched something that seemed to her associations especially holy, she waved him back, or drew it quickly away. There were many bills receipted in the name of Captain Digby—old yellow faded music-scores for the flute—extracts of Parts from Prompt Books—gay parts of lively comedies, in which heroes have so noble a contempt for money—fit heroes for a Sheridan and a Farquhar;—close by these were several pawnbroker's tickets; and, not arrayed smoothly, but crumpled up, as if with an indignant nervous clutch of the helpless hands, some two or three letters. He asked Helen's permission to glance at them, for they might afford a clue to friends. Helen gave the permission by a silent bend of the head. The letters, however, were but short and freezing answers from what appeared to be distant connections or former friends, or persons to whom the deceased had applied for some situation. They were all very disheartening in their tone. Leonard next endeavoured to refresh Helen's memory as to the name of the nobleman which had been last on her father's lips: but there he failed wholly. For it may be remembered that Lord L'Estrange, when he pressed his loan on Mr. Digby, and subsequently told that gentleman to address to him at Mr. Egerton's, had, from a natural deb-

may, sent the child on, that she might not witness the charity bestowed on the father; and Helen said truly, that Mr. Digby had sunk latterly into an habitual silence on all his affairs. She might have heard her father mention the name, but she had not treasured it up; all she could say was, that she should know the stranger again if she met him, and his dog too. Seeing that the child had grown calm, Leonard was then going to leave the room, in order to confer with the hostess; when she rose suddenly, though noiselessly,

and put her little hand in his, as if to detain him. She did not say a word—the action said all—said, “Do not desert me.” And Leonard’s heart rushed to his lips, and he answered to the action, as he bent down and kissed her cheek, “Orphan, will you go with me? We have one Father yet to both of us, and He will guide us on earth. I am fatherless, like you.” She raised her eyes to his—looked at him long—and then leant her head confidently on his strong young shoulder.

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## CHAPTER VII.

At noon that same day, the young man and the child were on their road to London. The host had at first a little demurred at trusting Helen to so young a companion; but Leonard, in his happy ignorance, had talked so sanguinely of finding out this lord, or some adequate protectors for the child; and in so grand a strain, though with all sincerity—had spoken of his own great prospects in the metropolis, (he did not say what they were!)—that had he been the craftiest impostor he could not more have taken in the rustic host. And while the landlady still cherished the illusive fancy, that all gentlefolks must know each other in London, as they did in a county, the landlord believed, at least, that a young man so respectably dressed, although but a foot-traveller—who talked in so confident a tone, and who was so willing to undertake what might be rather a burthensome charge, unless he saw now to rid himself of it—would be *sure to have friends, older and wiser*

than himself, who would judge what could best be done for the orphan.

And what was the host to do with her? Better this volunteered escort, at least, than vaguely passing her on from parish to parish, and leaving her friendless at last in the streets of London. Helen, too, smiled for the first time on being asked her wishes, and again put her hand in Leonard’s. In short, so it was settled.

The little girl made up a bundle of the things she most prized or needed. Leonard did not feel the additional load, as he slung it to his knapsack: the rest of the luggage was to be sent to London as soon as Leonard wrote, (which he promised to do soon,) and gave an address.

Helen paid her last visit to the churchyard; and she joined her companion as he stood on the road, without the solemn precincts. And now they had gone on some hours; and when he asked if she were tired, she still answered “No.” But Leonard was merciful, and made their day’s

journey short; and it took them some days to reach London. By the long lonely way they grew so intimate, at the end of the second day, they called each other brother and sister; and Leonard, to his delight, found that as her grief, with the bodily movement and the change of scene, subsided from its first intensity and its insensibility to other impressions, she developed a quickness of comprehension far beyond her years. Poor child! that had been forced upon her by Necessity. And she understood him in his spiritual consolations—half poetical, half religious; and she listened to his own tale, and the story of his self-education and solitary struggles—those, too, she understood. But when he burst out with his enthusiasm, his glorious hopes, his confidence in the fate before them, then she would shake her head very quietly and very sadly. Did she comprehend *them*? Alas! perhaps too well. She knew more as to real life than he did. Leonard was at first their joint treasurer; but before the second day was over, Helen seemed to discover that he was too lavish! and she told him so, with a prudent grave look, putting her hand on his arm as he was about to enter an inn to dine; and the gravity would have been comic, but that the eyes through their moisture were so meek and grateful. She felt he was about to incur that ruinous extravagance on

her account. Somehow or other, the purse found its way into her keeping, and then she looked proud and in her natural element.

Alas! what happy meals under her care were provided; so much more enjoyable than in dull, smoky inns, parious, swarming with flies, and reeking with stale tobacco. He would leave him at the entrance of a village, bound forward, and calm, and return with a little basket and a pretty blue jug—which she had bought on the road—the last filled with new milk; the first with new bread, and some special dainty in radishes or water-cresses. And she had such a talent for finding out the prettiest spot whereon to halt and dine: sometimes in the heart of a wood—so still, it was like a forest's fairy tales, the hare stealing through the alleys, or the squirrel peeping at them from the boughs; sometimes by a little brawling stream, with the fishes seen under the clear wave, and shooting round the crumbs thrown to them. They made an Arcadia of the dull road up to their dread Themopylæ—the war against the miller that waited them on the other side of their pass through Tempé.

"Shall we be as happy when we are great?" said Leonard, in his grand simplicity.

Helen sighed, and the wise little head was shaken.

## CHAPTER VIII.

AT last they came within easy reach of London; but Leonard had resolved not to enter the metropolis fatigued and exhausted, as a wanderer needing refuge, but fresh and elate, as a conqueror coming in triumph to take possession of the capital. Therefore they halted early in the evening of the day preceding this imperial entry, about six miles from the metropolis, in the neighbourhood of Ealing, (for by that route lay their way). They were not tired on arriving at their inn. The weather was singularly lovely, with that combination of softness and brilliancy which is only known to the rare true summer days of England; all below so green, above so blue—days of which we have about six in the year, and recall vaguely when we read of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, of Damsel and Knight in Spenser's golden Summer Song—or of Jacques, dropped under the oak tree, watching the deer amidst the dells of Ardennes. So, after a little pause at their inn, they strolled forth, not for travel but pleasure, towards the cool of sunset, passing by the grounds that once belonged to the Duke of Kent, and catching a glimpse of the shrubs and lawns of that beautiful domain through the lodge-gates; then they crossed into some fields, and came to a little rivulet called the Brent. Helen had been more sad that day than on any during their journey. Perhaps because, on approaching London, the memory of her father became more vivid; perhaps from her precocious knowledge of life, and her foreboding of what was to befall them, children that they both were. But Leonard was selfish that day; he could not be

influenced by his companion's sorrow; he was so full of his own sense of being, and he already caught from the atmosphere the fever that belongs to anxious capitals.

"Sit here, sister," said he imperiously, throwing himself under the shade of a pollard tree that overhung the winding brook, "sit here and talk."

He flung off his hat, tossed back his rich curls, and sprinkled his brow from the stream that eddied round the roots of the tree that bulged out, bald and gnarled from the bank, and dived into the waves below. Helen quietly obeyed him, and nestled close to his side.

"And so this London is really very vast?—VERY?" he repeated inquisitively.

"Very," answered Helen, as, abstractedly, she plucked the cowslips near her, and let them fall into the running waters. "See how the flowers are carried down the stream! They are lost now. London is to us what the river is to the flowers—very vast—very strong;" and she added, after a pause, "very cruel!"

"Cruel! Ah, it *has* been so to you; but *now*!—now I will take care of you!" he smiled triumphantly; and his smile was beautiful both in its pride and its kindness. It is astonishing how Leonard had altered since he had left his uncle's. He was both younger and older; for the sense of genius, when it snaps its shackles, makes us both older and wiser as to the world it soars to—  
younger and blinder as to the world it springs from.

"And it is not a very handsome city either, you say?"

"Very ugly, indeed," said Helen, with some fervour; "at least all I have seen of it."

"But there must be parts that are prettier than others? You say there are parks: why should not we lodge near them, and look upon the green trees?"

"That would be nice," said Helen, almost joyously: "but—" and here the head was shaken—"there are no lodgings for us except in courts and alleys."

"Why?"

"Why?" echoed Helen, with a smile, and she held up the purse.

"Pooh! always that horrid purse; as if, too, we were not going to fill it. Did not I tell you the story of Fortunio? Well, at all events, we will go first to the neighbourhood where you last lived, and learn there all we can; and then the day after to-morrow, I will see this Dr. Morgan, and find out the Lord."

The tears started to Helen's soft eyes. "You want to get rid of me soon, brother."

"I! Ah, I feel so happy to have you with me, it seems to me as if I had pined for you all my life, and you had come at last; for I never had brother, nor sister, nor any one to love, that was not older than myself, except—"

"Except the young lady you told me of," said Helen, turning away her face; for children are very jealous.

"Yes, I loved her, love her still. But that was different," said Leonard. "I could never have talked to her as to you: to you I open my whole heart; you are my little Muse, Helen: I confess to you my wild whims and fancies as frankly as if I were writing poetry." As he said this, a step was heard, and a shadow fell over the stream. A belated angler appeared on the margin, drawing his line im-

patiently across the water, as if to

worry some dozing fish into a net before it finally settled itself for the night. Absorbed in his occupation the angler did not observe the young persons on the sward under the trees, and he halted there, close upon the bank.

"Curse that perch!" said aloud.

"Take care, sir," cried Leonard for the man, in stepping back, nearly trod upon Helen.

The angler turned. "What matter? Hist! you have frightened my perch. Keep still, can't you?"

Helen drew herself out of the way, and Leonard remained motionless. He remembered Jackeymo, and sympathy for the angler.

"It is the most extraordinary perch, that!" muttered the stranger, soliloquising. "It has been my own luck. It must have been with a silver spoon in its mouth—damned perch! I shall never get it—never! Ha!—no—only a I give it up." With this, he suddenly jerked his rod from the water and began to disjoint it. Leisurely engaged in this occupation he turned to Leonard.

"Humph! are you intimately acquainted with this stream, sir?"

"No," answered Leonard. "I never saw it before."

ANGLER, (solemnly.)—"Young man, take my advice, and do not give way to its fascinations. I am a martyr to this stream; been the Delilah of my existence."

LEONARD, (interested, the last sentence seemed to him poetical.)—"Delilah! Sir, the Delilah!"

ANGLER.—"The Delilah, young man, listen, and be warned in time. When I was about you I first came to this stream, Sir, on that fatal day, about 3 I hooked up a fish—such a big it must have weighed a pound and half. Sir, it was that length;

put finger to wrist. "And I had got it nearly ashore, every place where you are that shelving bank, young line broke, and the perch myself among those roots, lemon that he was—ran and all. Well, that fish e; never before had I seen

Minnows I had caught ames and elsewhere, also and occasionally a dace. like that—a PERCH—all like the sails of a man-of-ster perch—a whale of a o, never till then had I t leviathans he hid within

I could not sleep till I ed; and again, sir,—I t perch. And this time I t fairly out of the water. ; and how did he escape?

his eye behind him on the rs, long years, have passed but never shall I forget of that moment."

D.—"To the perch, sir?"

—"Perch! agony to him! d it:—agony to me. I at eye, and the eye looked as wicked as if it was n my face. Well, sir, I

that there is no better perch than a perch's eye. that eye on the hook, and t the line gently. The unusually clear; in two

saw that perch return. shed the hook; he recog-ye—frisked his tail—made and, as I live, carried off

fe and sound; and I saw ng it by the side of that . The mocking fiend!

s since that day, in the varied and eventful life, ght that perch, and seven hat perch escaped."

D, (astonished).—"It can't e perch; perches, are very -No. 372.

tender fish—a hook inside of it, and an eye hooked out of it—no perch could withstand such havoc in its constitution."

ANGLER, (with an appearance of awe).—"It does seem supernatural. But it is that perch; for harkye, sir, there is ONLY ONE perch in the whole brook! All the years I have fished here, I have never caught another perch; and this solitary inmate of the watery element I know by sight better than I knew my own lost father. For each time that I have raised it out of the water, its profile has been turned to me, and I have seen, with a shudder, that it has had only — One Eye! It is a most mysterious and a most diabolical phenomenon, that perch! It has been the ruin of my prospects in life. I was offered a situation in Jamaica: I could not go with that perch left here in triumph. I might afterwards have had an appointment in India, but I could not put the ocean between myself and that perch: thus have I frittered away my existence in the fatal metropolis of my native land. And once a week from February to December, I come hither — Good Heavens! if I should catch the perch at last, the occupation of my existence will be gone."

Leonard gazed curiously at the angler, as the last thus mournfully concluded. The ornate turn of his periods did not suit with his costume. He looked woefully threadbare and shabby—a genteel sort of shabbiness too—shabbiness in black. There was bumour in the corners of his lip; and his hands, though they did not seem very clean—indeed his occupation was not friendly to such niceties—were those of a man who had not known manual labour. His face was pale and puffed, but the tip of the nose was red. He did not seem as if the watery element was as familiar

to himself as to his Delilah—the human life is to win another evening.”

“Such is Life,” recommenced the angler, in a murmuring tone, as he slid his rod into its canvas case. “If a man knew what it was to fish all one’s life in a stream that has only one perch:—to catch that one perch nine times in all, and nine times to see it fall back into the water, plump;—if a man knew what it was—why, then”—here the angler looked over his shoulder full at Leonard—“why, then, young sir, he would know what

away he went trailing daisies and king-cups. He followed him wistfully.

“What a strange person Leonard, laughing.

“I think he is a very wistful Helen; and it close up to Leonard, and hand in both here, as if already that he was in need of comfort—the fine ladies, perch lost!

## CHAPTER IX.

AT noon the next day, London stole upon them through a gloomy, thick, oppressive atmosphere; for where is it that we can say London bursts on the sight? It stole on them through one of its fairest and most gracious avenues of approach—by the stately gardens of Kensington—along the side of Hyde Park, and so on towards Cumberland Gate.

Leonard was not the least struck. And yet, with a very little money, and a very little taste, it would be easy to render this entrance to London as grand and as imposing as that to Paris from the *Champs Elysees*. As they came near the Edgeware Road, Helen took her new brother by the hand and guided him. For she knew all that neighbourhood, and she was acquainted with a lodging near that occupied by her father, (to that lodging itself she could not have gone for this world,) where they might be housed cheaply.

But just then the sky, so dull and overcast since morning, seemed one mass of black cloud. There suddenly came on a violent storm of rain. The

boy and girl took refuge in a narrow, in a street running off Edgeware Road. This she became crowded; the two young girls crept close to the wall from the rest—Leonard’s arm Helen’s waist, sheltering the rain that the strong wind tending with it beat in the passage. Presently a young man of better mien and of the other refugees, cut hastily, but rather with a proud step, as if, though he to take shelter, he scorned it. He glanced somewhat at the assembled group—through the midst of it—Leonard—took off his hat, the rain from its brim, thus uncovered, left all his exposed; and the village cognised, at the first glance, victorious assailant on the Hazeldean.

Yet Randal Leslie was all dark cheek was as thin as in and even yet more wasted in study and night vigils; but

expression of his face was at once more refined and manly, and there was a steadily concentrated light in his eye, like that of one who has been in the habit of bringing all his thoughts to one point. He looked older than he was. He was dressed simply in black, a colour which became him; and altogether his aspect and figure were not showy indeed, but distinguished. He looked to the common eye, a gentleman; and to the more observant, a scholar.

Helter-skelter! — pell-mell! the group in the passage—now pressed each on each—now scattered on all sides—making way — rushing down the mews—against the walls—as a grey horse darted under shelter. The rider, a young man, with a very handsome face, and dressed with that peculiar care which we commonly call dandyism, cried out, good-humouredly, "Don't be afraid; the horse shan't hurt any of you—a thousand pardons—so ho! so ho!" He patted the horse, and it stood as still as a statue sitting up the centre of the passage. The groups resettled — Randal approached the rider.

"Frank Hazelden!"

"Ah—is it indeed Randal Leslie!"

Frank was off his horse in a moment, and the bridle was consigned to the care of a slim 'prentice-boy holding a bundle.

"My dear fellow, how glad I am to see you. How lucky it was that I should turn in here. Not like me either, for I don't much care for a ducking. Staying in town, Randal?"

"Yes; at your uncle's, Mr. Egerton. I have left Oxford.

"For good?"

"For good."

"But you have not taken your degree, I think? We Etonians all considered you booked for a double first. Oh! we have been so proud of your name—you carried off all the prizes."

"Not all; but some, certainly. Mr. Egerton offered me my choice—to stay for my degree, or to enter at once into the Foreign Office. I preferred the end to the means. For, after all, what good are academical honours but as the entrance to life? To enter now, is to save a step in a long way, Frank."

"Ah! you were always ambitious, and you will make a great figure, I am sure."

"Perhaps so—if I work for it. Knowledge is power!"

Leonard started.

"And you!" resumed Randal, looking with some curious attention at his old school-fellow. "You never came to Oxford. I did hear you were going into the army."

"I am in the Guards," said Frank, trying hard not to look too conceited as he made that acknowledgment. "The Governor pished a little, and would rather I had come to live with him in the old hall, and take to farming. Time enough for that—eh? By Jove, Randal, how pleasant a thing is life in London! Do you go to Almack's to-night?"

"No; Wednesday is a holiday in the House! There is a great Parliamentary dinner at Mr. Egerton's. He is in the Cabinet now, you know; but you don't see much of your uncle I think."

"Our sets are different," said the young gentleman, in a tone of voice worthy of Brummell. "All those Parliamentary fellows are devilish dull. The rain's over. I don't know whether the Governor would like me to call at Grosvenor Square; but pray come and see me. Here's my card to remind you; you must dine at our mess. Such capital fellows! What day will you fix?"

"I will call and let you know. Don't you find it rather expensive in the Guards? I remember that you



thought the Governor, as you call him, used to chafe a little when you wrote for more pocket-money; and the only time I ever saw you with tears in your eyes, was when Mr. Hazeldean, in sending you five pounds, reminded you that his estates were not entailed—were at his own disposal, and they should never go to an extravagant spendthrift. It was not a pleasant threat that, Frank.”

“Oh!” cried the young man, colouring deeply. “It was not the threat that pained me; it was that my father could think so meanly of me as to fancy that—Well—well, but those were schoolboy days. And my father was always more generous than I deserved. We must see a great deal of each other, Randal. How good-natured you were at Eton, making my longs and shorts for me; I shall never forget it. Do call soon.”

Frank swung himself into his saddle, and rewarded the slim youth with half-a-crown—a largess four times more ample than his father would have deemed sufficient. A jerk of the reins and a touch of the heel—off bounded the fiery horse and the gay young rider. Randal mused; and as the rain had now ceased, the

passengers under shelter did not wait their way. Only Randal, and Helen remained. Then, as Randal, still moist with his eyes, they fell full upon face. He started, passed quickly over his brow—looked hard and piercingly; and in his pale cheek to a shade—a quick compression at the gnawing of his lip—showed too recognised an old foe. His glance ran over Leonard, which was somewhat dusted far above the class among the peasant was born. Randal’s brows in surprise, and slightly supercilious—the Leonard; and with a slow nod he left the passage, and turned towards Grosvenor Square, where the Ambition was coming.

Then the little girl once more took Leonard by the hand, and through rows of humble dreary streets. It seemed an allegory personified, the silent child led on the path of a low-born adventurer of gloomy squalid shops, and through narrow lanes, which grew more meaner till both their forms disappeared from the view.

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## CHAPTER X.

“BUT do come; change your dress, return and dine with me; you will have just time, Harley. You will meet the most eminent men of our party; surely they are worth your study, philosopher that you affect to be.”

Thus said Audley Egerton to Lord L’Estrange, with whom he had been riding (after the toils of his

office). The two gentlemen went to Audley’s library. Mr. L’Estrange, as usual, buttoned up, seated in his high-backed chair, in the erect posture who scorns “inglorious ease,” as usual, thrown at the sofa, his long hair curling, his neckcloth loose, his limbs flowing—simplex in his manner—indeed—his grace all his

ingly negligent, never slovenly; at ease everywhere and with every one, even with Mr. Audley Egerton, who chilled or awed the ease out of most people.

"Nay, my dear Audley, forgive me. But your eminent men are all men of one idea, and that not a diverting one—politics! politics! politics! The storm in the saucer."

"But what is your life, Harley?—the saucer without the storm?"

"Do you know, that's very well said, Audley? I did not think you had so much liveliness of repartee. Life—life! it is insipid, it is shallow. No launching Argosies in the saucer Audley, I have the oddest fancy—"

"That of course," said Audley, drily; "you never have any other. What is the new one?"

HARLEY, (with great gravity.)—"Do you believe in Mesmerism?"

AUDLEY.—"Certainly not."

HARLEY.—"If it were in the power of an animal magnetiser to get me out of my own skin into somebody else's! *That's* my fancy! I am so tired of myself—so tired! I have run through all my ideas—know every one of them by heart. When some pretentious impostor of an idea perks itself up and says, 'Look at me—I'm a new acquaintance,' I just give it a nod, and say, 'Not at all—you have only got a new coat on; you are the same old wretch that has bored me these last twenty years; get away.' But if one could be in a new skin! if I could be for half-an-hour your tall porter, or one of your eminent matter-of-fact men, I should then really travel into a new world.\* Every

man's brain must be a world in itself, eh? If I could but make a perichial settlement even in yours, Audley—run over all your thoughts and sensations. Upon my life, I'll go and talk to that French mesmeriser about it."

AUDLEY, (who does not seem to like the notion of having his thoughts and sensations rummaged, even by his friend, and even in fancy.)—"Pooh, pooh, pooh! Do talk like a man of sense."

HARLEY.—"Man of sense! Where shall I find a model? I don't know a man of sense!—never met such a creature. Don't believe it ever existed. At one time I thought Socrates must have been a man of sense;—a delusion; he would stand gazing into the air, and talking to his Genius from sunrise to sunset. Is that like a man of sense? Poor Audley; how puzzled he looks! Well, I'll try and talk sense to oblige you. And first (here Harley raised himself on his elbow)—first, is it true, as I have heard vaguely, that you are paying court to the sister of that infamous Italian traitor?"

"Madame di Negra? No: I am not paying court to her," answered Audley, with a cold smile. "But she is very handsome; she is very clever; she is useful to me—I need not say how or why; that belongs to my *métier* as a politician. But I think, if you will take my advice, or get your friend to take it, I could obtain from her brother, through my influence with her, some liberal concessions to your exile. She is very anxious to know where he is."

"You have not told her."

"No; I promised you I would keep that secret."

"Be sure you do; it is only for some mischief, some snare, that she

\* If, at the date in which Lord L'Estrange held this conversation with Mr. Egerton, Alfred de Musset had written his comedies, we should suspect that his lordship had plagiarised from one of them the whimsical idea that he here vents upon Audley. In repeating it, the author at least cannot escape from the charge of obligation to a

writer whose humour is sufficiently elegant to justify the loan.

could desire such information. Concessions! pooh! This is no question of concessions, but of rights."

"I think you should leave your friend to judge of that."

"Well, I will write to him. Meanwhile, beware of this woman. I have heard much of her abroad, and she has the character of her brother for duplicity and—"

"Beauty," interrupted Audley, turning the conversation with practised adroitness. "I am told that the Count is one of the handsomest men in Europe, much handsomer than his sister, still, though nearly twice her age. Tut—tut—Harley; fear not for me. I am proof against all feminine attractions. This heart is dead."

"Nay, nay; it is not for you to speak thus—leave that to me. But even I will not say it. The heart never dies. And you; what have you lost?—a wife; true: an excellent noble-hearted woman. But was it love that you felt for her? Envious man, have you ever loved?"

"Perhaps not, Harley," said Audley, with a sombre aspect, and in dejected accents; "very few men ever have loved, at least as you mean by the word. But there are other passions than love that kill the heart, and reduce us to mechanism."

While Egerton spoke, Harley turned aside, and his breast heaved. There was a short silence; Audley was the first to break it.

"Speaking of my lost wife, I am sorry that you do not approve what I have done for her young kinsman, Randal Leslie."

HARLEY, (recovering himself with an effort).—"Is it true kindness to bid him exchange manly independence for the protection of an official patron?"

AUDLEY.—"I did not bid him. I gave him his choice. At his age, I should have chosen as he has done."

HARLEY.—"I trust not; I think better of you. But answer me one question frankly, and then I will ask another. Do you mean to make this young man your heir?"

AUDLEY, (with a slight embarrassment).—"Heir, pooh! I am young still. I may live as long as he—time enough to think of that."

HARLEY.—"Then now to my second question. Have you told this youth plainly that he may look to you for influence, but not for wealth?"

AUDLEY, (firmly).—"I think I have; but I shall repeat it more emphatically."

HARLEY.—"Then I am satisfied as to your conduct, but not as to his. For he has too acute an intellect not to know what it is to forfeit independence; and, depend on it, he has made his calculations, and would throw you into the bargain in any balance that he could strike in his favour. You go by your experience in judging men; I by my instincts. Nature warns us as it does the inferior animals—only we are too conceited, we bipeds, to heed her. My instincts of soldier and gentleman recoil from that old young man. He has the soul of the Jesuit. I see it in his eye—I hear it in the tread of his foot; *volto sciolto* he has not; *i pensieri stretti* he has. Hist! I hear now his step in the hall. I should know it from a thousand. That's his very touch on the handle of the door."

Randal Leslie entered. Harley—who, despite his disregard for form, and his dislike to Randal, was too high-bred not to be polite to his junior in age or inferior in rank—rose and bowed. But his bright piercing eyes did not soften as they caught and bore down the deeper and more latent fire in Randal's. Harley did not resume his seat, but moved to the mantelpiece, and went again to

RANDAL.—“I have fulfilled your commissions, Mr. Egerton. I went first to Maida Hill, and saw Mr. Burley. I gave him the cheque, but he said ‘it was too much, and he should return half to the banker;’ he will write the article as you suggested. I then—”

AUDLEY.—“Enough, Randal! we will not fatigue Lord L’Estrange with these little details of a life that displeases him—the life political.”

HARLEY.—“But *these* details do not displease me; they reconcile me to my own life. Go on, pray, Mr. Leslie.”

Randal had too much tact to need the cautioning glance of Mr. Egerton. He did not continue, but said, with a soft voice, “Do you think, Lord L’Estrange, that the contemplation of the mode of life pursued by others *can* reconcile a man to his own, if he had before thought it needed a reconciler? Harley looked pleased, for the question was ironical; and, if there was a thing in the world he abhorred, it was flattery.

“Recollect your Lucretius, Mr. Leslie, the *Suave mare*, &c., ‘pleasant from the cliff to see the mariners tossed on the ocean.’ Faith, I think that sight reconciles one to the cliff—

though, before, one might have been teased by the splash from the spray, and deafened by the scream of the sea-gulls. But I leave you, Audley. Strange that I have heard no more of my soldier. Remember I have your promise when I come to claim it. Good bye, Mr. Leslie, I hope that Burley’s article will be worth the—cheque.”

Lord L’Estrange mounted his horse, which was still at the door, and rode through the Park. But he was no longer now unknown by sight. Bows and nods saluted him on every side.

“Alas, I am found out, then,” said he to himself. “That terrible Duchess of Knaresborough, too—I must fly my country.” He pushed his horse into a canter, and was soon out of the Park. As he dismounted at his father’s sequestered house, you would have hardly supposed him the same whimsical, fantastic, but deep and subtle humourist that delighted in perplexing the material Audley. For his expressive face was unutterably serious. But the moment he came into the presence of his parents, the countenance was again lighted and cheerful. It brightened the whole room like sunshine.

## CHAPTER XL.

"MR. LESLIE," said Egerton, when Harley had left the library, "you did not act with your usual discretion in touching upon matters connected with politics in the presence of a third party."

"I feel that already, sir; my excuse is, that I held Lord L'Estrange to be your most intimate friend."

"A public man, Mr. Leslie, would ill serve his country if he were not especially reserved towards his private friends—when they do not belong to his party."

"But, pardon me my ignorance. Lord Lansmere is so well known to be one of your supporters, that I fancied his son must share his sentiments, and be in your confidence."

Egerton's brows slightly contracted, and gave a stern expression to a countenance always firm and decided. He however answered in a mild tone.

"At the entrance into political life, Mr. Leslie, there is nothing in which a young man of your talents should be more on his guard than thinking for himself; he will nearly always think wrong. And I believe that is one reason why young men of talent disappoint their friends, and remain so long out of office."

A haughty flush passed over Randal's brow, and faded away quickly; he bowed in silence.

Egerton resumed, as if in explanation, and even in kindly apology—

"Look at Lord L'Estrange himself. What young man could come into life with brighter auspices? Rank, wealth, high animal spirits, (a great advantage those same spirits, Mr. Leslie,) courage, self-possession, scholarship as brilliant perhaps as your own; and now see how his life is

wasted! Why? He always thought fit to think for himself. He could never be broken in to harness, and never will be. The State coach, Mr. Leslie, requires that all the horses should pull together."

"With submission, sir," answered Randal, "I should think that there were other reasons why Lord L'Estrange, whatever be his talents—and of these you must be indeed an adequate judge—would never do anything in public life."

"Ay, and what?" said Egerton, quickly.

"First," said Randal, shrewdly, "private life has done too much for him. What could public life give to one who needs nothing? Born at the top of the social ladder, why should he put himself voluntarily at the last step, for the sake of climbing up again? And secondly, Lord L'Estrange seems to me a man in whose organisation *sentiment* usurps too large a share for practical existence."

"You have a keen eye," said Aubley, with some admiration; "keen as one so young. Poor Harley!"

Mr. Egerton's last words were said to himself. He resumed, quickly—

"There is something on my mind, my young friend. Let us be frank with each other. I placed before you fairly the advantages and disadvantages of the choice I gave you. To take your degree with such honours as no doubt you would have won, to obtain your fellowship, to go to the bar, with those credentials in favour of your talents:—this was one career. To come at once into public life, to profit by my experience, avail yourself of my interest, to take the chances of rise or fall with a party!

"this was another. You chose the last. But, in so doing, there was a consideration which might weigh with you; and on which, in stating your reasons for your option, you were silent."

"What is that, sir?"

"You might have counted on my fortune, should the chances of party fail you:—speak—and without shame if so; it would be natural in a young man, who comes from the elder branch of the house whose heiress was my wife."

"You wound me, Mr. Egerton," said Randal, turning away.

Mr. Egerton's cold glance followed Randal's movement; the face was hid from the glance, and the statesman's eye rested on the figure, which is often as self-betraying as the countenance itself. Randal baffled Mr. Egerton's penetration—the young man's emotion might be honest pride, and pained and generous feeling; or it might be something else. Egerton continued, slowly—

"Once for all, then, distinctly and emphatically, I say—never count upon that; count upon all else that I can do for you, and forgive me, when I advise harshly or censure coldly; ascribe this to my interest in your career. Moreover, before decision becomes irrevocable, I wish you to know practically all that is disagreeable or even humiliating in the first subordinate steps of him who, without wealth or station, would rise in public life. I will not consider your choice settled, till the end of a year at least—your name will be kept on the college books till then; if, on experience you should prefer to return to Oxford, and pursue the slower but surer path to independence and distinction, you can. And now give me your hand, Mr. Leslie, in sign that you forgive my bluntness;—it is time to dress."

*Randal, with his face still averted,*

extended his hand. Mr. Egerton held it a moment, then dropping it, left the room. Randal turned as the door closed. And there was in his dark face a power of sinister passion, that justified all Harley's warnings. His lips moved, but not audibly; then, as if struck by a sudden thought, he followed Egerton into the Hall.

"Sir," said he, "I forgot to say, that on returning from Maida Hill, I took shelter from the rain under a covered passage, and there I met, unexpectedly, with your nephew, Frank Hazelden."

"Ah!" said Egerton, indifferently, "a fine young man; in the Guards. It is a pity that my brother has such antiquated political notions; he should put his son into parliament, and under my guidance; I could push him. Well, and what said Frank?"

"He invited me to call on him. I remember that you once rather cautioned me against too intimate an acquaintance with those who have not got their fortune to make."

"Because they are idle, and idleness is contagious, Right—better not to be intimate with a young Guardsman."

"Then you would not have me call on him, sir? We were rather friends at Eton; and if I wholly reject his overtures, might he not think that you—"

"I!" interrupted Egerton. "Ah, true; my brother might think I bore him a grudge; absurd. Call then, and ask the young man here. Yet still, I do not advise intimacy."

Egerton turned into his dressing-room. "Sir," said his valet, who was in waiting, "Mr. Levy is here—he says, by appointment; and Mr. Grinders is also just come from the country."

"Tell Mr. Grinders to come in first," said Egerton, seating himself. "You need not wait; I can dress



without you. Tell Mr. Levy I will see him in five minutes."

Mr. Grinders was steward to Audley Egerton.

Mr. Levy was a handsome man, who wore a camelia in his button-

hole—drove, in his cabriolet, a high-stepping horse that had cost £200; was well known to young men of fashion, and considered by their fathers a very dangerous acquaintance.

## CHAPTER XII

As the company assembled in the drawing-rooms, Mr. Egerton introduced Randal Leslie to his eminent friends in a way that greatly contrasted the distant and admonitory manner which he had exhibited to him in private. The presentation was made with that cordiality, and that gracious respect by which those who are in station command notice for those who have their station yet to win.

"My dear Lord, let me introduce to you a kinsman of my late wife's (in a whisper)—the heir to the elder branch of her family. Stanmore, this is Mr. Leslie, of whom I spoke to you. You, who were so distinguished at Oxford, will not like him the worse for the prizes he gained there. Duke, let me present to you Mr. Leslie. The duchess is angry with me for deserting her balls; I shall hope to make my peace, by providing myself with a younger and livelier substitute. Ah, Mr. Howard, here is a young gentleman just fresh from Oxford, who will tell us all about the new sect springing up there. He has not wasted his time on billiards and horses."

Leslie was received with all that charming courtesy which is the *To Kulon* of an aristocracy.

After dinner, conversation settled on politics. Randal listened with attention, and in silence, till Egerton drew him gently out; just enough,

and no more—just enough to make his intelligence evident, without subjecting him to the charge of laying down the law. Egerton knew how to draw out young men—a difficult art. It was one reason why he was so peculiarly popular with the more rising members of his party.

The party broke up early.

"We are in time for Almack's," said Egerton, glancing at the clock, "and I have a voucher for you; come."

Randal followed his patron into the carriage. By the way, Egerton thus addressed him:—

"I shall introduce you to the principal leaders of society; know them and study them; I do not advise you to attempt to do more—that is, to attempt to become the fashion. It is a very expensive ambition: some men it helps, most men it ruins. On the whole, you have better cards in your hands. Dance or not as it pleases you—don't flirt. If you flirt people will inquire into your fortune—an inquiry that will do you little good; and flirting entangles a young man into marrying. That would never do. Here we are."

In two minutes more they were in the great ball-room, and Randal's eyes were dazzled with the lights, the diamonds, the blaze of beauty. Audley presented him in quick succession to some dozen ladies, and then, Rang-

peered amidst the crowd. Randal was not at a loss: he was without shyness; or if he had that disabling infirmity, he concealed it. He answered the languid questions put to him, with a certain spirit that kept up talk, and left a favourable impression of his agreeable qualities. But the lady with whom he got on the best, was one who had no daughters out, a handsome and witty woman of the world—Lady Frederick Coniers.

"It is your first ball at Almack's, then, Mr. Leslie?"

"My first."

"And you have not secured a partner? Shall I find you one? What do you think of that pretty girl in pink?"

"I see her—but I cannot think of her."

"You are rather, perhaps, like a diplomatist in a new court, and your first object is to know who is who."

"I confess that on beginning to study the history of my own day, I should like to distinguish the portraits that illustrate the memoir."

"Give me your arm, then, and we will come into the next room. We shall see the different *notabilités* enter one by one, and observe without being observed. This is the least I can do for a friend of Mr. Egerton's."

"Mr. Egerton, then," said Randal—(as they threaded their way through the space without the rope that protected the dancers)—"Mr. Egerton has had the good fortune to win your esteem, even for his friends, however obscure?"

"Why, to say truth, I think no one whom Mr. Egerton calls his friend need long remain obscure, if he has the ambition to be otherwise. For Mr. Egerton holds it a maxim never to forget a friend, nor a service."

"Ah, indeed!" said Randal, surprised.

"And, therefore," continued Lady

Frederick, "as he passes through life, friends gather round him. He will rise even higher yet. Gratitude, Mr. Leslie, is a very good policy."

"Hem," muttered Mr. Leslie.

They had now gained the room where tea and bread and butter were the homely refreshments to the *habitués* of what at that day was the most exclusive assembly in London. They ensconced themselves in a corner by a window, and Lady Frederick performed her task of cicerone with lively ease, accompanying each notice of the various persons who passed panoramically before them with sketch and anecdote, sometimes good-natured, generally satirical, always graphic and amusing.

By-and-by, Frank Hazeldean, having on his arm a young lady of haughty air and with high though delicate features, came to the tea-table.

"The last new Guardsman," said Lady Frederick; "very handsome, and not yet quite spoiled. But he has got into a dangerous set."

RANDAL—"The young lady with him is handsome enough to be dangerous."

LADY FREDERICK, (laughing).—"No danger for him there,—as yet at least. Lady Mary (the Duke of Knaresborough's daughter) is only in her second year. The first year, nothing under an earl; the second nothing under a baron. It will be full four years before she comes down to a commoner. Mr. Hazeldean's danger is of another kind. He lives much with men who are not exactly *new-vas ton*, but certainly not of the best taste. Yet he is very young; he may extricate himself—leaving half his fortune behind him. What, he nods to you! You know him?"

"Very well; he is nephew to Mr. Egerton."

"Indeed! I did not know that. Hazeldean is a new name in London."



I heard his father was a plain country gentleman, of good fortune, but not that he was related to Mr. Egerton."

"Half-brother."

"Will Mr. Egerton pay the young gentleman's debts? He has no sons himself."

RANDAL—"Mr. Egerton's fortune comes from his wife, from my family—from a Leslie, not from a Hazel-dean."

Lady Frederick turned sharply, looked at Randal's countenance with more attention than she had yet vouchsafed to it, and tried to talk of the Leslies. Randal was very short there.

An hour afterwards, Randal, who had not danced, was still in the refreshment-room, but Lady Frederick had long quitted him. He was talking with some old Etonians who had recognised him, when there entered a lady of very remarkable appearance, and a murmur passed through the room as she appeared.

She might be three or four and twenty. She was dressed in black velvet, which contrasted with the alabaster whiteness of her throat and the clear paleness of her complexion, while it set off the diamonds with which she was profusely covered. Her hair was of the deepest jet, and worn simply braided. Her eyes, too, were dark and brilliant, her features regular and striking; but their expression, when in repose, was not prepossessing to such as love modesty and softness in the looks of woman. But when she spoke and smiled, there was so much spirit and vivacity in the countenance, so much fascination in the smile, that all which might before have marred the effect of her beauty, strangely and suddenly disappeared.

"Who is that very handsome woman?" asked Randal.

"An Italian—a Marchesa something," said one of the Etonians.

"Di Negra," suggested another, who had been abroad: "she is a widow; her husband was of the great Genoese family of Negra—a younger branch of it."

Several men now gathered thickly around the fair Italian. A few ladies of the highest rank spoke to her, but with a more distant courtesy than ladies of high rank usually show to foreigners of such quality as Madame di Negra. Ladies of a rank less elevated seemed rather shy of her;—that might be from jealousy. As Randal gazed at the Marchesa with more admiration than any woman, perhaps, had before excited in him, he heard a voice near him say—

"Oh, Madame di Negra is resolved to settle amongst us, and marry an Englishman."

"If she can find one sufficiently courageous," returned a female voice.

"Well, she's trying hard for Egerton, and he has courage enough for anything."

The female voice replied, with a laugh, "Mr. Egerton knows the world too well, and has resisted too many temptations, to be—"

"Hush!—there he is."

Egerton came into the room with his usual firm step and erect mien. Randal observed that a quick glance was exchanged between him and the Marchesa; but the Minister passed her by with a bow.

Still Randal watched, and, ten minutes afterwards, Egerton and the Marchesa were seated apart in the very same convenient nook that Randal and Lady Frederick had occupied an hour or so before.

"Is this the reason why Mr. Egerton so insultingly warns me against counting on his fortune?" muttered Randal. "Does he mean to marry again?"

Unjust suspicion!—for, at that moment, these were the words that Audley Egerton was dropping forth from his lips of bronze—

“Nay, dear Madam, do not ascribe to my frank admiration more gallantry than it merits. Your conversation charms me, your beauty delights me; your society is as a holiday that I look forward to in the fatigues of my life. But I have done with love, and I shall never marry again.”

“You almost pique me into trying to win, in order to reject you,” said the Italian, with a flash from her bright eyes.

“I defy even you,” answered Audley, with his cold hard smile. “But to return to the point: You have more influence, at least, over this subtle ambassador; and the secret we speak of I rely on you to obtain me. Ah, Madam, let us rest friends. You see I have conquered the unjust prejudices against you; you are received and *fetée* everywhere, as becomes your birth and your attractions. Rely on me ever, as I on you. But I shall excite too much envy if I stay here longer, and am vain enough to think that I may injure you if I provoke the gossip of the ill-natured. As the avowed friend, I can serve you—as the supposed lover, No—” Audley rose as he said this, and, standing by the chair, added carelessly, “Apropos, the sum you do me the honour to borrow will be paid to your bankers to-morrow.”

“A thousand thanks!—my brother will hasten to repay you.”

Audley bowed. “Your brother, I hope, will repay me in person, not before. When does he come?”

“Oh, he has again postponed his visit to London; he is so much needed in Vienna. But while we are talking of him, allow me to ask if your friend, Lord L’Estrange, is indeed still so bitter against that poor brother of mine?”

“Still the same.”

“It is shameful!” cried the Italian, with warmth; “what has my brother ever done to him that he should actually intrigue against the Count in his own court?”

“Intrigue! I think you wrong Lord L’Estrange; he but represented what he believed to be the truth, in defence of a ruined exile.”

“And you will not tell me where that exile is, or if his daughter still lives?”

“My dear Marchesa, I have called you friend, therefore I will not aid L’Estrange to injure you or yours. But I call L’Estrange a friend also; and I cannot violate the trust that—” Audley stopped short, and bit his lip. “You understand me,” he resumed, with a more genial smile than usual; and he took his leave.

The Italian’s brows met as her eye followed him; then, as she too rose, that eye encountered Randal’s.

“That young man has the eye of an Italian,” said the Marchesa to herself, as she passed by him into the ball-room.

## CHAPTER XIII.

LEONARD and Helen settled themselves in two little chambers in a small lane. The neighbourhood was dull enough—the accommodation humble; but their landlady had a smile. That was the reason, perhaps, why Helen chose the lodgings: a smile is not always found on the face of a landlady when the lodger is poor. And out of their windows they caught sight of a green tree, an elm, that grew up fair and tall in a carpenter's yard at the rear. That tree was like another smile to the place. They saw the birds come and go to its shelter; and they even heard, when a breeze arose, the pleasant murmur of its boughs.

Leonard went the same evening to Captain Digby's old lodgings, but he could learn there no intelligence of friends or protectors for Helen. The people were rude and surly, and said that the Captain still owed them £117s. The claim, however, seemed very disputable, and was stoutly denied by Helen. The next morning Leonard set off in search of Dr. Morgan. He thought his best plan was to inquire the address of the Doctor at the nearest chemist's, and the chemist civilly looked into the *Court Guide*, and referred him to a house in Bulstrode Street, Manchester Square. To this street Leonard contrived to find his way, much marveling at the meanness of London: Screwstown seemed to him the handsomer town of the two.

A shabby man-servant opened the door, and Leonard remarked that the narrow passage was choked with boxes, trunks, and various articles of furniture. He was shown into a small room containing a very large round

table, whereon were sundry works of homoeopathy, Parry's *Cymrican History*, Davies' *Celtic Researches*, and a Sunday newspaper. An equestrian portrait of the illustrious Hahnemann occupied the place of honour over the chimney-piece. In a few minutes the door to an inner room opened, and Dr. Morgan appeared, and said, politely, "Come in, sir."

The Doctor seated himself at a desk, looked hastily at Leonard, and then at a great chronometer lying on the table. "My time's short, as going abroad: and now that I am going, patients flock to me. 'Tis late. London will repent its apathy. Let it!"

The Doctor paused majestically, and not remarking on Leonard's air the consternation he had anticipated, he repeated peevishly—"I am going abroad, sir, but I will make a synopsis of your case, and leave it to my successor. Hum! Hair chestnut; eyes—what colour? Look this way—blue, dark blue. Ham! Constitution nervous. What are the symptoms?"

"Sir," began Leonard, "a little girl—"

DR. MORGAN, (impatiently).—"Little girl! Never mind the history of your sufferings; stick to the symptoms—stick to the symptoms."

LEONARD.—"You mistake me, Doctor; I have nothing the matter with me. A little girl—"

DR. MORGAN.—"Girl again! I understand! it is she who is ill. Shall I go to her? She must describe her own symptoms—I can't judge from your talk. You'll be telling me she has consumption, or dyspepsia, or some such disease that

don't exist: were allopathic inventions—symptoms, sir, symptoms.”

LEONARD, (forcing his way.)—“You attended her poor father, Captain Digby, when he was taken ill in the coach with you. He is dead, and his child is an orphan.”

DR. MORGAN, (fumbling in his medical pocket-book.) — “Orphan! nothing for orphans, especially if inconsolable, like *aconite* and *chamomilla*.”\*

With some difficulty Leonard succeeded in bringing Helen to the recollection of the homœopathist, stating how he came in charge of her, and why he sought Dr. Morgan.

The Doctor was much moved.

“But, really,” said he, after a pause, I don't see how I can help the poor child. I know nothing of her relations. This Lord Les—whatever his name is—I know of no lords in London. I knew lords, and physicked them too, when I was a blundering allopathist. There was the Earl of Lansmere—has had many a blue pill from me, sinner that I was. His son was wiser; never would take physic. Very clever boy was Lord L'Estrange—”

“Lord L'Estrange!—that name begins with Les—”

“Stuff! He's always abroad—shows his sense. I'm going abroad too. No development for science in this horrid city—full of prejudices, sir, and given up to the most barbarous allopathical and phlebotomical propensities. I'm going to the land of Hahnemann, sir,—sold my good-will, lease, and furniture, and have bought in on the Rhine. Natural life there, sir—homœopathy needs nature: dine at one o'clock, get up at four—tea little

known, and science appreciated. But I forget. Cott! what can I do for the orphan?”

“Well, sir,” said Leonard, rising, “Heaven will give me strength to support her.”

The Doctor looked at the young man attentively. “And yet,” said he, in a gentler voice, “you, young man, are, by your account, a perfect stranger to her, or were so when you undertook to bring her to London. You have a good heart—always keep it. Very healthy thing, sir, a good heart—that is, when not carried to excess. But you have friends of your own in town?”

LEONARD.—“Not yet, sir; I hope to make them.”

DOCTOR.—“Pless me, you do? How?—I can't make any.”

Leonard coloured and hung his head. He longed to say “Authors find friends in their readers—I am going to be an author.” But he felt that the reply would savour of presumption, and held his tongue.

The Doctor continued to examine him, and with friendly interest. “You say you walked up to London—was that from choice or economy?”

LEONARD.—“Both, sir.”

DOCTOR.—“Sit down again, and let us talk. I can give you a quarter of an hour, and I'll see if I can help either of you, provided you tell me all the symptoms—I mean all the particulars.”

Then, with that peculiar adroitness which belongs to experience in the medical profession, Dr. Morgan, who was really an acute and able man, proceeded to put his questions, and soon extracted from Leonard the boy's history and hopes. But when the Doctor, in admiration at a simplicity which contrasted so evident an intelligence, finally asked him his name and connections, and Leonard told them, the homœopathist actually

\* It may be necessary to observe, that homœopathy professes to deal with moral affections as well as with our physical maladies, and has a globe for every sorrow.

started. "Leonard Fairfield, grandson of my old friend, John Avenel of Lansmere! I must shake you by the hand. Brought up by Mrs. Fairfield!—Ah, now I look, strong family likeness—very strong!"

The tears stood in the Doctor's eyes. "Poor Nora!" said he.

"Nora! Did you know my aunt?"

"Your aunt! Ah!—ah! yes—yes! Poor Nora!—she died almost in these arms—so young, so beautiful. I remember it as if yesterday."

The Doctor brushed his hand across his eyes, and swallowed a globule; and, before the boy knew what he was about, had in his benevolence thrust another between Leonard's quivering lips.

A knock was heard at the door.

"Ha! that's my great patient," cried the Doctor, recovering his self-possession—"must see him. A chronic case—excellent patient—tic, sir, tic. Puzzling and interesting. If I could take that tic with me, I should ask nothing more from Heaven. Call again on Monday; I may have something to tell you then as to yourself. The little girl can't stay with you—wrong and nonsensical. I will see after her. Leave me your address—write it here. I think I know a lady who will take charge of her. Good bye. Monday next, ten o'clock."

With this, the Doctor thrust out Leonard, and ushered in his grand patient, whom he was very anxious to take with him to the banks of the Rhine.

Leonard had now only to discover the nobleman whose name had been so vaguely uttered by poor Captain Digby. He had again recourse to the *Court Guide*; and finding the address of two or three lords the first syllable of whose titles seemed similar to that repeated to him, and all living pretty near to each other, in the regions of May Fair, he ascer-

tained his way to that quarter, and, exercising his mother-wit, inquired at the neighbouring shops as to the personal appearance of these noblemen. Out of consideration for his rusticity, he got very civil and clear answers; but none of the lords in question corresponded with the description given by Helen. One was old, another was exceedingly corpulent, a third was bedridden—none of them was known to keep a great dog. It is needless to say that the name of L'Estrange (no habitant of London) was not in the *Court Guide*. And Dr. Morgan's assertion that that person was always abroad unluckily dismissed from Leonard's mind the name the homœopathist had so casually mentioned. But Helen was not disappointed when her young protector returned late in the day, and told her of his ill success. Poor child! she was so pleased in her heart not to be separated from her new brother; and Leonard was touched to see how she had contrived, in his absence, to give a certain comfort and cheerful grace to the bare room devoted to himself. She had arranged his few books and papers so neatly, near the window, in sight of the one green elm. She had coaxed the smiling landlady out of one or two extra articles of furniture, especially a walnut-tree bureau, and some odds and ends of ribbon—with which last she had looped up the curtains. Even the old rush-bottom chairs had a strange air of elegance, from the mode in which they were placed. The fairies had given sweet Helen the art that adorns a home, and brings out a smile from the dingiest corner of hut and attic.

Leonard wondered and praised. He kissed his blushing ministrant gratefully, and they sat down in joy to their abstemious meal; when suddenly his face was overclouded—

There shot through him the remembrance of Dr. Morgan's words—"The little girl can't stay with you—wrong and nonsensical. I think I know a lady who will take charge of her."

"Ah," cried Leonard, sorrowfully, "how could I forget?" And he told Helen what grieved him. Helen at first exclaimed "that she would not go." Leonard, rejoiced, then began to talk as usual of his great prospects; and, hastily finishing his meal, as if there were no time to lose, sat down at once to his papers. Then Helen contemplated him sadly, as he bent over his delighted work. And when, lifting his radiant eyes from his manuscripts, he exclaimed, "No, no, you shall not go. This must suc-

ceed—and we shall live together in some pretty cottage, where we can see more than one tree,"—then Helen sighed, and did not answer this time, "No, I will not go."

Shortly after she stole from the room, and into her own; and there, kneeling down, she prayed, and her prayer was somewhat this—"Guard me against my own selfish heart: may I never be a burden to him who has shielded me."

Perhaps as the Creator looks down on this world, whose wondrous beauty beams on us more and more, in proportion as our science would take it from poetry into law—perhaps He beholds nothing so beautiful as the pure heart of a simple loving child.

## CHAPTER XIV.

LEONARD went out the next day with his precious manuscripts. He had read sufficient of modern literature to know the names of the principal London publishers; and to these he took his way with a bold step, though a beating heart.

That day he was out longer than the last; and when he returned, and came into the little room, Helen uttered a cry, for she scarcely recognised him. There was on his face so deep, so silent, and so concentrated a despondency. He sat down listlessly, and did not kiss her this time, as she stole towards him. He felt so humbled. He was a king deposed. He take charge of another life! He!

She coaxed him at last into communicating his day's chronicle. The reader beforehand knows too well what it must be, to need detailed repetition. Most of the publishers had absolutely refused to look at his  
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manuscripts; one or two had good-naturedly glanced over and returned them at once, with a civil word or two of flat rejection. One publisher alone—himself a man of letters, and who in youth had gone through the same bitter process of disillusion that now awaited the village genius—volunteered some kindly though stern explanation and counsel to the unhappy boy. This gentleman read a portion of Leonard's principal poem with attention, and even with frank admiration. He could appreciate the rare promise that it manifested. He sympathised with the boy's history, and even with his hopes; and then he said, in bidding him farewell—

"If I publish this poem for you, speaking as a trader, I shall be a considerable loser. Did I publish all I admire, out of sympathy with the author, I should be a ruined man. But suppose that, impressed as I

really am with the evidence of no common poetic gifts in this manuscript, I publish it, not as a trader; but a lover of literature, I shall in reality, I fear, render you a great dis-service, and perhaps unfit your whole life for the exertions on which you must rely for independence."

"How, sir?" cried Leonard—"Not that I would ask you to injure yourself for me," he added, with proud tears in his ears.

"How, my young friend? I will explain. There is enough talent in these verses to induce very flattering reviews in some of the literary journals. You will read these, find yourself proclaimed a poet, will cry 'I am on the road to fame.' You will come to me, 'And my poem, how does it sell?' I shall point to some groaning shelf, and say, 'Not twenty copies!' The journals may praise, but the public will not buy it. 'But you will have got a name,' you say. Yes, a name as a poet just sufficiently known to make every man in practical business disinclined to give fair trial to your talents in a single department of positive life;—none like to employ poets;—a name that will not put a penny in your purse—worse still, that will operate as a barrier against every escape into the ways whereby men get to fortune. But, having once tasted praise, you will continue to sigh for it: you will perhaps never again get a publisher to bring forth a poem, but you will hanker round the purlieus of the Musee, scribble for periodicals—fall at last into a bookseller's drudge. Profits will be so precarious and uncertain, that to avoid debt may be impossible; then, you who now seem so ingenuous and so proud, will sink deeper still into the literary mendicant—begging, borrowing—"

"Never—never—never!" cried Leonard, veiling his face with his hands.

"Such would have been my continued the publisher. 'I luckily, had a rich relative, at whose calling, I despatched as who kindly forgave my slip, me as an apprentice, and here and now I can afford to write as well as sell them."

"Young man, you must be respectable relations—go by the vice and counsel; cling fast to positive calling. Be anything city rather than poet by profession."

"And how, sir, have the been poets? Had they other ings?"

"Read their biography, and—envy them!"

Leonard was silent a moment, lifting his head, answered quickly,—"*I have read* biography. True, their lot was—perhaps hunger. Sir, them!"

"Poverty and hunger are evils," answered the bookseller, a grave kind smile. "The worse,—debt and degradation despair."

"No, sir, no—you are these last are not the poets."

"Right, for most of our poets had some private their own. And for others all who have put into a lot not drawn blanks. But I advise another man to set hope of fortune on the chance prize in a lottery? An lottery!" groaned the glancing towards sheets and dead authors, lying, like his shelves.

Leonard clutched his own to his heart, and hurried away.

"Yes," he muttered, clung to him, and tried to "yes, you were right: Leonard, very strong, and we

sank lower and lower  
room.

was flung widely open,  
moued, walked Dr.

turned to him, and at  
is face she remembered  
and the tears that, for  
e, she had been trying  
and way.

ector soon gained all the  
these two young hearts.  
ning to Leonard's story  
lost in a day, he patted  
ouder and said, "Well,  
on me on Monday, and

Meanwhile, borrow  
—and he tried to slip  
his into the boy's hand.  
indignant. The book-  
ing flashed on him.

Oh no, he had not yet  
? He was almost rude  
his rejection; and the  
not like him the less

an obstinate mule," said  
hist, reluctantly putting  
igns. "Will you work  
practical and prosy, and  
rest awhile?"

Leonard, doggedly, "I

ll, then. I know an  
dler, and he shall give  
ployment; and mean-  
events, you will be  
and that will be some

eyes brightened—"A  
sir." He pressed the  
before put aside to his

esumed the Doctor,  
u really feel a strong  
to make verses?"

symptom indeed, and  
ped before a relapse!  
cured three prophets

and ten poets with this novel spe-  
cific."

While thus speaking, he had got  
out his book and a globule. "*Agaricus  
muscarius* dissolved in a tumbler of  
distilled water—tea-spoonful when-  
ever the fit comes on. Sir, it would  
have cured Milton himself."

"And now for you, my child,"  
turning to Helen—"I have found a  
lady who will be very kind to you.  
Not a menial situation. She wants  
some one to read to her, and tend on  
her—she is old, and has no children.  
She wants a companion, and prefers a  
girl of your age to one older. Will  
this suit you?"

Leonard walked away.

Helen got close to the Doctor's ear,  
and whispered, "No, I cannot leave  
him now—he is so sad."

"Cott!" grunted the Doctor, "you  
two must have been reading *Paul  
and Virginia*. If I could but stay  
in England, I would try what *ignatia*  
would do in this case—interesting  
experiment! Listen to me—little  
girl; and go out of the room, you, sir."

Leonard, averting his face, obeyed.  
Helen made an involuntary step after  
him—the Doctor detained; and drew  
her on his knee.

"What's your Christian name?—I  
forget."

"Helen."

"Helen, listen. In a year or two  
you will be a young woman, and it  
would be very wrong then to live  
alone with that young man. Mean-  
while, you have no right to cripple all  
his energies. He must not have you  
leaning on his right arm—you would  
weigh it down. I am going away,  
and when I am gone there will be no  
one to help you, if you reject the  
friend I offer you. Do as I tell you,  
for a little girl so peculiarly susceptible  
(a thorough *pulsatilla* constitution)  
cannot be obstinate and egotistical."

"Let me see him cared for and  
U 2



happy, sir," said she firmly, "and I will go where you wish."

"He shall be so; and to-morrow, while he is out, I will come and fetch you. Nothing so painful as leaving-taking—shakes the nervous system, and is a mere waste of the animal economy."

Helen sobbed aloud; then, writhing from the Doctor, she exclaimed, "But he may know where I am? We may see each other sometimes? Ah, sir, it was at my father's grave

that we first met, and I think Heaven sent him to me. Do not part with me ever."

"I should have a heart of stone if I did," cried the Doctor, vehemently; "and Miss Starke shall let him come and visit you once a-week. I'll give her something to make her. She is naturally indifferent to others. I will alter her whole constitution, and melt her into sympathy—with *risolite, drows and arsenic!*"

## CHAPTER XV.

BEFORE he went, the Doctor wrote a line to "Mr. Prickett, Bookseller, Holborn," and told Leonard to take it, the next morning, as addressed. "I will call on Prickett myself to-night, and prepare him for your visit. But I hope and trust you will only have to stay there a few days."

He then turned the conversation, to communicate his plans for Helen. Miss Starke lived at Highgate—a worthy woman, stiff and prim, as old maids sometimes are. But just the place for a little girl like Helen, and Leonard should certainly be allowed to call and see her.

Leonard listened and made no opposition;—now that his day-dream was dispelled, he had no right to pretend to be Helen's protector. He could have prayed her to share his wealth

and his fame; his penny and his drudgery—no.

It was a very sorrowful evening—that between the adventurer and the child. They sate up late, till their candle had burned down to the socket; neither did they talk much; but his hand clasped hers all the time, and his head pillowed itself on his shoulder. I fear, when they parted it was not for sleep.

And when Leonard went forth the next morning, Helen stood at the street door watching him depart—slowly, slowly. No doubt, in that humble lane there were many sad hearts; but no heart so heavy as that of the still quiet child, when the form she had watched was to be seen no more, and, still standing on the delicate threshold, she gazed into space—and all was vacant.

## CHAPTER XVI.

PRICKETT was a believer in it, and declared, to the infinite of all the apothecaries' shops, that he had been cured of his chronic rheumatism by Dr. Good Doctor's, as he called the good Doctor had, as seen Mr. Prickett when he was in London, and asked him as a favour to find some light occupation that would serve as an addition to his modest weekly salary. "It will be for long," said the friend, "the relations are respectable." "I will write to his father, and in a few days I will relieve you of the charge. If you don't want him, I will let him go, but he costs meanwhile." Prickett, thus prepared for the interview, received him very graciously, and after a few questions, said Leonard was just the person he wanted for the task of cataloguing his books, and he would pay him as much as £1 a week, and a most handsomely £1 a week task. Leonard at once entered into a world of work that he had never before known, and that old divine knowledge, out of which he had sprung, returned to the front at the very sight of the volumes. The collection Prickett was however, in no means large; but it was not only the ordinary standard but several curious and old. And Leonard paused in his catalogue, and took many hours of the contents of each volume passed through his hands. Leonard, who was an enthusiast, was pleased to see a young man (which his shop-boy had hinted) in his new assistant talked about rare edi-

tions and scarce copies, and initiated Leonard into many of the mysteries of the bibliographical.

Nothing could be more dark and dingy than the shop. There was a booth outside, containing cheap books and odd volumes, round which there was always an attentive group; within, a gas-lamp burned night and day.

But time passed quickly to Leonard. He missed not the green fields, he forgot his disappointments, he ceased to remember even Helen. O strange passion of knowledge! nothing like thee for strength and devotion.

Mr. Prickett was a bachelor, and asked Leonard to dine with him on a cold shoulder of mutton. During dinner, the shop-boy kept the shop, and Mr. Prickett was really pleasant, as well as loquacious. He took a liking to Leonard—and Leonard told him his adventures with the publishers, at which Mr. Prickett rubbed his hands and laughed, as at a capital joke. "Oh, give up poetry, and stick to a shop," cried he; "and, to cure you for ever of the mad whim to be author, I'll just lend you the *Life and Works of Chatterton*. You may take it home with you and read before you go to bed. You'll come back quite a new man to-morrow."

Not till night, when the shop was closed, did Leonard return to his lodging. And when he entered the room, he was struck to the soul by the silence, by the void. Helen was gone!

There was a rose-tree in its pot on the table at which he wrote, and by it a scrap of paper, on which was written—

"Dear, dear Brother Leonard, God

bless you. I will let you know when we can meet again. Take care of this rose, Brother, and don't forget poor

"HELEN."

Over the word "forget" there was a big round blistered spot that nearly effaced the word.

Leonard leant his face on his hands, and for the first time in his life he felt what solitude really is. He could not stay long in the room. He walked out again, and wandered objectless to and fro the streets. He passed that stiller and humbler neighbourhood, he mixed with the throng that swarmed in the more populous thoroughfares. Hundreds and thousands passed him by, and still—still such solitude.

He came back, lighted his candle, and resolutely drew forth the "Chatterton" which the bookseller had lent him. It was an old edition, in one thick volume. It had evidently belonged to some contemporary of the poet's—apparently an inhabitant of Bristol—some one who had gathered up many anecdotes respecting Chatterton's habits, and who appeared even to have seen him, nay, been in his company; for the book was interleaved, and the leaves covered with notes and remarks, in a stiff clear hand—all evincing personal knowledge of the mournful immortal dead. At first, Leonard read with an effort; then the strange and fierce spell of that dread life seized upon him—seized with pain, and gloom, and terror—this boy dying by his own hand, about the age Leonard had attained himself. This wondrous boy, of a genius beyond all comparison—the greatest that ever yet was developed and extinguished at the age of eighteen—self-taught—self-struggling—self-immolated. Nothing in literature like that life and that death!

With intense interest Leonard

perused the tale of the brilliant imposture, which had been so basely and so absurdly construed into the crime of a forgery, and which was (not wholly innocent) so akin to the literary devices always in other countries viewed with indulgence, and which in this, intellectual qualities in themselves so amazing—such patience, such forethought, such labor, and courage, such ingenuity—the qualities that, well directed, make a great, not only in books, but in life. And, turning from the history of the imposture to the poems themselves, the young reader bent before that beauty, literally awed and breathless. How this strange Bristol boy had mastered his rude and vulgar materials into a music that encompassed every tune and key, from the simplest to the sublimest? He turned back to the biography—he read on—he saw the proud, daring, noble spirit, alone in the Great City by himself. He followed its brief career, he saw it falling with brilliant and soiled wings into the mire. He turned again to the later work, wrung forth as tasks for bread,—the satires without moral grandeur, the politics without honest faith. He shuddered and sickened as he read. True, even here his poet mind appreciated (what perhaps only poets can)—the divine fire that burned steadily through that meaner and more mortal fuel—he still traced in those crude, hasty, bitter offerings to dire Necessity, the hand of the young giant who had built up the stately verses of Rowley. But, alas! how different from that "mighty line." How all serenity and joy had fled from these later exercises of art degraded into journey-work. Then rapidly came on the catastrophe—the closed doors—the poison—the suicide—the manuscript torn by the hands of despairing wrath, and strewn round the corpse upon

al floors. It was terrible! re of the Titan boy, (as de- the notes written on the with his haughty brow, this

cynic smile, his lustrous eyes, haunted all the night the baffled and solitary child of song.

# CHAPTER XVII.

often happen that what ought e human mind from some pendency produces the opposite me would think that the n the newspaper of some l capital punishment would y all who had ever meditated t, or dreaded the chance of

Yet it is well known to us y a criminal is made by pon- r the fate of some prede- guilt. There is a fascina- the Dark and Forbidden, range to say, is only lost in No man is more inclined to is nephews, or stifle his wife, ding "Richard the Third" llo." It is the *reality* that ry to constitute the danger ion. Now, it was this reality ate, and life, and crowning f Chatterton, that forced m Leonard's thoughts, and e like a visible evil thing, ; evil like cloud around it, as much in the dead poet's , his trials and his doom,

that stood out to Leonard like a bold and colossal shadow of himself and his fate. Alas! the bookseller, in one respect, had said truly. Leonard came back to him the next day a new man; and it seemed even to himself as if he had lost a good angel in losing Helen. "Oh that she had been by my side," thought he. "Oh that I could have felt the touch of her confiding hand—that, looking up from the seathed and dreary ruin of this life, that had sublimely lifted itself from the plain, and sought to tower aloft from a deluge, her mild look had spoken to me of innocent, humble, unassuming childhood! Ah! If indeed I were still necessary to her—still the sole guardian and protector—then could I say to myself, 'Thou must not despair and die! Thou hast her to live and to strive for.' But no, no! Only this vast and terrible London—the solitude of the dreary garret, and those lustrous eyes, glaring alike through the throng and through the solitude."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

ON the following Monday, Dr. Morgan's shabby man-servant opened the door to a young man in whom he did not at first remember a former visitor. A few days before, embrowned with healthful travel—serene light in his eye, simple trust in his careless lip—Leonard Fairfield had stood at that threshold. Now again he stood there, pale and haggard, with a cheek already hollowed into those deep anxious lines that speak of working thoughts and sleepless nights; and a settled sullen gloom resting heavily on his whole aspect.

"I call by appointment," said the boy, testily, as the servant stood irresolute. The man gave way. "Master is just gone out to a patient: please to wait, sir," and he showed him into the little parlour. In a few moments, two other patients were admitted. These were women, and they began talking very loud. They disturbed Leonard's unsocial thoughts. He saw that the door into the Doctor's receiving-room was half open, and ignorant of the etiquette which holds such *penetratia* as sacred, he walked in to escape from the gossips. He threw himself into the Doctor's own well-worn chair, and muttered to himself, "Why did he tell me to come? What new can he think of for me? And if a favour, should I take it? He has given me the means of bread by work: that is all I have a right to ask from him, from any man—all I should accept."

While thus soliloquising, his eye fell on a letter lying open on the table. He started. He recognised the handwriting—the same as that of the letter which had enclosed £50 to his mother—the letter of his grandpa-

rents. He saw his own name: he saw something more—words that made his heart stand still, and his blood seem like ice in his veins. As he thus stood aghast, a hand was laid on the letter, and a voice, in an angry growl, muttered, "How dare you come into my room, and pe reading my letters? Er—r—r!"

Leonard placed his own hand on the Doctor's firmly, and said, in a fierce tone, "This letter relates to me—belongs to me—crushes me. I have seen enough to know that. I demand to read all—learn all."

The Doctor looked round, and seeing the door into the waiting-room still open, kicked it to with his foot, and then said, under his breath, "What have you read? Tell me the truth."

"Two lines only, and I am called—I am called—" Leonard's frame shook from head to foot, and the veins on his forehead swelled like cords. He could not complete the sentence. It seemed as if an ocean was rolling up through his brain, and roaring in his ears. The Doctor saw, at a glance, that there was physical danger in his state, and hastily and soothingly answered,—"Sit down, sit down—calm yourself—you shall know all—read all—drink this water;" and he poured into a tumbler of the pure liquid a drop or two from a tiny phial.

Leonard obeyed mechanically, for he was no longer able to stand. He closed his eyes, and for a minute or two life seemed to pass from him; then he recovered, and saw the good Doctor's gaze fixed on him with great compassion. He silently stretched forth his hand towards the letter.

"a few moments," said the man, judiciously, "and hear me while. It is very unfortunate I could have seen a letter never for your eye, and containing as to a secret you were never known. But, if I tell you will you promise me, on your of honour, that you will hold confidence sacred from Mrs. Fair-he Avenels—from all? I myself pledged to conceal a secret, I can only share with you on the same condition."

"There is nothing," announced he, indistinctly, and with a bitter smile on his lip,—"nothing, it seems, should be proud to boast of. promise—the letter, the letter!"

Doctor placed it in Leonard's hand, and quietly slipped to the end of the left his forefinger and, as physicians are said to do a victim is stretched on the "Pulse decreasing," he muttered "wonderful thing, *Aconite!*" while Leonard read as follows, in spelling and all:—

R. MORGAN, "

"Sir,—I received your favour and am glad to hear that the boy is safe and Well. But he is behaving ill, and ungrateful good son Richard, who is a to the whole Family, and has himself a Gentleman, and Was kind and good to the boy, not to say who and What he is — God! I don't want never to see him again—the boy. Pore John was Restless for days afterwards. He is a pore cretur now, and has many ticks. And he Talked of going but Nora—the boy's eyes are like his Mother's. I cannot, I see the Child of Shame. He is here—for our Lord's sake, don't ask it—he can't, so Respect as we've always been!—and

such disgrace! Base born — base born. Keep him where he is, bind him prentis, I'll pay anything for That. You says, sir, he's clever, and quick at learning; so did Parson Dale, and wanted him to go to Colledge and make a Figur—then all would cum out. It would be my death, sir; I could not sleep in my grave, sir. Nora, that we were all so proud of. Sinful creturs that we are! Nora's good name that we've saved now, gone, gone. And Richard, who is so grand, and who was so fond of pore, pore Nora! He would not hold up his Head again. Don't let him make a Figur in the world—let him be a tradesman, as we were afore him—any trade he takes to—and not cross us no more while he lives. Then I shall pray for him, and wish him happy. And have not we had enuff of bringing up children to be above their birth? Nora, that I used to say was like the first lady o' the land — oh, but we were rightly punished! So now, sir, I leave all to you, and will Pay all you want for the boy. And be sure that the secret's kept. For we have never heard from the father, and, at least, no one knows that Nora has a living son but I and my daughter Jane, and Parson Dale and you—and you Two are good Gentlemen—and Jane will keep her word, and I am old, and shall be in my grave Soon, but I hope it wont be while pore John needs me. What could he do without me? And if *that* got wind, it would kill me straght, sir. Pore John is a helpless cretur, God bless him. So no more from your servant in all dooty,

M. AVENEL."

Leonard laid down this letter very calmly, and, except by a slight heaving at his breast, and a deathlike whiteness of his lips, the emotions he felt were undetected. And it is a

proof how much exquisite goodness there was in his heart that the first words he spoke were, "Thank Heaven!"

The Doctor did not expect that thanksgiving, and he was so startled that he exclaimed, "For what?"

"I have nothing to pity or excuse in the woman I know and honoured as a mother. I am not her son—her—"

He stopped short.

"No; but don't be hard on your true mother—poor Nora!"

Leonard staggered and then burst into a sudden paroxysm of tears.

"Oh, my own mother!—my dead mother! Thou for whom I felt so mysterious a love—thou, from whom I took this poet soul—pardon me, pardon me! Hard on thee! Would that thou wert living yet, that I might comfort thee! What thou must have suffered!"

These words were sobbed forth in broken gasps from the depth of his heart. Then he caught up the letter again, and his thoughts were changed as his eyes fell upon the writer's shame and fear, as it were, of his very existence. All his native haughtiness returned to him. His crest rose, his tears dried. "Tell her," he said, with a stern, unfaltering voice—tell Mrs. Avenel that she is obeyed—that I will never seek her roof, never cross her path, never disgrace her wealthy son. But tell her, also, that I will choose my own way in life—that I will not take from her a bribe for concealment. Tell her that I am nameless, and will yet make a name."

A name! Was this but an idle boast, or was it one of those flashes of conviction which are never belied, lighting up our future for one lurid instant, and then fading into darkness?

"I do not doubt it, my brave boy," said Dr. Morgan, growing exceedingly

Welsh in his excitement; "and perhaps you may find a father, who—"

"Father—who is he—what is he? He lives, then! But he has deserted me—he must have betrayed me! I need him not. The law gives me no father."

The last words were said with a return of bitter anguish; then, in a calmer tone, he resumed, "But I should know who he is—as another one whose path I may not cross."

Dr. Morgan looked embarrassed, and paused in deliberation. "Yes," said he, at length, "as you know so much, it is surely best that you should know all."

The Doctor then proceeded to detail with some circumlocution, what we will here repeat from his account more succinctly.

Nora Avenel, while yet very young, left her native village, or rather the house of Lady Lansmere, by whom she had been educated and brought up, in order to accept the place of companion to a lady in London. One evening she suddenly presented herself at her father's house, and at the first sight of her mother's face she fell down insensible. She was carried to bed. Dr. Morgan (then the chief medical practitioner of the town) was sent for. That night Leonard came into the world, and his mother died. She never recovered her senses, never spoke intelligibly from the time she entered the house. "And never, therefore, named your father," said Dr. Morgan. "We knew not who he was."

"And how," cried Leonard, fiercely—"how have they dared to slander this dead mother? How knew they that I—was—was—was not the child of wedlock?"

"There was no wedding-ring on Nora's finger—never any rumour of her marriage—her strange and sudden appearance at her father's house—

her emotions on entrance, so unlike those natural to a wife returning to a parent's home; these are all the evidence against her. But Mrs. Avenel deemed them strong, and so did I. You have a right to think me judged too harshly—perhaps we did.”

“And no inquiries were ever made?” said Leonard, mournfully, and after long silence—“no inquiries to learn who was the father of the motherless child?”

“Inquiries!—Mrs. Avenel would have died first. Your grandmother’s nature is very rigid. Had she come from princes, from Cadwallader himself,” said the Welshman, “she could not more have shrunk from the thought of dishonour. Even over her dead child, the child she had loved the best, she thought but how to save that child’s name and memory from suspicion. There was luckily no servant in the house, only Mark Fairfield and his wife, (Nora’s sister :) they had arrived the same day on a visit.

“Mrs. Fairfield was nursing her own infant, two or three months old; she took charge of you; Nora was buried and the secret kept. None out of the family knew of it, but myself and the curate of the town—Mr. Dale. The day after your birth, Mrs. Fairfield, to prevent discovery, moved to a village at some distance. There her child died; and when she returned to Hazeldean, where her husband was settled, you passed as the son she had lost. Mark, I know, was as a father to you, for he had loved

Nora: they had been children together.”

“And she came to London—London is strong and cruel,” muttered Leonard. “She was friendless and deceived. I see all—I desire to know no more. This father, he must indeed have been like those whom I have read of in books. To love, to wrong her—~~that~~ I can conceive; but then to leave, to abandon; no visit to her grave—no remorse—no search for his own child. Well, well; Mrs. Avenel was right. Let us think of *him* no more.”

The man-servant knocked at the door, and then put in his head. “Sir, the ladies are getting very impatient, and say they’ll go.”

“Sir,” said Leonard, with a strange calm return to the things about him, “I ask your pardon for taking up your time so long. I go now. I will never mention to my moth—I mean to Mrs. Fairfield—what I have learned, nor to any one. I will work my way somehow. If Mr. Prickett will keep me, I will stay with him at present; but I repeat, I cannot take Mrs. Avenel’s money and be bound apprentice. Sir, you have been good and patient with me—Heaven reward you.”

The Doctor was too moved to answer. He wrung Leonard’s hand, and in another minute the door closed upon the nameless boy. He stood alone in the streets of London; and the sun flashed on him, red and menacing, like the eye of a foe!



## CHAPTER XIX.

LEONARD did not appear at the shop of Mr. Prickett that day. Needless it is to say where he wandered—what he suffered—what thought—what felt. All within was storm. Late at night he returned to his solitary lodging. On his table, neglected since the morning, was Helen's rose-tree. It looked parched and fading. His heart smote him: he watered the poor plant—perhaps with his tears.

Meanwhile Dr. Morgan, after some debate with himself, whether or not to apprise Mrs. Avenel of Leonard's discovery and message, resolved to spare her an uneasiness and alarm that might be dangerous to her health, and unnecessary in itself. He replied shortly, that she need not fear Leonard's coming to her house—that he was disinclined to bind himself an apprentice, but that he was provided for at present; and in a few weeks, when Dr. Morgan heard more of him through the tradesman by whom he was employed, the Doctor would write to her from Germany. He then went to Mr. Prickett's—told the willing bookseller to keep the young man for the present—to be kind to him, watch over his habits and conduct, and report to the Doctor in his new home, on the Rhine, what avocation he thought Leonard would be best suited for, and most inclined to adopt. The charitable Welshman divided with the bookseller the salary given to Leonard, and left a quarter of his moiety in advance. It is true that he knew he should be repaid on applying to Mrs. Avenel; but being a man of independent spirit himself, he so sympathised with Leonard's present feelings, that he

felt as if he should degrade the boy did he maintain him, even secretly, out of Mrs. Avenel's money—money intended not to raise, but keep him down in life. At the worst, it was a sum the Doctor could afford, and he had brought the boy into the world.

Having thus, as he thought, amply provided for his two young charges, Helen and Leonard, the Doctor then gave himself up to his final preparations for departure. He left a short note for Leonard with Mr. Prickett, containing some brief advice, some kind cheering; a postscript to the effect that he had not communicated to Mrs. Avenel the information Leonard had acquired, and that it was best to leave her in that ignorance; and six small powders to be dissolved in water, and a tea-spoonful every fourth hour—"Sovereign against rage and sombre thoughts," wrote the Doctor.

By the evening of the next day Dr. Morgan, accompanied by his patient with the chronic tic, whom he had talked into exile, was on the steamboat on his way to Ostend.

Leonard resumed his life at Mr. Prickett's: but the change in him did not escape the bookseller. All his ingenuous simplicity had deserted him. He was very distant and very taciturn; he seemed to have grown much older. I shall not attempt to analyse metaphysically this change. By the help of such words as Leonard may himself occasionally let fall, the reader will dive into the boy's heart, and see how there the change had worked, and is working still. The happy dreamy peasant-genius, gazing on Glory with inebriate, unendured

no more. It is a man, and cut off from the old household—conscious of great powers, affronted on all sides by barriers—alone with hard Reality, and in London; and if he catches a gleam of the lost Helicon, he sees, he saw the Muse, a pale melancholy spirit veiling its face in shame, a ghost of the mournful mother, whose child has no name, not even a name, among the family of

the second evening after Dr. Prickett's departure, as Leonard was about to leave the shop, a customer stepped in with a book in his hand which he had snatched from the shelf, who was removing the book for the night from the booth.

"Prickett, Mr. Prickett!" said the customer, "I am ashamed of you. I assume to put upon this work, volumes, the sum of eight shillings."

Prickett stepped forth from the mercantile gloom of some recess, and said, "What! Mr. Burley, is that you? But for your voice, I should not have known you."

"It is like a book, Mr. Prickett; I monal only look to his binding—am better bound, it is very

and glanced towards the man, who now stood under the arch, and thought he recognised him. He looked again. Yes; it was the perch-fisher whom he had seen on the banks of the Brent, and he warned him of the lost fish broken line.

BURLEY, (continuing).—"But the 'Art of Thinking'—you charge three shillings for the 'Art of Thinking.'"

PRICKETT.—"Cheap enough, they. A very clean copy."

BURLEY.—"Usurer! I sold

it to you for three shillings. It is more than 150 per cent. you propose to gain from my 'Art of Thinking.'"

MR. PRICKETT, (stuttering, and taken aback).—"You sold it to me! Ah, now I remember. But it was more than three shillings I gave. You forget—two glasses of brandy-and-water."

MR. BURLEY.—"Hospitality, sir, is not to be priced. If you sell your hospitality, you are not worthy to possess my 'Art of Thinking.' I resume it. There are three shillings, and a shilling more for interest. No; on second thoughts, instead of that shilling, I will return your hospitality: and the first time you come my way you shall have two glasses of brandy-and-water."

Mr. Prickett did not look pleased, but he made no objection; and Mr. Burley put the book into his pocket, and turned to examine the shelves. He bought an old jest-book, a stray volume of the Comedies of Destouches—paid for them—put them also into his pocket, and was sauntering out—when he perceived Leonard, who was now standing at the doorway.

"Hem! who is that?" he asked, whispering Mr. Prickett.

"A young assistant of mine, and very clever."

Mr. Burley scanned Leonard from top to toe.

"We have met before, sir. But you look as if you had returned to the Brent, and been fishing for my perch."

"Possibly, sir," answered Leonard. "But my line is tough, and is not yet broken, though the fish drags it amongst the weeds, and buries itself in the mud."

He lifted his hat, bowed slightly, and walked on.

"He is clever," said Mr. Burley to the bookseller: "he understands allegory."

MR. PRICKETT.—“Poor youth! He came to town with the idea of turning author: you know what *that* is, Mr. Burley.”

MR. BUBLEY, (with an air of superb dignity).—“Bibliopole, yas! An author is a being between gods and men, who ought to be lodged in a palace, and entertained at the public charge upon Ortolans and Tokay. He should be kept lapped in down, and curtained with silken awnings from the cares of life—have nothing to do but to write books upon tables

of cedar, and fish for perch from a gilded galley. And that's what will come to pass when the ages lose their barbarism, and know their benefactors. Meanwhile, sir, I invite you to my rooms, and will regale you upon brandy-and-water as long as I can pay for it; and when I cannot—you shall regale me.”

Mr. Prickett muttered, “A very bad bargain, indeed,” as Mr. Burley, with his chin in the air, stepped into the street.

## CHAPTER XX.

At first, Leonard had always returned home through the crowded thoroughfares—the contact of numbers had animated his spirits. But the last two days, since his discovery of his birth, he had taken his way down the comparatively unpeopled path of the New Road.

He had just gained that part of this outskirt in which the statuaries and tomb-makers exhibit their gloomy wares—furniture alike for gardens and for graves—and, pausing, contemplated a column, on which was placed an urn, half covered with a funeral mantle, when his shoulder was lightly tapped, and, turning quickly, he saw Mr. Burley standing behind him.

“Excuse me, sir, but you understand perch-fishing; and since we find ourselves on the same road, I should like to be better acquainted with you. I hear you once wished to be an author. I am one.”

Leonard had never before, to his knowledge, seen an author, and a mournful smile passed his lips as he surveyed the perch-fisher.

Mr. Burley was indeed very differently attired since the first interview by the brooklet. He looked much less like an author—but more perhaps like a perch-fisher. He had a new white hat, stuck on one side of his head—a new green overcoat—new grey trousers, and new boots. In his hand was a whalebone stick, with a silver handle. Nothing could be more vagrant, devil-me-carish, and, to use a slang word, *tigrish*, than his whole air. Yet, vulgar as was his costume, he did not himself seem vulgar, but rather eccentric—*laides*—something out of the pale of convention. His face looked more pale and more puffed than before, the tip of his nose redder; but the spark in his eye was of livelier light, and there was self-enjoyment in the corners of his sensual humorous lip.

“You are an author, sir,” repeated Leonard. “Well. And what is your report of the calling? Yonder column props an urn. The column is tall, and the urn is graceful. But it looks out of place by the roadside; what say you?”

LE. BURLEY.—“It would look  
er in the churchyard.”

LEONARD.—“So I was thinking.  
You are an author!”

LE. BURLEY.—“Ah, I said you  
a quick sense of allegory. And  
ou think an author looks better in  
churchyard, when you see him but  
a muffled urn under the moon-  
e, than standing beneath the gas-  
p in a white hat, and with a red  
to his nose. Abstractedly, you are  
t. But, with your leave, the  
or would rather be where he is.  
us walk on.” The two men felt  
interest in each other, and they  
ed some yards in silence.

To return to the urn,” said Mr.  
ley—“you think of fame and  
chyard. Natural enough, be-  
illusion dies; but I think of the  
ent, of existence—and I laugh at  
t. Fame, sir—not worth a glass  
ld without! And as for a glass of  
n, with sugar—and five shillings  
e’s pocket to spend as one pleases  
hat is there in Westminster Abbey  
surrender with it?”

Talk on, sir—I should like to hear  
talk. Let me listen and hold my  
na.” Leonard pulled his hat  
his brows, and gave up his moody,  
tioning, turbulent mind to his  
acquaintance.

nd John Burley talked on. A  
erous and fascinating talk it was  
e talk of a great intellect fallen.  
pent trailing its length on the  
nd, and showing bright, shifting,  
ous hues, as it grovelled. A  
ant, yet without the serpent’s  
t. If John Burley deceived and  
ted, he meant it not—he crawled  
glittered alike honestly. No dove  
l be more simple.

oughing at fame, he yet dwelt with  
loquent enthusiasm on the joy of  
position. “What do I care what  
without are to say and think of  
words that gush forth on my

page?” cried he. “If you think of  
the public, of urns, and laurels, while  
you write, you are no genius; you are  
not fit to be an author. I write be-  
cause it rejoices me—because it is my  
nature. Written, I care no more  
what becomes of it than the lark for  
the effect that the song has on the  
peasant it wakes to the plough.  
The poet, like the lark, sings ‘from  
his watch-tower in the skies.’ Is this  
true?”

“Yes, very true!”

“What can rob us of this joy! The  
bookseller will not buy: the public will  
not read. Let them sleep at the foot  
of the ladder of the angels—we climb  
it all the same. And then one settles  
down into such good-tempered Lu-  
cianic contempt for men. One wants  
so little from them, when one knows  
what one’s-self is worth, and what  
they are. They are just worth the  
coin one can extract from them, in  
order to live. Our life—that is  
worth so much to us. And then  
their joys, so vulgar to them, we can  
make them golden and kingly. Do  
you suppose Burns drinking at the ale-  
house, with his boozers around him,  
was drinking, like them, only beer  
and whiskey? No, he was drinking  
nectar—he was imbibing his own  
ambrosial thoughts—shaking with the  
laughter of the gods. The coarse  
human liquid was just needed to un-  
lock his spirit from the clay—take it  
from jerkin and corduroys, and wrap  
it in the ‘singing robes’ that floated  
wide in the skies: the beer or the  
whiskey needed but for that, and then  
it changed at once into the drink of  
Hebé. But come, you have not  
known this life—you have not seen it.  
Come, give me this night. I have  
moneys about me—I will fling them  
abroad as liberally as Alexander him-  
self, when he left to his share but  
hope. Come!”

“Whither?”

"To my throne. On that throne last sat Edmund Kean — mighty mime. I am his successor. We will see whether in truth these wild sons of genius, who are cited but 'to point a moral and adorn a tale,' were objects of compassion. Sober-suited cits to lament over a Savage and a Morland — a Porson and a Burns!—"

"Or a Chatterton," said Leonard, gloomily.

"Chatterton was an impostor in all things; he feigned excesses that he never knew. *He a bacchanalian-royster!* Huz!—No. We will talk of him. Come!"

Leonard went.

## CHAPTER XXL

THE ROOM! And the smoke-reek, and the gas glare of it!—The white-wash of the walls, and the prints thereon of the actors in their mimerobes, and stage postures; actors as far back as their own lost Augustan era, when the stage was a real living influence on the manners and the age! There was Betterton in wig and gown—as Cato, moralising on the soul's eternity, and halting between Plato and the dagger. There was Woodward as "The Fine Gentleman," with the inimitable rake-hell air in which the heroes of Wycherly and Congreve and Farquhar live again. There was jovial Quin as Falstaff, with round buckler and "fair round belly." There was Colly Cibber in brocade—taking snuff as with "his Lord," the thumb and forefinger raised in air—and looking at you for applause. There was Macklin as Shylock, with knife in hand; and Kemble in the solemn weeds of the Dane; and Kean in the place of honour over the chimneypiece.

When we are suddenly taken from practical life, with its real workday men, and presented to the portraits of those sole heroes of a world Phantastic and Phantasmal, in the garments wherein they did "strut and fret their hour upon the stage," verily *there is something in the sight that*

moves an inner sense within ourselves—for all of us have an inner sense of some existence, apart from the one that wears away our days: an substance, that afar from St. James's and St. Giles's the Law Courts and Exchange, goes its way in terror or mirth, in smiles or in tears, through vague magic land of the poets. There, see those actors—they are the men who lived it—to whom our world was the false one, to whom the Imaginary was the Actual! And did Shakspeare himself, in his life, ever hearken to such applause as thundered round the personators of his airy images? Vague children of the most transient of the arts, fleet shadows on running waters, though thrown down from the steadfast stars, were ye not happier than we who live in the Real? How strange you must feel in the great circuit that ye now take through eternity! No prompt-books, no lamps, no acting Congreve and Shakspeare there! For what parts in the skies have your studies on the earth fitted you? Your ultimate destinies are very puzzling. Hail to your effigies, and pass we on!

There, too, on the whitewashed walls, were admitted the portraits of ruder rivals in the arena of fame—yet they, too, had known an applaus

in his age gave to Shakspeare's Champions of the Ring and Molineux, and Dutch dispersed with these was an Newmarket in the early last century, and sundry from Hogarth. But poets, are there too: poets who supposed to have been successful fellows to be at home companions. Shakspeare, with his placid forehead; Milton, with his heavy scowl; Byron cheek by jowl. The angest of all these heterogeneous specimens of graphic art is the length print of William Pitt, the austere and

What the deuce did he amongst prize-fighters, and poets? It seemed an ingrained memory. Nevertheless he was, very erect, and of ineffable disgust in his portraits. The portraits on walls were very like the minds of ordinary men: the motley pictures of the hanging up in your parlour, O Actors and prize-fighters, statesmen, all without consistency, all whom you have to hear for a moment, names have stared out in persons, O my Public!

Company? Indescribable! from small theatres, out pale, haggard-looking only the sons of worthy men trying their best to break men's hearts; here and there features of a Jew. Now I might see the curious of some greenhorn about the Cape of Cantab; and men young and greyhaired, were amongst them a wondrous number of carbuncled faces and

And when John Burley there was a shout that

made William Pitt shake in his frame. Such stamping and hallooing, and such hurrahs for "Burly John." And the gentleman who had filled the great high leathern chair in his absence gave it up to John Burley; and Leonard, with his grave, observant eye, and lip half sad and half scornful, placed himself by the side of his introducer. There was a nameless expectant stir through the assembly, as there is in the pit of the opera when some great singer advances to the lamps, and begins, "*Di tanti palpiti*." Time flies. Look at the Dutch clock over the door. Half-an-hour. John Burley begins to warm. A yet quicker light begins to break from his eye; his voice has a mellow luscious roll in it.

"He will be grand to-night," whispered a thin man, who looked like a tailor, seated on the other side of Leonard.

Time flies—an hour! Look again at the Dutch clock. John Burley is grand, he is in his zenith, at his culminating point. What magnificent drollery!—what luxuriant humour! How the Rabelais shakes in his easy chair! Under the rush and the roar of this fun, (what word else shall describe it?) the man's intellect is as clear as gold sand under a river. Such wit and such truth, and, at times, such a flood of quick eloquence. All now are listeners—silent, save in applause. And Leonard listened too. Not, as he would some nights ago, in innocent unquestioning delight. No; his mind has passed through great sorrow, great passion, and it comes out unsettled, inquiring, eager, brooding over joy itself as over a problem. And the drink circulates, and faces change; and there are gabbling and babbling; and Burley's head sinks in his bosom, and he is silent. And up starts a wild, dissolute, bacchanalian glee for seven voices. And the music—

sunk grows denser and thicker, and the gas-light looks dizzy through the haze. And John Burley's eyes reel.

Look again at the Dutch clock. Two hours have gone. John Burley has broken out again from his silence, his voice thick and husky, and his lungs cracked: and he talks, O ye Gods! such rubbish and shibbity; and the listeners rear aghast, and think it sadder than before. And Leonard, who had hitherto been measuring himself in his mind, against the giant, and saying inly, "He swears out of my reach," made the giant shrink smaller and smaller, and said to himself, "He is but of man's common standard after all!"

Look again at the Dutch clock. Three hours have passed. Is John Burley now of man's common standard? Man himself seems to have vanished from the scene: his soul stolen from him, his form gone away with the fumes of the smoke, and the nauseous steam from that fiery bowl. And Leonard looked round, and saw but the swine of Circe—some on the floor, some staggering against the walls,

some hugging each other and some fighting, some hawking warping. The divine spark from the human face; the everywhere growing more & out of the thing that had it. And John Burley, still not but clean lost to his sense himself a preacher, and in the most lugubrious sermon brevity of life that mortal ever accompanied with unctuous now and then, in the midst dash, gleams out a gorgeous that Jeremy Taylor might vie; drivelling away epicedence below the rhetoric glistenism. And the wait up the doorway, listening a ing, and prepared to call coaches; and suddenly turned off the gas-light, a dark as pitch—howls and h of the damned, ringing ti Pandemonium. Out from atmosphere stept the boy the still stars rushed on h they looked over the grimy

## CHAPTER XXII.

WELL, Leonard, this is the first time thou hast shown that thou hast in thee the iron out of which true manhood is forged and shaped. Thou hast the power to resist. Forth, unebriate, unpolluted, he came from the orgy, as yon star above him came from the cloud.

He had a latch-key to his lodgings. He let himself in, and walked noiselessly up the creaking, wooden stair. It was dawn. He passed on to his window and threw it open. The green elm-tree from the carpenter's yard looked as fresh and fair as if rooted in solitudes, leagues away from the

"Nature, Nature!"

Leonard, "I hear thy This stills—this strengt the struggle is very dre despair of life—there, fi Nature thinks of neither serenely on."

By-and-by a bird slid the heart of the tree, and the ground below out of Leonard heard its carol. companions—wings begu in the air, and the clow towards the east.

Leonard sighed and l dow. On the table, r roec-t

letter. He had not ob-  
fore. It was in Helen's  
took it to the light, and  
the pure, healthful gleams

dear brother Leonard, will  
ou well, and (more happy  
; say, but) less sad than  
arted? I write kneeling,  
seems to me as if I wrote  
l at the same time. You  
and see me to-morrow  
sonard. Do come, do—we  
together in this pretty  
id there is an arbour all  
th jasmine and honey-  
n which we can look down  
I have looked from it so  
—so many—trying if I  
he roofs in our poor little

street, and fancying that I do see the  
dear elm-tree.

"Miss Starke is very kind to me;  
and I think after I have seen you,  
that I shall be happy here—that is if  
you are happy.

"Your own grateful sister,

"HELEN.

"Ivy Lodge."

"P.S.—Any one will direct you to  
our house; it lies to the left near the  
top of the hill, a little way down a  
lane that is overhung on one side with  
chestnut trees and lilacs. I shall be  
watching for you at the gate."

Leonard's brow softened, he looked  
again like his former self. Up from  
the dark sea at his heart smiled the  
meek face of a child, and the waves  
lay still as at the charm of a spirit.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

what is Mr. Burley, and  
e written?" asked Leonard  
skett, when he returned to

reply to that question in  
words, for we know more  
Burley than Mr. Prickett

urley was the only son of a  
man, in a village near Ea-  
ad scraped, and saved, and  
send his son to an excel-  
lential school in a northern  
id thence to college. At  
during his first year, young  
s remarked by the under-  
for his thick shoes and  
n, and remarkable to the  
for his assiduity and learn-  
highest hopes were enter-  
him by the tutors and ex-  
at the beginning of the

second year his high animal spirits,  
before kept down by study, broke out.  
Reading had become easy to him.  
He knocked off his tasks with a facile  
stroke, as it were. He gave up his  
leisure hours to symposia by no means  
Socratical. He fell into an idle, hard-  
drinking set. He got into all kinds  
of scrapes. The authorities were at  
first kind and forbearing in their ad-  
monitions, for they respected his  
abilities, and still hoped he might be-  
come an honour to the university.  
But at last he went drunk into a  
formal examination, and sent in  
papers, after the manner of Aristo-  
phanes, containing capital jokes upon  
the Dens and Big-wigs themselves.  
The offence was the greater, and  
seemed the more premeditated, for  
being clothed in Greek. John Burley  
was expelled. He went home to his





and, for he could vary it with the *liberty* of a practised pen. Audley Egerton continued his best supporter, there were certain questions on which no one wrote with such force as John Burley—questions connected with the metaphysics of politics, such as law reform and economical science. John Burley was the only one John Burley put himself out of the way to serve, and for whom he would give up a drinking bout and do *hard work*; for John Burley was useful by nature, and he felt that Egerton had really tried to befriend him. Indeed, it was true, as he had said to Leonard by the Brent, that, after he had resigned his desk in the London office, he had had the offer of an appointment in Jamaica, or a place in India, from the Minister. But probably there were other aims then than those exercised by the one-eyed perch that kept him to the neighbourhood of London. With his grave faults of character and conduct, John Burley was not without the fine qualities of a large nature.

He was most resolutely his own man, it is true, but he could hardly be said to be any one else's. Even when he criticised some more fortunate writer, he was good-humoured in his satire: he had no bile, no envy. And as for freedom from manner personalities, he might have been a model to all critics. I must repeat politics, however, for in these could be rabid and savage. He had a passion for independence, which, though pushed to excess, was not without grandeur. No lick-platter, no parasite, no toad-eater, no literary parrot, no hunter after patronage and subscriptions; even in his dealings with Audley Egerton, he insisted on raising the price for his labours. He took a price, because, as the papers ordered by Audley demanded much *ing and detail*, which was not at

all to his taste, he considered himself entitled fairly to something more than the editor of the journal wherein the papers appeared was in the habit of giving. But he assessed this extra price himself, and as he would have done to a bookseller. And when in debt and in prison, though he knew a line to Egerton would have extricated him, he never wrote that line. He would depend alone on his pen—he dipped it hastily in the ink, and scrawled himself free. The most debased point about him was certainly the incorrigible vice of drinking, and with it the usual concomitant of that vice—the love of low company. To be King of the Bohemians—to dazzle by his wild humour, and sometimes to exalt by his fanciful eloquence, the rude, gross natures that gathered round him—this was a royalty that repaid him for all sacrifice of solid dignity; a foolscap crown that he would not have changed for an emperor's diadem. Indeed, to appreciate rightly the talents of John Burley, it was necessary to hear him talk on such occasions. As a writer, after all, he was now only capable of unequal desultory efforts. But as a talker, in his own wild way, he was original and matchless. And the gift of talk is one of the most dangerous gifts a man can possess for his own sake—the applause is so immediate, and gained with so little labour. Lower, and lower, and lower had sunk John Burley, not only in the opinion of all who knew his name, but in the habitual exercise of his talents. And this seemed wilfully—from choice. He would write for some unstamped journal of the populace, out of the pale of the law, for pence, when he could have got pounds from journals of high repute. He was very fond of scribbling off penny ballads, and then standing in the street to hear them sung. He actually once made him-

self the post of an advertising tailor, and enjoyed it excessively. But that did not last long, for John Burley was a Pittite—not a Tory, he used to say, but a Pittite. And if you had heard him talk of Pitt, you would never have known what to make of that great statesman. He treated him as the German commentators do Shakespeare, and invested him with all imaginary meanings and objects, that would have turned the grand practical man into a sybil. Well, he was a Pittite; the tailor a fanatic for Thelwall and Cobbett. Mr. Burley wrote a poem, wherein Britannia appeared to the tailor, complimented him highly on the art he exhibited in adorning the persons of her sons; and, bestowing upon him a gigantic mantle, said that he, and he alone, might be enabled to fit it to the shoulders of living men. The rest of the poem was occupied in Mr. Snip's unavailing attempts to adjust this mantle to the eminent politicians of the day, when just as he had sunk down in despair, Britannia re-appeared to him, and consoled him with the information that he had done all mortal man could do, and that she had only desired to convince pigmies that no human art could adjust to *their* proportions the mantle of William Pitt. *Sic itur ad astra*—she went back to the stars, mantle and all! Mr. Snip was exceedingly indignant at this allegorical effusion, and with wrathful shears cut the tie between himself and his poet.

Thus, then, the reader has, we trust, a pretty good idea of John Burley—a specimen of his genus, not very common in any age, and now happily almost extinct, since authors of all degrees share in the general

improvement in calm, comely, sober decorum, which has obtained the national manners. Mr. Prickett, though entering into less detail than we have done, as to Leonard a tolerably accurate of the man, representing his person of great powers and he who had thoroughly thrown away.

Leonard did not, however, much Mr. Burley himself was blamed for his waste of life; I not conceive a man of genius tarily seeking himself at the step in the social ladder. If supposed he had been there there by Necessity.

And when Mr. Prickett, as said, "Well, I should think would cure you of the desire an author even more the tertion," the young man gloomily, "Perhaps," and the book-shelves.

With Mr. Prickett's consent Leonard was released earlier than from his task, and a little before he took his way to Highgate was fortunately directed to a new road by the Regent's Park, so on through a very green smiling country. The walk,iness of the air, the song birds, and, above all, when he got half-way, the solitude road, served to rouse him stern and sombre meditative when he came into the lane with chestnut trees, and caught sight of Helen's was then brightening face, as by the wicket, and under the of cool murmurous boughs, rushed gaily through his, his heart beat loud and gra

CHAPTER XXIV.

She drew him into the garden with such true childlike joy.

Now behold them seated in the arbour—a perfect bower of sweets and blossoms; the wilderness of rooftops and spires stretching below, broad and far; London seen dim and distant, as in a dream.

She took his hat from his brows gently, and looked him in the face with tearful penetrating eyes.

She did not say, "You are changed." She said, "Why, why did I leave you?" and then turned away.

"Never mind me, Helen. I am man, and ready born—speak of yourself. This lady is kind to you, then?"

"Does she not let me see you? Oh! very kind—and look here."

Helen pointed to fruits and cakes set out on the table. "A feast, brother."

And she began to press her hospitality with pretty winning ways, more playful than was usual to her, and talking very fast, and with forced, but silvery, laughter.

By degrees she stole him from his gloom and reserve; and though he could not reveal to her the cause of his bitterest sorrow, he owned that he had suffered much. He would not have owned that to another living being. And then, quickly turning from this brief confession, with assurances that the worst was over, he sought to amuse her by speaking of his new acquaintance with the perch-fisher. But when he spoke of this man with a kind of reluctant admiration, mixed with compassionate yet gloomy interest, and drew a grotesque, though subdued, sketch of the wild

scene in which he had been spectator, Helen grew alarmed and grave.

"Oh, brother, do not go there again—do not see more of this bad man."

"Bad!—no! Hopeless and unhappy, he has stooped to stimulants and oblivion;—but you cannot understand these things, my pretty preacher."

"Yes I do, Leonard. What is the difference between being good and bad? The good do not yield to temptations, and the bad do."

The definition was so simple and so wise that Leonard was more struck with it than he might have been by the most elaborate sermon by Parson Dale.

"I have often murmured to myself since I lost you, 'Helen was my good angel;'—say on. For my heart is dark to myself, and while you speak light seems to dawn on it."

This praise so confused Helen that she was long before she could obey the command annexed to it. But, by little and little, words came to both more frankly. And then he told her the sad tale of Chatterton, and waited, anxious to hear her comments.

"Well," he said, seeing that she remained silent, "how can I hope, when this mighty genius laboured and despaired? What did he want, save birth and fortune, and friends, and human justice?"

"Did he pray to God?" asked Helen, drying her tears.

Again Leonard was startled. In reading the life of Chatterton, he had not much noted the scepticism, assumed or real, of the ill-fated

aspirer to earthly immortality. At Helen's question, that scepticism struck him forcibly.

"Why do you ask that, Helen?"

"Because, when we pray often, we grow so very, very patient," answered the child. "Perhaps, had he been patient a few months more, all would have been won by him, as it will be by you, brother: for you pray, and you will be patient."

Leonard bowed his head in deep thought, and this time the thought was not gloomy. Then out from that awful life there glowed another passage, which before he had not heeded duly, but regarded rather as one of the darkest mysteries in the fate of Chatterton.

At the very time the despairing poet had locked himself up in his garret, to dismiss his soul from its earthly ordeal, his genius had just found its way into the light of renown. Good and learned and powerful men were preparing to serve and save him. Another year—nay, perchance another month—and he might have stood acknowledged and sublime in the foremost ranks of his age.

"Oh, Helen!" cried Leonard, raising his brows from which the cloud had passed, "why, indeed, did you leave me?"

Helen started in her turn as he repeated this regret, and in her turn grew thoughtful. At length she asked him if he had written for the

box which had belonged to her father, and been left at the inn.

And Leonard, though a little chafed at what he thought a childish interruption to themes of graver interest, owned, with self-reproach, that he had forgotten to do so. Should he not write now to order the box to be sent to her at Miss Starke's.

"No; let it be sent to you. Take care of it. I should like to know that something of mine is with you; and perhaps I may not stay here long."

"Not stay here? That you must, my dear Helen—at least as long as Miss Starke will keep you, and be kind. By-and-by (added Leonard, with something of his former sanguine tone) I may yet make my way, and we shall have our cottage to ourselves. But—Oh Helen!—I forgot—you wounded me; you left your money with me. I only found it in my drawers the other day. Fie!—I have brought it back."

"It was not mine—it is yours. We were to share together—you paid all; and how can I want it here, too?"

But Leonard was obstinate; and as Helen mournfully received back all that of fortune her father had bequeathed to her, a tall female figure stood at the entrance of the arbour, and said, in a voice that scattered all sentiment to the winds—"Young man, it is time to go."

## CHAPTER XXV.

"ALREADY!" said Helen, with faltering accents, as she crept to Miss Starke's side while Leonard rose and bowed. "I am very grateful to you, madam," said he, with the grace that comes from all refinement of idea, "for allowing me to see Miss Helen. Do not let me abuse your kindness."

Miss Starke seemed struck with his look and manner, and made a stiff half curtsy.

A form more rigid than Miss Starke's it was hard to conceive. She was like the Grim White Woman in the nursery ballads. Yet, apparently, there was a goodnature in allowing the stranger to enter her trim garden, and providing for him and her little charge those fruits and cakes, which belied her aspect. "May I go with him to the gate?" whispered Helen, as Leonard had already passed up the path.

"You may, child: but do not loiter. And then come back, and pack up the cakes and cherries, or Patty will get at them."

Helen ran after Leonard.

"Write to me, brother—write to

me; and do not, do not be friends with this man, who took you to that wicked, wicked place."

"Oh, Helen, I go from you strong enough to brave worse dangers than that," said Leonard, almost gaily.

They kissed each other at the little wicket gate, and parted.

Leonard walked home under the summer moonlight, and on entering his chamber looked first at his rose-tree. The leaves of yesterday's flowers lay strewn round it; but the tree had put forth new buds.

"Nature ever restores," said the young man. He paused a moment, and added, "Is it that Nature is very patient?"

His sleep that night was not broken by the fearful dreams he had lately known. He rose refreshed, and went his way to his day's work—not stealing along the less crowded paths, but, with a firm step, through the throng of men. Be bold, adventurer—thou hast more to suffer! Wilt thou sink? I look into thy heart, and I cannot answer.

## NOTE ON HOMŒOPATHY.

A gentleman who practices Homœopathy, and who rejoices in the name of Luther, has done me the honour to issue a pamphlet in grave vindication of the art of Hahnemann from what he conceives to be the assault thereon, perpetrated in "My Novel." Luther the First, though as combative as Luther the Second, did not waste his polemical vigour upon giants of his own making. It is true that, though in "My Novel," Dr. Morgan is represented as an able and warm-hearted man, there is a joke at his

expense—what then? Do I turn the art

itself into ridicule? As well might some dignitary of the Church accuse me of satirising his sacred profession, whenever the reader is invited to a smile at the expense of Parson Dale,—or a country gentleman take up his pen to clear the territorial class from participation in the prejudices assigned to the Squire of Haseldean. Nay, as well might some literary allopathist address to me a homily on profaning the dignity of the College of Physicians, by the irreverent portraiture of Dr. Doanwell. "My Novel" is intended as a survey of

varieties in English life, chiefly through the medium of the prevailing humours in various modifications of character. Like other enthusiasts, Dr. Morgan pushes his favourite idea into humorous extravagance—and must bear the penalty of a good-natured banter. If I were opposed altogether to Homeopathy, I should take a very different mode of dealing with it; and Dr. Morgan, instead of being represented as an experienced practitioner in allopathy, converted to the homœopathic theory by honest convictions, and redeeming his foibles by shrewd observation and disinterested benevolence, would be drawn as an ignorant charlatan, and a greedy impostor.

But the fact is that, if I do not think Homeopathy capable of all the wonders ascribed to it by some of its professors, or the only scientific mode of dealing with human infirmities, I sincerely believe that it is often resorted to with very great benefit—nay, I myself have frequently employed, and even advised it, I opine, with advantage. And if it had done nothing else than introduce many notable reforms in allopathic practice, it would be entitled to the profound gratitude of all, with stomachs no longer over irrigated by the apothecary, and veins no longer under-drained by the phlebotomist.

But Dr. Luther assumes that I have no authority for the crotchets ascribed to Dr. Morgan—that it is monstrous in me to assert that Homeopathy professes to have globules for the mind as well as the body, that I have evidently only read some shallow catchpenny treatises on the subject, &c., &c. Unlucky Dr. Luther! Does he profess to be a Homeopathist, and yet forget his JAHR! Will he tell me that JAHR is not the great original manual of the science—the Blackstone of Homeopathy? And what says this master text-book?—I quote therefrom not for the purpose only of justifying Dr. Morgan and myself from the charges so inconsiderately brought against us by Dr. Luther—but also for the purpose of proving to the general reader, that Dr. Morgan has full authority for prescribing CAUSTIC for tears, and AGARICUS MUSCARIUS for the propensity to indulge in verse-making. Nay, I will add that there is not a single prescription for mental disturbance suggested by Dr. Morgan for which, strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, he is not warranted literally by that work by JAHR, which is the groundwork of all homœopathic literature. Imprimis, O too oblivious Luther, does not JAHR assign a large section of his manual to Moral Affections? Open vol. iii. of the Paris Edition, in 4 vols., 1850—go on to page 236. Does not JAHR prescribe ARSENIC for *la Melancholie noire*, HELLBORH for *la Melancholie douce*; and, with the nice distinction only known to homœopathic philosophy, GOLD for *la Melancholie religieuse*? If it be the patient's inclination to rest silent, must he not take

IGNATIA—if he have a desire to drown himself, should not the globule be PULSATILLA?

For *ill humour* (p. 246,) is there no suggestion of ACONITE? If that humour is of the contemptuous character, like Dr. Luther's, is there no injunction to try IPECACUANHA? If it be "*disposition a faire des reproches, a critiquer*," (to quarrel and criticise,) does not JAHR give you, Oh frowning Luther, a wide choice from BELLA DONNA to VERATRUM? Nay, if it be in a close apartment rather than the open air that the attack seizes you—should you not ingurgitate a pin's head of platinum? JAHR, JAHR! O, Dr. Luther, would you have fallen into such a scrape, if you had consulted your JAHR?

Turn to the same volume, p. 89, on *Horrid Emotions*, is there not a globule for *Amour malheureux*—for a lover disappointed are there not HYOS:ISG: and PHOS:AC? Nay, to sum up and clench the whole by the very proposition which I undertook to prove, does not JAHR, vol. iii., p. 255, recommend AGARICUS for the disposition *a faire des vers*, (to make verses,) and more than once at twice throughout the same volume, is not CAUSTIC the remedy, by preference, for a tendency to shed tears, provided, of course, other symptoms invite its application?

And O, Dr. Luther, do you mean to tell us that the enthusiast of an art, to which this book, by JAHR, is an acknowledged text-book, may not, whatever the skill of the man or the excellence of the art, or the value of the text-book, incur every one of the extravagances imputed to Dr. Morgan, or not freely lay himself open to the galling pleasantries of a writer in search of the Humorous?

Dr. Morgan is represented as one of the earliest disciples of Hahnemann in this country, and therefore likely, in the end of a Tyro, and the passion of a convert, *seu consumere totum*—which Horatian elegance our vernacular has debased into the familiar vulgarity, "Go the whole hog." But even in the present day, I assure Dr. Luther, and my readers generally, that I have met, abroad, Homœopathic physicians of considerable eminence, who have seriously contended for the application of globules to the varieties of mental affliction and human vicissitude; who have solemnly declared, that, while the rest of the family have been plunged into despair at the death of its head—one of the bereaved children resorting to Homeopathy has been preserved from the depressing consequence of grief, and been as cheerful as usual; that a son who meditated suicide at the perdition of his beloved, has in ten days been homœopathically reduced into felicitous indifference—and that there are secrets in the science professed by Dr. Luther, that cannot be earnestly urged on his own attention—by which an irritable man may be taught to control his temper, and a dull man to comprehend a joke.

## BOOK SEVENTH.

## INITIAL CHAPTER.

## MR. CAXTON UPON COURAGE AND PATIENCE.

"WHAT is courage?" said my uncle Roland, rousing himself from a reverie into which he had fallen, after the sixth book in this history had been read to our family circle.

"What is courage?" he repeated more earnestly. "Is it insensibility to fear? *That* may be the mere accident of constitution; and, if so, there is no more merit in being courageous than in being this table."

"I am very glad to hear you speak thus," observed Mr. Caxton, "for I should not like to consider myself a coward; yet I am very sensible to fear in all dangers, bodily and moral."

"*La*, Austin, how can you say so?" cried my mother, firing up; "was it not only last week that you faced the great bull that was rushing after Blanche and the children?"

Blanche at that recollection stole to my father's chair, and, hanging over his shoulder, kissed his forehead.

MR. CAXTON, (sublimely unmoved by these flatteries.)—"I don't deny that I faced the bull, but I assert that I was horribly frightened."

ROLAND.—"The sense of honour which conquers fear is the true courage of chivalry: you could not run away when others were looking on—no gentleman could."

MR. CAXTON.—"Fiddledee! It was not on my gentility that I stood, Captain. I should have run fast enough, if it had done any good. I stood upon my understanding. As the bull could run faster than I could, the only chance of escape was to make the brute as frightened as myself."

BLANCHE.—"Ah, you did not think of that; your only thought was to save me and the children."

MR. CAXTON.—"Possibly, my dear—very possibly I might have been afraid for you too;—but I was very much afraid for myself. However, luckily, I had the umbrella, and I sprang it up and spread it forth in the animal's stupid eyes, hurling at him simultaneously the biggest lines I could think of in the First Chorus of the 'Seven against Thebes.' I began with ΕΛΕΔΕΜΝΑΣ ΠΕΔΙΟΠΛΟΚΤΥΠΟΣ; and when I came to the grand howl of 'Ιῶ, ἰῶ, ἰῶ, ἰῶ—the beast stood appalled as at the roar of a lion. I shall never forget his amazed snort at the Greek. Then he kicked up his hind legs, and went bolt through the gap in the hedge. Thus, armed with *Æschylus* and the umbrella, I remained master of the field; but, (continued Mr. Caxton, ingeniously,) I should not like to go through that half-minute again."



"No man would," said the Captain, kindly. "I should be very sorry to face a bull myself, even with a bigger umbrella than yours, and even though I had *Æschylus*, and *Homer* to boot, at my fingers' ends."

MR. CAXTON.—"You would not have minded if it had been a Frenchman with a sword in his hand?"

CAPTAIN.—"Of course not. Rather liked it than otherwise," he added, grimly.

MR. CAXTON.—"Yet many a Spanish matador, who doesn't care a button for a bull, would take to his heels at the first lunge *en carte* from a Frenchman. Therefore, in fact, if courage be a matter of constitution, it is also a matter of custom. We face calmly the dangers we are habituated to, and recoil from those of which we have no familiar experience. I doubt if Marshal Turenne himself would have been quite at his ease on the tight-rope; and a rope-dancer, who seems disposed to scale the heavens with Titanic temerity, might possibly object to charge on a cannon."

CAPTAIN ROLAND.—"Still, either this is not the courage I mean, or it is another kind of it. I mean by courage that which is the especial force and dignity of the human character, without which there is no reliance on principle, no constancy in virtue—a something," continued my uncle gallantly, and with a half bow towards my mother, "which your sex shares with our own. When the lover, for instance, clasps the hand of his betrothed, and says, 'Wilt thou be true to me, in spite of absence and time, in spite of hazard and fortune, though my foes malign me, though thy friends may dissuade thee, and our lot in life may be rough and rude?' and when the betrothed answers, 'I will be true,' does not the lover trust to her courage as well as her love?"

"Admirably put, Roland," said my

father. "But *apropos* of what do you puzzle us with these queries on courage?"

CAPTAIN ROLAND, (with a slight blush).—"I was led to the inquiry (though, perhaps, it may be frivolous to take so much thought of what, no doubt, costs *Pisistratus* so little) by the last chapters in my nephew's story. I see this poor boy Leonard, alone with his fallen hopes, (though very irrational they were,) and his sense of shame. And I read his heart, I dare say, better than *Pisistratus* does, for I could feel like that boy if I had been in the same position; and conjecturing what he and thousands like him must go through, I asked myself, 'What can save him and them?' I answered, as a soldier would answer, 'Courage?' Very well. But pray, Austin, what is courage?"

MR. CAXTON, (prudently backing out of a reply).—"Papa! Brother, since you have just complimented the ladies on that quality, you had better address your question to them."

Blanche here leant both hands on my father's chair, and said, looking down at first bashfully, but afterwards warming with the subject, "Do you not think, sir, that little Helen has already suggested, if not what is courage, what at least is the real essence of all courage that endures and conquers, that ennobles, and hallows, and redeems? Is it not PATIENCE, father?—and that is why we women have a courage of our own. Patience does not affect to be superior to fear, but at least it never admits despair."

PISISTRATUS.—"Kiss me, my Blanche, for you have come near to the truth which perplexed the soldier and puzzled the sage."

MR. CAXTON, (tartly).—"If you mean me by the sage, I was not puzzled at all. Heaven knows you to

right to inculcate patience—it is a virtue very much required in your readers. Nevertheless,” added my father, softening with the enjoyment of his joke—“nevertheless Blanche and Helen are quite right. Patience is the courage of the conqueror; it is the virtue, *par excellence*, of Man against Destiny—of the One against the World, and of the Soul against Matter. Therefore this is the courage of the Gospel; and its importance, in a social view—its importance to races and institutions—cannot be too earnestly inculcated. What is it that distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon from all other branches of the human family, peoples deserts with his children, and consigns to them the heritage of rising worlds? What but his faculty to brave, to suffer, to endure—the patience that resists firmly, and innovates slowly. Compare him with the Frenchman. The Frenchman has plenty of valour—that there is no denying; but as for fortitude, he has not enough to cover the point of a pin. He is ready to rush out of the world if he is bitten by a flea.”

CAPTAIN ROLAND.—“There was a case in the papers the other day, Austin, of a Frenchman who actually did destroy himself because he was so teased by the little creatures you speak of. He left a paper on his table, saying that ‘life was not worth having at the price of such torments.’” \*

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\* Fact. In a work by M. GIBERT, a celebrated French physician, on diseases of the skin, he states that that minute troublesome kind of rash, known by the name of *prurigo*, though not dangerous in itself, has often driven the individual afflicted by it to suicide. I believe that our more varying climate, and our more heating drinks and aliments, render this skin complaint more common in England than in France, yet I doubt if any English physician could state

MR. CAXTON, (solemnly).—“Sir, their whole political history, since the great meeting of the Tiers Etat, has been the history of men who would rather go to the devil than be bitten by a flea. It is the record of human impatience, that seeks to force time, and expects to grow forests from the spawn of a mushroom. Wherefore, running through all extremes of constitutional experiment, when they are nearest to democracy they are next door to a despot; and all they have really done is to destroy whatever constitutes the foundation of every tolerable government. A constitutional monarchy cannot exist without aristocracy, nor a healthful republic endure with corruption of manners. The cry of Equality is incompatible with Civilization, which, of necessity, contrasts poverty with wealth—and, in short, whether it be an emperor or a mob \* that is to rule, Force is the sole hope of order, and the government is but an army.

“Impress, O Pisiistratus! impress the value of patience as regards man and men. You touch there on the kernel of the social system—the secret that fortifies the individual and disciplines the million. I care not, for my part, if you are tedious so long as you are earnest. Be minute and detailed. Let the real Human Life, in its war with Circumstance, stand out. Never mind if one can read you but slowly—better chance of being less quickly forgotten. Patience, patience! By the soul of Epictetus, your readers shall set you an example!”

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that it had ever driven one of his *English* patients to suicide.

\* Published more than a year before the date of the French empire under Louis Napoleon.

## CHAPTER II.

LEONARD had written twice to Mrs. Fairfield, twice to Riccabocca, and once to Mr. Dale; and the poor proud boy could not bear to betray his humiliation. He wrote as with cheerful spirits—as if perfectly satisfied with his prospects. He said that he was well employed, in the midst of books, and that he had found kind friends. Then he turned from himself to write about those whom he addressed, and the affairs and interests of the quiet world wherein they lived. He did not give his own address, nor that of Mr. Prickett. He dated his letters from a small coffee-house near the bookseller's, to which he occasionally went for his simple meals. He had a motive in this. He did not desire to be found out. Mr. Dale replied for himself and for Mrs. Fairfield, to the epistles addressed to these two. Riccabocca wrote also. Nothing could be more kind than the replies of both. They came to Leonard in a very dark period in his life, and they strengthened him in the noiseless battle with despair.

If there be a good in the world that we do without knowing it, without conjecturing the effect it may have upon a human soul, it is when we show kindness to the young in the first barren footpath up the mountain of life.

Leonard's face resumed its serenity in his intercourse with his employer, but he did not recover his boyish ingenuous frankness. The undercurrents flowed again pure from the turbid soil and the splintered fragments upturn from the deep; but they were still too strong and too rapid to allow transparency to the surface. And now he stood in the sublime world of books, still and earnest as a seer who invokes the dead. And thus, face to face with knowledge, hourly he discovered how little he knew. Mr. Prickett lent him such works as he selected and asked to take home with him. He spent whole nights in reading; and no longer desultorily. He read no more poetry, no more *Lives of Poets*. He read what poets must read if they desire to be great—*Sapere principium et fons*—strict reasonings on the human mind: the relations between motive and conduct, thought and action; the grave and solemn truths of the past world; antiquities, history, philosophy. He was taken out of himself. He was carried along the ocean of the universe. In that ocean, O seeker, study the law of the tides; and seeing Chance nowhere—Thought presiding over all,—Fate, that dread phantom, shall vanish from creation, and Providence alone be visible in heaven and on earth!

## CHAPTER III.

THERE was to be a considerable book-sale at a country house one day's journey from London. Mr. Prickett meant to have attended it on his own behalf, and that of several gentlemen who had given him commissions for purchase; but, on the morning fixed for his departure, he was seized with a severe return of his old foe, the rheumatism. He requested Leonard to attend instead of himself. Leonard went, and was absent for the three days during which the sale lasted. He returned late in the evening, and went at once to Mr. Prickett's house. The shop was closed; he knocked at the private entrance; a strange person opened the door to him, and, in reply to his question if Mr. Prickett was at home, said, with a long and funereal face—"Young man, Mr. Prickett senior is gone to his long home, but Mr. Richard Prickett will see you."

At this moment a very grave-looking man, with lank hair, looked forth from the side-door communicating between the shop and the passage, and then stepped forward—"Come in, sir; you are my late uncle's assistant, Mr. Fairfield, I suppose?"

"Your late uncle! Heavens, sir, do I understand aright—can Mr. Prickett be dead since I left London?"

"Died, sir, suddenly, last night. It was an affection of the heart. The Doctor thinks the rheumatism attacked that organ. He had small time to provide for his departure, and his account-books seem in sad disorder: I am his nephew and executor."

Leonard had now followed the nephew into the shop. There, still burned the gas-lamp. The place seemed more dingy and cavernous than before. Death always makes its presence felt in the house it visits.

Leonard was greatly affected—and yet more, perhaps, by the utter want of feeling which the nephew exhibited. In fact, the deceased had not been on friendly terms with this person, his nearest relative and heir-at-law, who was also a book-seller.

"You were engaged but by the week, I find, young man, on reference to my late uncle's papers. He gave you £1 a-week—a monstrous sum! I shall not require your services any further. I shall move those books to my own house. You will be good enough to send me a list of those you bought at the sale, and your account of travelling expenses, &c. What may be due to you shall be sent to your address. Good evening."

Leonard went home, shocked and saddened at the sudden death of his kind employer. He did not think much of himself that night; but, when he rose the next day, he suddenly felt that the world of London lay before him, without a friend, without a calling, without an occupation for bread.

This time it was no fancied sorrow, no poetic dream disappointed. Before him, gaunt and palpable, stood Famine.

Escape!—yes. Back to the village: his mother's cottage; the exile's garden; the radishes and the fount. Why could he not escape? Ask why civilisation cannot escape its

ills, and fly back to the wild and the wigwam.

Leonard could not have returned to the cottage, even if the Famine

that faced had already seized him with her skeleton hand. London releases not so readily her fated stepsons.

#### CHAPTER IV.

ONE day three persons were standing before an old book-stall in a passage leading from Oxford Street into Tottenham Court Road. Two were gentlemen; the third, of the class and appearance of those who more habitually halt at old book-stalls.

"Look," said one of the gentlemen to the other, "I have discovered here what I have searched for in vain the last ten years—the Horace of 1580, the Horace of the Forty Commentators—a perfect treasury of learning, and marked only fourteen shillings!"

"Hush, Norreys," said the other, "and observe what is yet more worth your study;" and he pointed to the third bystander, whose face, sharp and attenuated, was bent with an absorbed, and, as it were, with a hungering attention over an old worm-eaten volume.

"What is the book, my lord?" whispered Mr. Norreys.

His companion smiled, and replied by another question, "What is the man who reads the book?"

Mr. Norreys moved a few paces, and looked over the student's shoulder. "Preston's translation of BOETHIUS, *The Consolations of Philosophy*," he said, coming back to his friend.

"He looks as if he wanted all the consolations Philosophy can give him, poor boy."

At this moment a fourth passenger paused at the book-stall, and, recognising the pale student, placed his hand on his shoulder, and said, "Aha!

young sir, we meet again. So poor Prickett is dead. But you are still haunted by associations. Books—books—magnets to which all our minds move insensibly. What is this? BOETHIUS! Ah, a book written in prison, but a little time before the advent of the only philosopher who solves to the simplest understanding every mystery of life—"

"And that philosopher?"

"Is Death!" said Mr. Burley. "How can you be dull enough to ask? Poor Boethius, rich, nobly born, a consul, his sons consult—the world one smile to the Last Philosopher of Rome. Then suddenly, against this type of the old world's departing wisdom, stands frowning the new world's grim genius, FORGE—Theodoric the Ostrogoth condemning Boethius the Schoolman; and Boethius, in his Pavian dungeon, holding a dialogue with the shade of Athenian Philosophy. It is the finest picture upon which lingers the glimmering of the Western golden day, before night rushes over time."

"And," said Mr. Norreys, abruptly, "Boethius comes back to us with the faint gleam of returning light, translated by Alfred the Great. And, again, as the sun of knowledge bursts forth in all its splendour, by Queen Elizabeth. Boethius influences us as we stand in this passage; and that is the best of all the *Consolations of Philosophy*—eh, Mr. Burley?"

Mr. Burley turned and bowed.

The two men looked at each other; a could not see a greater contrast. Burley, his gay green dress already abby and soiled, with a rent in the rts; and his face speaking of habitual night-cups. Mr. Norreys, neat d somewhat precise in dress, with m lean figure, and quiet, collected, vigorous energy in his eye and aspect. "If," replied Mr. Burley, "a poor vil like me may argue with a gentleman who may command his own ice with the booksellers, I should y it is no consolation at all, Mr. xreys. And I should like to see y man of sense accept the condition Boethius in his prison, with some rangler or headman waiting behind es door, upon the promised proviso at he should be translated, centur- afterwards, by Kings and Queens, ad help indirectly to influence the inds of Northern barbarians, bab- ing about him in an alley, josed by passers-by who never heard e name of Boethius, and who don't we a fig for philosophy. Your ser- ant, sir—young man, come and lk."

Burley hooked his arm within Leonard's, and led the boy passively ay.

"That is a clever man," said Har- y L'Estrange. "But I am sorry see you young student, with his ight earnest eyes, and his lip that is the quiver of passion and enthu- am, leaning on the arm of a guide ho seems disenchanted of all that ves purpose to learning, and links ilosophy with use to the world. Pho, and what is this clever man hem you call Burley?"

"A man who might have been amous, if he had condescended to be spectable! The boy listening to us sh so attentively interested me too -I should like to have the making f him. But I must buy this Horace."

The shopman, lurking within his hole like a spider for flies, was now called out. And when Mr. Norreys had bought the Horace, and given an address where to send it, Harley asked the shopman if he knew the young man who had been reading Boethius.

"Only by sight. He has come here every day the last week, and spends hours at the stall. When once he fastens on a book, he reads it through."

"And never buys?" said Mr. Norreys.

"Sir," said the shopman, with a good-natured smile, "they who buy seldom read. The poor boy pays me twopence a-day to read as long as he pleases. I would not take it, but he is proud."

"I have known men amass great learning in that way," said Mr. Norreys. "Yes, I should like to have that boy in my hands. And now, my lord, I am at your service, and we will go to the studio of your artist."

The two gentlemen walked on towards one of the streets out of Fitzroy Square.

In a few minutes more Harley L'Estrange was in his element, seated carelessly on a deal table, smoking his cigar, and discussing art with the gusto of a man who honestly loved, and the taste of a man who thoroughly understood it. The young artist, in his dressing-robe, adding slow touch upon touch, paused often to listen the better. And Henry Norreys, enjoying the brief respite from a life of great labour, was gladly reminded of idle hours under rosy skies; for these three men had formed their friendship in Italy, where the bands of friendship are woven by the hands of the Graces.

## CHAPTER V.

LEONARD and Mr. Burley walked on into the suburbs round the north road from London, and Mr. Burley offered to find literary employment for Leonard—an offer eagerly accepted.

Then they went into a public-house by the way-side. Burley demanded a private room, called for pen, ink, and paper; and placing these implements before Leonard, said, "Write what you please in prose, five sheets of letter-paper, twenty-two lines to a page—neither more nor less."

"I cannot write so."

"Tut, 'tis for bread."

The boy's face crimsoned.

"I must forget that," said he.

"There is an arbour in the garden, under a weeping ash," returned Burley. "Go there, and fancy yourself in Arcadia."

Leonard was too pleased to obey. He found out the little arbour at one end of a deserted bowling-green. All was still—the hedge-row shut out the sight of the inn. The sun lay warm on the grass, and glinted pleasantly through the leaves of the ash. And Leonard there wrote the first essay from his hand as Author by profession. What was it that he wrote? His dreamy impressions of London? an anathema on its streets, and its hearts of stone? murmurs against poverty? dark elegies on fate?

Oh no! little knowest thou true genius, if thou askest such questions, or thinkest that there, under the weeping ash, the taskwork for bread was remembered; or that the sun-beam glinted but over the practical world, which, vulgar and sordid, lay around. Leonard wrote a fairy tale—one of the loveliest you can con-

ceive, with a delicate touch of playful humour—in a style all flowered over with happy fancies. He smiled as he wrote the last word—he was happy. In rather more than an hour Mr. Burley came to him, and found him with that smile on his lips.

Mr. Burley had a glass of brandy and water in his hand; it was his third. He too smiled—he too looked happy. He read the paper aloud, and well. He was very complimentary. "You will do!" said he, dipping Leonard on the back. "Perhaps some day you will catch my one-eyed perch." Then he folded up the MS., scribbled off a note, put the whole in one envelope—and they returned to London.

Mr. Burley disappeared within a dingy office near Fleet Street, at which was inscribed—"Office of the *Beehive*," and soon came forth with a golden sovereign in his hand—Leonard's first-fruits. Leonard thought Peru lay before him. He accompanied Mr. Burley to that gentleman's lodging in Maida Hill. The walk had been very long; Leonard was not fatigued. He listened with a livelier attention than before to Burley's talk. And when they reached the apartments of the latter, and Mr. Burley sent to the cookshop, and their joint supper was taken out of the golden sovereign, Leonard felt proud, and for the first time for weeks he laughed the heart's laugh. The two writers grew more and more intimate and cordial. And there was a vast deal in Burley by which any young man might be made the wiser. There was no apparent evidence of poverty in the apartments—clean, new, well-furnished; but all things

in the most horrible litter—all speaking of the huge literary sloven.

For several days Leonard almost lived in those rooms. He wrote continuously—save when Burley's conversation fascinated him into idleness.

Now, it was not idleness—his knowledge grew larger as he listened; but the cynicism of the talker began slowly to work its way. That cynicism in which there was no faith, no hope, no vivifying breath from Glory—from Religion. The cynicism of the Epicurean, more degraded in his day than ever was Diogenes in his

tub; and yet presented with such ease and such eloquence—with such art and such mirth—so adorned with illustration and anecdote, so unconscious of debasement!

Strange and dread philosophy—that made it a maxim to squander the gifts of mind on the mere care for matter, and fit the soul to live but as from day to day, with its scornful cry, "A fig for immortality and laurels!" An author for bread! Oh, miserable calling! was there something grand and holy, after all, even in Chatterton's despair!



## CHAPTER VI.

THE villanous *Beehive*! Bread was worked out of it, certainly; but same, but hope for the future—certainly not. Milton's *Paradise Lost* would have perished without a sound had it appeared in the *Beehive*.

Fine things were there in a fragmentary crude state, composed by Burley himself. At the end of a week they were dead and forgotten—never read by one man of education and taste; taken simultaneously and indifferently with shallow politics and wretched essays, yet selling, perhaps, twenty or thirty thousand copies—an immense sale;—and nothing got out of them but bread and brandy!

"What more would you have?" cried John Burley. "Did not stern old Sam Johnson say he could never write but from want?"

"He might say it," answered Leonard; "but he never meant posterity to believe him. And he would have died of want, I suspect, rather than have written *Rasselas* for the *Beehive*! Want is a grand thing," con-

tinued the boy, thoughtfully. "A parent of grand things. Necessity is strong, and should give us its own strength; but Want should dash us asunder, with its very writhings, the walls of our prison-house, and not be contented with the allowance the jail gives us in exchange for our work."

"There is no prison-house to-day," said a man who calls upon Bacchus—*drum*. I will translate to you Schiller's Dithyramb. 'Then see I Bacchus—then up come Cupid and Phœbus, and all the Celestials are filling up dwelling.'"

Breaking into impromptu carol rhymes, Burley threw off a rude, but spirited translation of that divine lyric.

"O materialist!" cried the boy, with his bright eyes suffused. "Schiller calls on the gods to take him to their heaven with him; and yet would debase the gods to a glim palace."

"Ho, ho!" cried Burley, with his giant laugh. "Drink, and you will understand the Dithyramb."

## CHAPTER VII.

For one morning, as Leonard with Burley, a fashionable, with a very handsome and at the door—a loud kick step on the stairs, Leslie entered. Leonard m, and started. Randal m in surprise, and then, that showed he had al- d to profit by London king hands with Burley, and said, with some suc- t at ease, "Unless I am, sir, we have met be- remember me, I hope urrels are forgotten?"

swed, and his heart was ugh to be softened.

ould you two ever have Burley.

ge green, and in single wered Randal, smiling;

he story of the Battle of ith a well-bred jest on ey laughed at the story. ie, when this laugh was oung friend had better l guardian of the village ome to London in search e as lies at the bottom l."

Randal, with the secret h men elaborately cul- pt to feel for those who e themselves—"ah, you re your calling, sir? ol did you conceive a ers—not very common ublic schools."

school now for the first ed Leonard, drily.

e is the best school- d Burley; "and that n of Goethe, who had

book-learning enough, in all con- science."

Randal slightly shrugged his shoulders, and, without wasting another thought on Leonard, peasant-born and self-taught, took his seat, and began to talk to Burley upon a political question, which made then the war- cry between the two great Parli- amentary parties. It was a subject in which Burley showed much general knowledge; and Randal, seeming to differ from him, drew forth alike his information and his argumentative powers. The conversation lasted more than an hour.

"I can't quite agree with you," said Randal, taking his leave; "but you must allow me to call again—will the same hour to-morrow suit you?"

"Yes," said Burley.

Away went the young man in his cabriolet. Leonard watched him from the window.

For five days, consecutively, did Randal call and discuss the question in all its bearings; and Burley, after the second day, got interested in the matter, looked up his authorities—refreshed his memory—and even spent an hour or two in the Library of the British Museum.

By the fifth day, Burley had really exhausted all that could well be said on his side of the question.

Leonard, during these colloquies, had sat apart seemingly absorbed in reading, and secretly stung by Randal's disregard of his presence. For indeed that young man, in his superb self-esteem, and in the absorption of his ambitious projects, scarce felt even curiosity as to Leonard's rise above

his earlier station, and looked on him as a mere journeyman of Burley's. But the self-taught are keen and quick observers. And Leonard had remarked that Randal seemed more as one playing a part for some private purpose, than arguing in earnest; and that, when he rose and said, "Mr. Burley you have convinced me," it was not with the modesty of a sincere reasoner, but the triumph of one who has gained his end. But so struck, meanwhile, was our unheeded and silent listener, with Burley's power of generalisation, and the wide surface over which his information extended, that when Randal left the room the boy looked at the slovenly purposeless man, and said aloud—"True; knowledge is *not* power."

"Certainly not," said Burley, drily—"the weakest thing in the world."

"Knowledge is power," muttered Randal Leslie, as, with a smile on his lip, he drove from the door.

Not many days after this last interview there appeared a short pamphlet; anonymous, but one which made a great impression on the town. It was on the subject discussed between Randal and Burley. It was quoted at great length in the newspapers. And Burley started to his feet one morning, and exclaimed, "My own thoughts!—my very words! Who the devil is this pamphleteer?"

Leonard took the newspaper from Burley's hand. The most flattering encomiums preceded the extracts, and the extracts were as stereotypes of Burley's talk.

"Can you doubt the author?" cried Leonard, in deep disgust and ingenuous scorn. "The young man who came to steal your brains, and turn your knowledge—"

"Into power," interrupted Burley, with a laugh, but it was a laugh of pain. "Well this was very mean;

I shall tell him so when he comes."

"He will come no more," said Leonard. Nor did Randal come again. But he sent Mr. Burley a copy of the pamphlet with a polite note, saying, with candid but careless acknowledgement, that "he had profited much by Mr. Burley's hints and remarks."

And now it was in all the papers, that the pamphlet which had made so great a noise was by a very young man, Mr. Audley Egerton's relation. And high hopes were expressed of the future career of Mr. Randal Leslie.

Burley still attempted to laugh, and still his pain was visible. Leonard most cordially despised and hated Randal Leslie, and his heart moved to Burley with noble but perilous compassion. In his desire to soothe and comfort the man whom he deemed cheated out of fame, he forgot the caution he had hitherto imposed on himself, and yielded more and more to the charm of that wasted intellect. He accompanied Burley now to the haunts to which his friend went to spend his evenings; and more and more—though gradually, and with many a recoil and self-rebuke—there crept over him the cynic's contempt for glory, and miserable philosophy of debased content.

Randal had risen into grave repute upon the strength of Burley's knowledge. But, had Burley written the pamphlet, would the same repute have attended him? Certainly not. Randal Leslie brought to that knowledge qualities all his own—a style, simple, strong, and logical; a certain tone of good society, and allusions to men and to parties that showed his connection with a cabinet minister, and proved that he had profited as less by Egerton's talk than Burley's.

Had Burley written the pamphlet, it would have showed *more* *guilt*,

it would have had humour and wit, but have been so full of whims and quips, sins against taste, and defects in earnestness, that it would have failed to create any serious sensation. Here, then, there was something else besides knowledge, by which knowledge became power. Knowledge must not smell of the brandy bottle.

Randal Leslie might be mean in his plagiarism, but he turned the useless into use. And so far he was original.

But one's admiration, after all, rests where Leonard's rested—with the poor, riotous, lawless, big, fallen man.

Burley took himself off to the Brent, and fished again for the one-eyed perch. Leonard accompanied him. His feelings were indeed different from what they had been when he had reclined under the old tree, and talked with Helen of the future. But it was almost pathetic to see

how Burley's nature seemed to alter, as he strayed along the banks of the rivulet, and discoursed of his own boyhood. The man then seemed restored to something of the innocence of the child. He cared, in truth, little for the perch, which continued intractable, but he enjoyed the air and the sky, the rustling grass and the murmuring waters. These excursions to the haunts of youth seemed to rebaptise him, and then his eloquence took a pastoral character, and Isaak Walton himself would have loved to hear him. But as he got back into the smoke of the metropolis, and the gas-lamps made him forget the ruddy sunset, and the soft evening star, the gross habits reassumed their sway; and on he went with his swaggering reckless step to the orgies in which his abused intellect flamed forth, and then sank into the socket quenched and rayless.

## CHAPTER VIII.

HELEN was seized with profound and anxious sadness. Leonard had been three or four times to see her, and each time she saw a change in him that excited all her fears. He seemed, it is true, more shrewd, more worldly-wise, more fitted, it might be, for coarse daily life; but, on the other hand, the freshness and glory of his youth were waning slowly. His aspirations drooped earthward. He had not mastered the Practical, and moulded its uses with the strong hand of the Spiritual Architect, of the Ideal Builder: the Practical was overpowering himself. She grew pale when he talked of Burley, and shuddered, poor little Helen! when she found he was daily and almost nightly in a companionship which, with her native honest prudence, she saw so unsuited to strengthen him in his struggles, and aid him against temptation. She almost groaned when, pressing him as to his pecuniary means, she found his old terror of debt seemed fading away, and the solid healthful principles he had taken from his village were loosening fast. Under all, it is true, there was what a wiser and older person than Helen would have hailed as the redeeming promise. But that something was *grief*—a sublime grief in his own sense of falling—in his own impotence against the Fate he had provoked and coveted. The sublimity of that grief Helen could not detect; she saw only that it was grief, and she grieved with it, letting it excuse every fault—making her more anxious to comfort, in order that she might save. Even, from the first, when Leonard had exclaimed, "Ah, Helen, why did you ever leave me?" she had revolved the idea of

return to him; and when in the boy's last visit he told her that Burley, persecuted by duns, was about to fly from his present lodgings, and take his abode with Leonard in the room she had left vacant, all doubt was over. She resolved to sacrifice the safety and shelter of the home assured her. She resolved to come back and share Leonard's penury and struggle, and save the old room, wherein she had prayed for him, from the tempter's dangerous presence. Should she burden him? No; she had assisted her father by many little female arts in needle and fancy work. She had improved herself in these during her sojourn with Miss Starke. She could bring her share to the common stock. Possessed with this idea, she determined to realise it before the day on which Leonard had told her Burley was to move his quarters. Accordingly she rose very early one morning; she wrote a pretty and grateful note to Miss Starke, who was fast asleep, left it on the table, and, before any one was astir, stole from the house, her little bundle on her arm. She lingered an instant at the garden-gate, with a remorseful sentiment—a feeling that she had ill-repaid the cold and prim protection that Miss Starke had shown her. But sisterly love carried all before it. She closed the gate with a sigh, and went on.

She arrived at the lodging-house before Leonard was up, took possession of her old chamber, and presenting herself to Leonard, as he was about to go forth, said, (story-teller that she was,)—"I am sent away, brother, and I have come to you to take care of me. Do not let us part again. But you must be very cheer-

ful and very happy, or I shall think that I am sadly in your way."

Leonard at first did look cheerful, and even happy; but then he thought of Burley, and then of his own means of supporting Helen, and was embarrassed, and began questioning her as to the possibility of reconciliation with Miss Starke. And Helen said gravely, "Impossible—do not ask it, and do not go near her."

Then Leonard thought she had been humbled and insulted, and remembered that she was a gentleman's child, and felt for her wounded pride—he was so proud himself. Yet still he was embarrassed.

"Shall I keep the purse again, Leonard?" said Helen, coaxingly.

"Alas!" replied Leonard, "the purse is empty."

"That is very naughty in the purse," said Helen, "since you put so much into it."

"I?"

"Did not you say that you made, at least, a guinea a-week?"

"Yes; but Burley takes the money; and then, poor fellow! as I owe all to him, I have not the heart to prevent him spending it as he likes."

"Please, I wish you could settle the month's rent," said the landlady, suddenly showing herself. She said it civilly, but with firmness.

Leonard coloured. "It shall be paid to-day."

Then he pressed his hat on his head, and, putting Helen gently aside, went forth.

"Speak to *me* in future, kind Mrs. Smedley," said Helen, with the air of a housewife. "*He* is always in study, and must not be disturbed."

The landlady—a good woman, though she liked her rent—smiled benignly. She was fond of Helen, whom she had known of old.

"I am so glad you are come back; and perhaps now the young man will not keep such late hours. I meant to give him warning, but—"

"But he will be a great man one of these days, and you must bear with him now." And Helen kissed Mrs. Smedley, and sent her away half inclined to cry.

Then Helen busied herself in the rooms. She found her father's box, which had been duly forwarded. She re-examined its contents, and wept as she touched each humble and pious relic. But her father's memory itself thus seemed to give this home a sanction which the former had not; and she rose quietly and began mechanically to put things in order, sighing as she saw all so neglected, till she came to the rose-tree, and that alone showed heed and care, "Dear Leonard!" she murmured, and the smile resettled on her lips.

## CHAPTER IX

Nothing, perhaps, could have severed Leonard from Burley but Helen's return to his care. It was impossible for him, even had there been another room in the house vacant, (which there was not,) to install this noisy riotous son of the Muse by Bacchus, talking at random, and smelling of spirits, in the same dwelling with an innocent, delicate, timid, female child. And Leonard could not leave her alone all the twenty-four hours. She restored a home to him and imposed its duties. He therefore told Mr. Burley that in future he should write and study in his own room, and hinted, with many a blush, and as delicately as he could, that it seemed to him that whatever he obtained from his pen ought to be halved with Burley, to whose interest he owed the employment, and from whose books or whose knowledge he took what helped to maintain it; but that the other half, if his, he could no longer afford to spend upon feasts or libations. He had another life to provide for.

Burley pooh-poohed the notion of taking half his coadjutor's earning, with much grandeur, but spoke very fretfully of Leonard's sober appropriation of the other half; and, though a good-natured warm-hearted man, felt extremely indignant at the sudden interposition of poor Helen. However, Leonard was firm; and

then Burley grew sullen, and so they parted. But the rent was still to be paid. How? Leonard for the first time thought of the pawnbroker. He had clothes to spare, and Roccabocca's watch. No; that last he shrank from applying to such base uses.

He went home at noon, and met Helen at the street-door. She too had been out, and her soft cheek was rosy red with unwonted exercise and the sense of joy. She had still preserved the few gold pieces which Leonard had taken back to her on his first visit to Miss Starke's. She had now gone out and bought wools and implements for work; and meanwhile she had paid the rent.

Leonard did not object to the work, but he blushed deeply when he knew about the rent, and was very angry. He paid back to her that night what she had advanced; and Helen wept silently at his pride, and wept more when she saw the next day a woeful hiatus in his wardrobe.

But Leonard now worked at home, and worked resolutely; and Helen sate by his side, working too; so that next day, and the next, slipped peacefully away, and in the evening of the second he asked her to walk out in the fields. She sprang up joyously at the invitation, when bang went the door, and in reeled John Burley—drunk:—And so drunk!

## CHAPTER X.

AND with Burley there reeled in another man—a friend of his—a man who had been a wealthy trader and once well to do,—but who, unluckily, had literary tastes, and was fond of hearing Burley talk. So, since he had known the wit, his business had fallen from him, and he had passed through the Bankrupt Court. A very shabby looking dog he was, indeed, and his nose was redder than Burley's.

John made a drunken dash at poor Helen. "So you are the Pentheus in petticoats who defies Bacchus," cried he; and therewith he roared out a verse from Euripides. Helen ran away, and Leonard interposed.

"For shame, Burley!"

"He's drunk," said Mr. Douce, the bankrupt trader—"very drunk—don't mind—him. I say, sir, I hope we don't intrude. Sit still, Burley, sit still, and talk, do—that's a good man. You should hear him—ta—ta—talk, sir."

Leonard meanwhile had got Helen out of the room, into her own, and begged her not to be alarmed, and keep the door locked. He then returned to Burley, who had seated himself on the bed, trying wondrous hard to keep himself upright; while Mr. Douce was striving to light a short pipe that he carried in his button-hole—without having filled it—and, naturally failing in that attempt, was now beginning to weep.

Leonard was deeply shocked and revolted for Helen's sake; but it was hopeless to make Burley listen to reason. And how could the boy turn out of his room the man to whom he was under obligations?

Meanwhile there smote upon Helen's *shrinking ears* loud jarring talk and

mandlin laughter, and cracked attempts at jovial songs. Then she heard Mrs. Smedley in Leonard's room, remonstrating; and Burley's laugh was louder than before, and Mrs. Smedley, who was a meek woman, evidently got frightened, and was heard in precipitate retreat. Long and loud talk recommenced, Burley's great voice predominant, Mr. Douce chiming in with hiccupy broken treble. Hour after hour this lasted, for want of the drink that would have brought it to a premature close. And Burley gradually began to talk himself somewhat sober. Then Mr. Douce was heard descending the stairs, and silence followed. At dawn, Leonard knocked at Helen's door. She opened it at once, for she had not gone to bed.

"Helen," said he, very sadly, "you cannot continue here. I must find out some proper home for you. This man has served me when all London was friendless, and he tells me that he has nowhere else to go—that the bailiffs are after him. He has now fallen asleep. I will go and find you some lodging close at hand—for I cannot expel him who has protected me; and yet you cannot be under the same roof with him. My own good angel, I must lose you."

He did not wait for her answer, but hurried down the stairs.

The morning looked through the shutterless panes in Leonard's garret, and the birds began to chirp from the elm-tree, when Burley rose and shook himself, and stared round. He could not quite make out where he was. He got hold of the water-jug, which he emptied at three draughts, and felt greatly refreshed. He then began



to reconnoitre the chamber—looked at Leonard's MSS.—peeped into the drawers—wondered where the devil Leonard himself had gone to—and finally amused himself by throwing down the fire-irons, ringing the bell, and making all the noise he could, in the hopes of attracting the attention of somebody or other, and procuring himself his morning dram.

In the midst of this *charivari* the door opened softly, but as if with a resolute hand, and the small quiet form of Helen stood before the threshold. Burley turned round, and the two looked at each other for some moments with silent scrutiny.

BURLEY, (composing his features into their most friendly expression.)—"Come hither, my dear. So you are the little girl whom I saw with Leonard on the banks of the Brent, and you have come back to live with him—and I have come to live with him too. You shall be our little housekeeper, and I will tell you the story of Prince Prettyman, and a great many others not to be found in *Mother Goose*. Meanwhile, my dear little girl, here's sixpence—just run out and change this for its worth in rum."

HELEN, (coming slowly up to Mr. Burley, and still gazing earnestly into his face.)—"Ah, sir, Leonard says you have a kind heart, and that you have served him—he cannot ask you to leave the house; and so I, who have never served him, am to go hence and live alone."

BURLEY, (moved.)—"You go, my little lady?—and why? Can we not all live together?"

HELEN.—"No, sir. I left everything to come to Leonard, for we had met first at my father's grave. But you rob me of him, and I have no other friend on earth."

BURLEY, (discomposed.)—"Explain yourself. Why must you leave him because I come?"

Helen looks at Mr. Burley again, long and wistfully, but makes no answer.

BURLEY, (with a gulp.)—"Is it because he thinks I am not fit company for you?"

Helen bowed her head.

Burley winced, and after a moment's pause said—"He is right."

HELEN, (obeying the impulse at her heart, springs forward and takes Burley's hand.)—"Ah, sir," she cried, "before he knew you he was so different: then he was cheerful—then, even when his first disappointment came, I grieved and wept; but I felt he would conquer still—for his heart was so good and pure. Oh, sir, don't think I reproach you; but what is to become of him if—if—No, it is not for myself I speak. I know that if I was here, that if he had me to care for, he would come home early—and work patiently—and—and—that I might save him. But now when I am gone, and you live with him—you to whom he is grateful, you whom he would follow against his own conscience, (you must see that, sir)—what is to become of him?"

Helen's voice died in sobs.

Burley took three or four long strides through the room;—he was greatly agitated. "I am a demon," he murmured. "I never saw it before—but it is true—I should be this boy's ruin." Tears stood in his eyes, he paused abruptly, made a clutch at his hat, and turned to the door.

Helen stopped the way, and, taking him gently by the arm, said—"Oh, sir, forgive me—I have pained you," and looked up at him with a compassionate expression, that indeed made the child's sweet face as that of an angel.

Burley bent down as if to kiss her, and then drew back—perhaps with a sentiment that his lips were not worthy to touch that innocent brow.

"I had had a sister—a child ou, little one," he muttered, "aps I too might have been saved e. Now—"

"h, now you may stay, sir; I fear you any more." "o, no; you would fear me again ght-time, and I might not be in the right mood to listen to like yours, child. Your Leo- as a noble heart and rare gifts. ould rise yet, and he shall. I ot drag him into the mire. ye—you will see me no more." oke from Helen, cleared the with a bound, and was out of use.

en Leonard returned he was ed to hear his unwelcome guest ne—but Helen did not venture him of her interposition. She nstinctively how such officious-

ness would mortify and offend the pride of man—but she never again spoke harshly of poor Burley. Leonard supposed that he should either see or hear of the humourist in the course of the day. Finding he did not, he went in search of him at his old haunts; but no trace. He inquired at the *Beehive* if they knew there of his new address, but no tidings of Burley could be obtained.

As he came home disappointed and anxious, for he felt uneasy as to the disappearance of his wild friend, Mrs. Smedley met him at the door.

"Please, sir, suit yourself with another lodging," said she. "I can have no such singings and shoutings going on at night in my house. And that poor little girl, too!—you should be ashamed of yourself."

Leonard frowned, and passed by.

## CHAPTER XL

MEANWHILE, on leaving Helen, Burley strode on; and, as if by some better instinct, for he was unconscious of his own steps, he took the way towards the still green haunts of his youth. When he paused at length, he was already before the door of a rural cottage, standing alone in the midst of fields, with a little farmyard at the back; and far through the trees in front was caught a glimpse of the winding Brent.

With this cottage Burley was familiar; it was inhabited by a good old couple who had known him from a boy. There he habitually left his rods and fishing-tackle; there, for intervals in his turbid, riotous life, he had sojourned for two or three days together—fancying the first day that the country was a heaven, and convinced before the third that it was a purgatory.

An old woman, of neat and tidy exterior, came forth to greet him.

"Ah, Master John," said she, clasping his nerveless hand—"well, the fields be pleasant now—I hope you are come to stay a bit? Do; it will freshen you: you lose all the fine colour you had once, in Lunnnon town."

"I will stay with you, my kind friend," said Burley, with unusual meekness—"I can have the old room, then?"

"Oh, yes, come and look at it. I never let it now to any one but you—never have let it since the dear beautiful lady with the angel's face went away. Poor thing, what could have become of her?"

Thus speaking, while Burley listened not, the old woman drew him within the cottage, and led him up

the stairs into a room that might have well become a better house, for it was furnished with taste, and even elegance. A small cabinet piano-forte stood opposite the fireplace, and the window looked upon pleasant meads and tangled hedgerows, and the narrow windings of the blue rivulet. Burley sank down exhausted, and gazed wistfully from the casement.

"You have not breakfasted?" said the hostess, anxiously.

"No."

"Well, the eggs are fresh laid, and you would like a rasher of bacon, Master John? And if you will have brandy in your tea, I have some that you left long ago in your own bottle."

Burley shook his head. "No brandy, Mrs. Goodyer; only fresh milk. I will see whether I can yet coax Nature."

Mrs. Goodyer did not know what was meant by coaxing Nature, but she said, "Pray do, Master John," and vanished.

That day Burley went out with his rod, and he fished hard for the one-eyed perch: but in vain. Then he roved along the stream with his hands in his pockets, whistling. He returned to the cottage at sunset, partook of the fare provided for him, abstained from the brandy, and felt dreadfully low. He called for pen, ink, and paper, and sought to write, but could not achieve two lines. He summoned Mrs. Goodyer. "Tell your husband to come and sit and talk."

Up came old Jacob Goodyer, and the great wit bade him tell him all the news of the village. Jacob obeyed willingly, and Burley at last fell asleep. The next day it was much the same, only at dinner he had up

the brandy bottle, and finished it; and he did *not* have up Jacob, but he contrived to write.

The third day it rained incessantly. "Have you no books, Mrs. Goodyer?" asked poor John Burley.

"Oh, yes, some that the dear lady left behind her; and perhaps you would like to look at some papers in her own writing?"

"No, not the papers—all women scribble, and all scribble the same things. Get me the books."

The books were brought up—poetry and essays—John knew them by heart. He looked out on the rain, and at evening the rain had ceased. He rushed to his hat and fled.

"Nature, Nature!" he exclaimed, when he was out in the air and hurrying by the dripping hedgerows, "you are not to be coaxed by me! I have jilted you shamefully, I own it; you are a female, and unforgiving. I don't complain. You may be very pretty, but you are the stupidest and most tiresome companion that ever I met with. Thank heaven, I am not married to you!"

Thus John Burley made his way into town, and paused at the first public-house. Out of that house he came with a jovial air, and on he strode towards the heart of London. Now he is in Leicester Square, and he gazes on the foreigners who stalk that region, and hums a tune; and now from yonder alley two forms

emerge, and dog his careless footsteps; now through the maze of passages towards St. Martin's he threads his path, and, anticipating an orgy as he nears his favourite haunts, jingles the silver in his pockets; and now the two forms are at his heels.

"Hail to thee, O Freedom!" muttered John Burley, "thy dwelling is in cities, and thy palace is the tavern."

"In the king's name," quoth a gruff voice: and John Burley feels the horrid and familiar tap on the shoulder.

The two bailiffs who dogged have seized their prey.

"At whose suit?" asked John Burley, falteringly.

"Mr. Cox, the wine-merchant."

"Cox! A man to whom I gave a cheque on my bankers not three months ago!"

"But it warn't cashed."

"What does that signify?—the intention was the same. A good heart takes the will for the deed. Cox is a monster of ingratitude, and I withdraw my custom."

"Serve him right. Would your honour like a jarvey?"

"I would rather spend the money on something else," said John Burley.

"Give me your arm, I am not proud. After all, thank heaven, I shall not sleep in the country."

And John Burley made a night of it in the Fleet.

## CHAPTER XII.

MISS STARKE was one of those ladies who pass their lives in the direst of all civil strife—war with their servants. She looked upon the members of that class as the unrelenting and sleepless enemies of the unfortunate householders condemned to employ them. She thought they ate and drank to their villanous utmost, in order to ruin their benefactors—that they lived in one constant conspiracy with one another and the tradesmen, the object of which was to cheat and pilfer. Miss Starke was a miserable woman. As she had no relations or friends who cared enough for her to share her solitary struggle against her domestic foes; and her income, though easy, was an annuity that died with herself, thereby reducing various nephews, nieces, or cousins, to the strict bounds of a natural affection—that did not exist; and as she felt the want of some friendly face amidst this world of distrust and hate, so she had tried the resource of venal companions. But the venal companions had never stayed long—either they disliked Miss Starke, or Miss Starke disliked them. Therefore the poor woman had resolved upon bringing up some little girl whose heart, as she said to herself, would be fresh and uncorrupted, and from whom she might expect gratitude. She had been contented, on the whole, with Helen, and had meant to keep that child in her house as long as she (Miss Starke) remained upon the earth—perhaps some thirty years longer; and then, having carefully secluded her from marriage, and other friendship, to leave her nothing but the regret of having lost so kind a benefactress. Conformably with this notion, and in

order to secure the afflictions of the child, Miss Starke had relaxed the frigid austerity natural to her manner and mode of thought, and been kind to Helen in an iron way. She had neither slapped nor pinched her, neither had she starved. She had allowed her to see Leonard, according to the agreement made with Dr. Morgan, and had laid out tennence on cakes, besides contributing fruit from her garden for the first interview—a hospitality she did not think it fit to renew on subsequent occasions. In return for this, she conceived she had purchased the right to Helen bodily and spiritually, and nothing could exceed her indignation when she rose one morning and found the child had gone. As it never had occurred to her to ask Leonard's address, though she suspected Helen had gone to him, she was at a loss what to do, and remained for twenty-four hours in a state of inane depression. But then she began to miss the child so much that her energies woke, and she persuaded herself that she was actuated by the purest benevolence in trying to reclaim this poor creature from the world into which Helen had thus rashly plunged.

Accordingly, she put an advertisement into the *Times*, to the following effect, liberally imitated from one by which, in former years, she had recovered a favourite Blenheim:—

## TWO GUINEAS REWARD.

STRAYED, from Ivy Cottage, Highgate, a Little Girl—answers to the name of Helen; with blue eyes and brown hair; white muslin frock, and straw hat with blue ribbons. Whoever will bring the same to Ivy Cottage, shall receive the above Reward.

*N.B.*—Nothing more will be offered.

Now, it so happened that Ma-

ley had put an advertisement in the *Times* on her own account, to a niece of hers who was going from the country, and for which she desired to find a situation. Contrary to her usual habit, she took the newspaper, and, close by an advertisement, she saw Miss E's.

It was impossible that she could make the description of Helen; but this advertisement caught her the very day after the whole had been disturbed and scandalized by Burley's noisy visit, and on which she had resolved to get rid of a visitor who received such visitors, a good-hearted woman was delighted to think that she could restore Helen home safe. While thus engaged, Helen herself entered the room where Mrs. Smedley sat, and the landlady had the imprudence to point out the advertisement, and as she called it, "seriously" to the little girl.

It was in vain and with tears entreated her to take no step in reply to the advertisement. Mrs. Smed-

ley felt it was an affair of duty, and was obdurate, and shortly afterwards put on her bonnet and left the house. Helen conjectured that she was on her way to Miss Starke's, and her whole soul was bent on flight. Leonard had gone to the office of the *Beehive* with his MSS.; but she packed up all their joint effects, and, just as she had done so, he returned. She communicated the news of the advertisement, and said she should be so miserable if compelled to go back to Miss Starke's, and implored him so pathetically to save her from such sorrow that he at once assented to her proposal of flight. Luckily, little was owing to the landlady—that little was left with the maid-servant; and, profiting by Mrs. Smedley's absence, they escaped without scene or conflict. Their effects were taken by Leonard to a stand of hackney-vehicles, and then left at a coach-office, while they went in search of lodgings. It was wise to choose an entirely new and remote district; and before night they were settled in an attic in Lambeth.

## CHAPTER XIII.

As the reader will expect, no trace of Burley could Leonard find: the humourist had ceased to communicate with the *Beehive*. But Leonard grieved for Burley's sake; and, indeed, he missed the intercourse of the large wrong mind. But he settled down by degrees to the simple loving society of his child-companion, and in that presence grew more tranquil. The hours in the daytime that he did not pass at work, he spent as before, picking up knowledge at book-stalls; and at dusk he and Helen would stroll out—sometimes striving to escape from the long suburb into fresh rural air; more often wander-

ing to and fro the bridge that led to the glorious Westminster—London's sacred land—and watching the water-lamps reflected on the river. The haunt suited the musing melancholy boy. He would stand long and watch the wistful silence by the balustrade, seating Helen thereon, that she might look along the dark moonlit waters which, dark though they were, still have their charm of mystic repose.

As the river flowed between the world of roofs, and the roar of human passions on either side, so in the two hearts flowed Thought—and they knew of London was its shadow.

## CHAPTER XIV.

HE appeared in the *Beehive* very truculent political papers as very like the tracts in the 's bag. Leonard did not heed much, but they made far more on in the public that read the e than Leonard's papers, full promise though the last were. greatly increased the sale of the cal in the manufacturing towns, gan to awake the drowsy vigi- of the Home Office. Suddenly nt was made upon the *Beehive*, l its papers and plant. The saw himself threatened with a al prosecution, and the cer- of two years' imprisonment: not like the prospect, and dis- ed. One evening, when Leo- unconscious of these mischances, l at the door of the office, he it closed. An agitated mob efore it, and a voice that was w to his ear was haranguing standers, with many imprec- against "tyrants." He looked, o his amaze, recognised in the Mr. Sprott the Tinker. police came in numbers to dis- the crowd, and Mr. Sprott pru- vanished. Leonard learned, what had befallen, and again mself without employment and eans of bread. wly he walked back. "O edge, knowledge! — powerless, l!" he murmured. he thus spoke, a handbill in capitals met his eyes on a dead -"Wanted, a few smart young men for India." crimp accosted him — "You make a fine soldier, my man. ave stout limbs of your own." ard moved on.

"It has come back, then, to this. Brute physical force after all! O Mind, despair! O Peasant, be a machine again!"

He entered his attic noiselessly, and gazed upon Helen as she sate at work, straining her eyes by the open window—with tender and deep compassion. She had not heard him enter, nor was she aware of his presence. Patient and still she sate, and the small fingers plied busily. He gazed, and saw that her cheek was pale and hollow, and the hands looked so thin! His heart was deeply touched, and at that moment he had not one memory of the baffled Poet, one thought that proclaimed the Egotist.

He approached her gently, laid his hand on her shoulder—"Helen, put on your shawl and bonnet, and walk out—I have much to say."

In a few moments she was ready, and they took their way to their favourite haunt upon the bridge. Paus- ing in one of the recesses, or nooks, Leonard then began,—“Helen, we must part.”

“Part?—Oh, brother!”

“Listen. All work that depends on mind is over for me—nothing re- mains but the labour of thews and sinews. I cannot go back to my vil- lage and say to all, ‘My hopes were self-conceit, and my intellect a de- lusion!’ I cannot. Neither in this sordid city can I turn menial or por- ter. I might be born to that drudgery, but my mind has, it may be unhap- pily, raised me above my birth. What, then, shall I do? I know not yet—serve as a soldier, or push my way to some wilderness afar, as an emigrant, perhaps. But whatever my choice, I must henceforth be



alone; I have a home no more. But there is a home for you, Helen, a very humble one, (for you, too, so well born,) but very safe—the roof of—of—my peasant mother. She will love you for my sake, and—and—”

Helen clung to him trembling, and sobbed out, “Anything, anything you will. But I can work; I can make money, Leonard. I do, indeed, make money—you do not know how much—but enough for us both till better times come to you. Do not let us part.”

“And I—a man, and born to labour, to be maintained by the work of an infant! No, Helen, do not so degrade me.”

She drew back as she looked on his flushed brow, bowed her head submissively, and murmured, “Pardon.”

“Ah!” said Helen, after a pause, “if now we could but find my poor father’s friend! I never so much cared for it before.”

“Yes, he would surely provide for you.”

“For me!” repeated Helen, in a tone of soft deep reproach, and she turned away her head to conceal her tears.

“You are sure you would remember him, if we met him by chance?”

“Oh yes. He was so different from all we see in this terrible city, and his eyes were like yonder stars, so clear and so bright; yet the light seemed to come from afar off, as the light does in yours, when your thoughts are away from all things round you. And then, too, his dog, whom he called Nero—I could not forget that.”

“But his dog may not be always with him.”

“But the bright clear eyes are! Ah, now you look up to heaven, and yours seem to dream like his.”

Leonard did not answer, for his

thoughts were indeed less on earth than struggling to pierce into that remote and mysterious heaven.

Both were silent long; the crowd passed them by unheedingly. Night deepened over the river, but the reflection of the lamp-lights on its waves was more visible than that of the stars. The beams showed the darkness of the strong current, and the craft that lay eastward on the tide, with sail-less spectral masts and black dismal hulks, looked deathlike in their stillness.

Leonard looked down, and the thought of Chatterton’s grim suicide came back to his soul; and a pale scornful face, with luminous haunting eyes, seemed to look up from the stream, and murmur from livid lips—“Struggle no more against the tides on the surface—all is calm and rest within the deep.”

Starting in terror from the gloom of his reverie, the boy began to talk fast to Helen, and tried to soothe her with descriptions of the lowly home which he had offered.

He spoke of the light cares which she would participate with his mother, (for by that name he still called the widow,) and dwelt, with an eloquence that the contrast round him made sincere and strong, on the happy rural life, the shadowy woodlands, the rippling corn-fields, the solemn lone church-spire soaring from the tranquil landscape. Flatteringly he painted the flowery terraces of the Italian exile, and the playful fountain that, even as he spoke, was flinging up its spray to the stars, through serene air untroubled by the smoke of cities, and untainted by the sinful sighs of men. He promised her the love and protection of natures akin to the happy scene: the simple affectionate mother—the gentle pastor—the wise and kind—Violante, with dim eyes full of the mystic thoughts that

tude calls from childhood,—Vio- the hammer once strike the spark  
te should be her companion. from the anvil, the spark must fly  
“And, oh!” cried Helen, “if life upward; it cannot fall back to earth  
thus happy there, return with me, until light has left it. Upward still,  
urn—return!” Helen—let me go upward still!”  
“Alas!” murmured the boy, “if

## CHAPTER XV.

THE next morning Helen was very ill—so ill that, shortly after rising, she was forced to creep back to bed. Her frame shivered—her eyes were heavy—her hand burned like fire. Fever had set in. Perhaps she might have caught cold on the bridge—perhaps her emotions had proved too much for her frame. Leonard, in great alarm, called in the nearest apothecary. The apothecary looked grave, and said there was danger. And danger soon declared itself—Helen became delirious. For several days she lay in this state, between life and death. Leonard then felt that all the sorrows of earth are light, compared with the fear of losing what we love. How valueless the envied laurel seemed beside the dying rose.

Thanks, perhaps, more to his heed and tending than to medical skill, she recovered sense at last—immediate peril was over. But she was very weak and reduced—her ultimate recovery doubtful—convalescence, at best, likely to be very slow.

But when she learned how long she had been thus ill, she looked anxiously at Leonard's face as he bent over her, and faltered forth,—“Give me my work; I am strong enough for that now—it would amuse me.”

Leonard burst into tears.

Alas! he had no work himself; all their joint money had melted away. The apothecary was not like good Dr. Morgan; the medicines were to be paid for—and the rent. Two days before, Leonard had pawned Riccabocca's watch; and when the last shilling thus raised was gone, how should he support Helen? Nevertheless he conquered his tears, and assured her that he had employment;

and that so earnestly that she believed him, and sank into soft sleep. He listened to her breathing, kissed her forehead, and left the room. He turned into his own neighbouring garret, and, leaning his face on his hands, collected all his thoughts.

He must be a beggar at last. He must write to Mr. Dale for money—Mr. Dale, too, who knew the secret of his birth. He would rather have begged of a stranger—it seemed to add a new dishonour to his mother's memory for the child to beg of one who was acquainted with her shame. Had he himself been the only one to want and to starve, he would have sunk inch by inch into the grave of famine, before he would have so subdued his pride. But Helen, there on that bed—Helen needing, for weeks perhaps, all support, and illness making luxuries themselves like necessities! Beg he must. And when he so resolved, had you but seen the proud bitter soul he conquered, you would have said—“This, which he thinks is degradation—this is heroism.” Oh strange human heart! no epic ever written achieves the Sublime and the Beautiful which are graven, unread by human eye, in thy secret leaves. Of whom else should he beg? His mother had nothing, Riccabocca was poor, and the stately Violante, who had exclaimed, “Would that I were a man!”—he could not endure the thought that she should pity him, and despise. The Avenels! No—thrice No. He drew towards him hastily ink and paper, and wrote rapid lines, that were wrung from him as from the bleeding strings of life.

But the hour for the post had passed—the letter must wait till the

and three days at least  
pse before he could receive  
. He left the letter on the  
l, stifling as for air, went  
le crossed the bridge—he  
mechanically—and was  
ng by a crowd pressing  
e doors of Parliament. A  
at excited popular interest  
for that evening, and many  
s collected in the street to  
embers pass to and fro, or  
speakers had yet risen to  
in the debate, or try to get  
the gallery.  
ted amidst these loiterers,  
nterest, indeed, in common  
n, but looking over their  
tractedly towards the tall  
bney—imperial Golgotha of  
l Chiefs, and Kings.  
ly his attention was diverted  
around by the sound of a  
pleasingly known to him.  
e you, Randal Leslie?—  
hear the debate?” said a  
who was passing through the

Mr. Egerton promised to  
der the gallery. He is to  
self to-night, and I have  
d him. As you are going  
ouse, will you remind him  
nise to me?”  
t now, for he is speaking  
and well too. I hurried  
Athenæum, where I was  
purpose to be in time, as I  
t his speech was making a  
t.”  
s very unlucky,” said Ran-  
ad no idea he would speak

- brought him up by a di-  
nal attack. But follow me;  
can get you into the House;  
like you, Leslie, from whom  
great things some day, I  
you, should not miss any  
rtunity of knowing what

this House of ours is on a field night.  
Come on !”

The member hurried towards the  
door; and as Randal followed him, a  
bystander cried—“That is the young  
man who wrote the famous pamphlet  
—Egerton’s relation.”

“Oh, indeed!” said another. “Clever  
man, Egerton — I am waiting for  
him.”

“So am I.”

“Why, you are not a constituent  
as I am.”

“No; but he has been very kind  
to my nephew, and I must thank him.  
You are a constituent — he is an  
honour to your town.”

“So he is: enlightened man !”

“And so generous !”

“Brings forward really good mea-  
sures,” quoth the politician.

“And clever young men,” said the  
uncle.

Therewith one or two others joined  
in the praise of Audley Egerton, and  
many anecdotes of his liberality were  
told.

Leonard listened at first listlessly,  
at last with thoughtful attention. He  
had heard Burley, too, speak highly  
of this generous statesman, who,  
without pretending to genius himself,  
appreciated it in others. He suddenly  
remembered, too, that Egerton was  
half-brother to the Squire. Vague  
notions of some appeal to this eminent  
person, not for charity, but employ-  
ment to his mind, gleamed across him  
—inexperienced boy that he yet was !  
And, while thus meditating, the door  
of the House opened and out came  
Audley Egerton himself. A partial  
cheering, followed by a general mur-  
mur, apprised Leonard of the presence  
of the popular statesman. Egerton  
was caught hold of by some five or  
six persons in succession; a shake of  
the hand, a nod, a brief whispered  
word or two, sufficed the practised  
member for graceful escape; and

soon, free from the crowd, his tall, erect figure passed on, and turned towards the bridge. He paused at the angle and took out his watch, looking at it by the lamp-light.

"Hurley will be here soon," he muttered—"he is always punctual; and now that I have spoken, I can give him an hour or so. That is well."

As he replaced his watch in his pocket, and re-buttoned his coat over his firm, broad chest, he lifted his eyes, and saw a young man standing before him.

"Do you want me?" asked the statesman, with the direct brevity of his practical character.

"Mr. Egerton," said the young man, with a voice that slightly trembled, and yet was manly amidst emotion, "you have a great name, and great power—I stand here in these streets of London without a friend, and without employment. I believe that I have it in me to do some nobler work than that of bodily labour, had I but one friend—one opening for my thoughts. And now I have said this, I scarcely know how, or why, but from despair, and the sudden impulse which that despair took from the praise that follows your success—I have nothing more to add."

Audley Egerton was silent for a moment, struck by the tone and address of the stranger; but the consummate and wary man of the world, accustomed to all manner of strange applications, and all varieties of imposture, quickly recovered from a passing and slight effect.

"Are you a native of ——?" (naming the town which the statesman represented.)

"No, sir."

"Well, young man, I am very sorry for you; but the good sense you must possess (for I judge of that by the education you have evidently received)

must tell you that a public man, whatever be his patronage, has it too fully absorbed by claimants who have a right to demand it, to be able to listen to strangers."

He paused a moment, and, as Leonard stood silent, added, with more kindness than most public men so accosted would have showed—

"You say you are friendless;—a poor fellow. In early life that happens to many of us, who find friends enough before the close. Be honest, and well-conducted: lean on yourself, not on strangers; work with the body if you can't with the mind; and, believe me, that advice is all I can give you, unless this trifle,"—and the minister held out a crown piece.

Leonard bowed, shook his head sadly, and walked away. Egerton looked after him with a slight pang.

"Pooh!" said he to himself, "there must be thousands in the same state in these streets of London. I cannot redress the necessities of civilisation. Well educated! It is not from ignorance henceforth that society will suffer—it is from over-educating the hungry thousands who, thus unfitted for manual toil, and with no career for mental, will some day or other stand like that boy in our streets, and puzzle wiser ministers than I am."

As Egerton thus mused, and passed on to the bridge, a bugle-horn rang merrily from the box of a gay four-in-hand. A drag-coach with superb blood-horses rattled over the causeway, and in the driver Egerton recognised his nephew—Frank Hazelden.

The young Guardsman was returning, with a lively party of men, from dining at Greenwich; and the careless laughter of these children of pleasure floated far over the still river; it vexed the ear of the careworn statesman—sad, perhaps, with all his greatness, lonely amidst all his crowd of friends. It reminded him,

perhaps, of his own youth, when such parties and companionships were familiar to him, though through them all he had borne an ambitious, aspiring soul — "*Le jeu, vaut-il la chandelle*?" said he, shrugging his shoulders.

The coach rolled rapidly past Leonard, as he stood leaning against the corner of the bridge, and the mire of the kennel splashed over him from the hoofs of the fiery horses. The laughter smote on his ear more discordantly than on the minister's, but it begot no envy.

"Life is a dark riddle," said he, smiting his breast.

And he walked slowly on, gained the recess where he had stood several nights before with Helen, and, dizzy

with want of food, and worn out for want of sleep, he sank down into the dark corner; while the river that rolled under the arch of stone muttered dirge-like in his ear—as under the social key-stone walls and rolls on for ever the mystery of Human Discontent. Take comfort, O Thinker by the stream! 'Tis the river that founded and gave pomp to the city; and without the discontent, where were progress — what were Man? Take comfort, O THINKER! wherever the stream over which thou bendest, or beside which thou sinkest, weary and desolate, frets the arch that supports thee;—never dream that, by destroying the bridge, thou canst silence the moan of the wave!

## CHAPTER XVI.

BEFORE a table, in the apartments appropriated to him in his father's house at Knightsbridge, sat Lord L'Estrange, sorting or destroying letters and papers—an ordinary symptom of change of residence. There are certain trifles by which a shrewd observer may judge of a man's disposition. Thus, ranged on the table, with some elegance, but with soldier-like precision, were sundry little relics of former days, hallowed by some sentiment of memory, or perhaps endeared solely by custom; which, whether he was in Egypt, Italy, or England, always made part of the furniture of Harley's room. Even the small, old-fashioned, and somewhat inconvenient inkstand into which he dipped the pen as he labelled the letters he put aside, belonging to the writing-desk which had been his pride as a schoolboy. Even the books that lay scattered round were not new works, not those to which we turn to satisfy the curiosity of an hour, or to distract our graver thoughts; they were chiefly either Latin or Italian poets, with many a pencil-mark on the margin; or books which, making severe demand on thought, require slow and frequent perusal, and become companions. Somehow or other, in remarking that even in dumb, inanimate things the man was averse to change, and had the habit of attaching himself to whatever was connected with old associations, you might guess that he clung with pertinacity to affections more important, and you could better comprehend the freshness of his friendship for one so dissimilar in pursuits and character as Audley Egerton. An affection once admitted into the heart of Har-

ley L'Estrange, seemed never to be questioned or reasoned with; it became tacitly fixed, as it were, into his own nature; and little less than a revolution of his whole system could dislodge or disturb it.

Lord L'Estrange's hand rested now upon a letter in a stiff, legible Italian character; and instead of disposing of it at once as he had done with the rest, he spread it before him, and re-read the contents. It was a letter from Riccabocca, received a few weeks since, and ran thus:—

*Letter from Signor Riccabocca to  
Lord L'Estrange.*

"I thank you, my noble friend, for judging of me with faith in my honour, and respect for my reverses.

"No, and thrice no, to all concessions, all overtures, all treaty with Giulio Franzini. I write the name, and my emotions choke me. I must pause, and cool back into disdain. It is over. Pass from that subject. But you have alarmed me. This sister! I have not seen her since her childhood; but she was brought up under his influence—she can but work as his agent. She wish to learn my residence! It can be but for some hostile and malignant purpose. I may trust in you—I know that. You say I may trust equally in the discretion of your friend. Pardon me—my confidence is not so elastic. A word may give the clue to my retreat. But, if discovered, what harm can ensue? An English roof protects me from Austrian despotism: true; but not the brazen tower of Danaë could protect me from Italian craft. And, were there nothing worse, it would be intolerable to me to live under the eyes

of a relentless spy. Truly saith our Proverb, 'He sleeps ill for whom the enemy wakes.' Look you, my friend, I have done with my old life—I wish to cast it from me as a snake its skin. I have denied myself all that exiles deem consolation. No pity for misfortune, no messages from sympathising friendship, no news from a lost and bereaved country follow me to my hearth under the skies of the stranger. From all these I have voluntarily cut myself off. I am as dead to the life I once lived as if the Styx rolled between it and me. With that sternness which is admissible only to the afflicted, I have denied myself even the consolation of your visits. I have told you fairly and simply that your presence would unsettle all my enforced and infirm philosophy, and remind me only of the past, which I seek to blot from remembrance. You have complied on the one condition, that whenever I really want your aid I will ask it; and, meanwhile, you have generously sought to obtain me justice from the cabinets of ministers and in the courts of kings. I did not refuse your heart this luxury; for I have a child—(Ah! I have taught that child already to revere your name, and in her prayers it is not forgotten.) But now that you are convinced that even your zeal is unavailing, I ask you to discontinue attempts which may but bring the spy upon my track, and involve me in new misfortunes. Believe me, O brilliant Englishman, that I am satisfied and contented with my lot. I am sure it would not be for my happiness to change it, 'Chi non ha provato il male non conosce il bene.' (One does not know when one is well off till one has known misfortune.) You ask me how I live—I answer, *alla giornata*, (to the day)—not for the morrow, as I did once. I have accustomed myself to the calm

existence of a village. I take interest in its details. There is my wife, good creature, sitting opposite to me, never asking what I write, or to whom, but ready to throw aside her work and talk the moment the pen is out of my hand. Talk—and what about? Heaven knows! But I would rather hear that talk, though on the affairs of a hamlet, than babble again with recreant nobles and blundering professors about commonwealths and constitutions. When I want to see how little those last influence the happiness of wise men, have I not Machiavelli and Thucydides? Then, by-and-by, the Parson will drop in, and we argue. He never knows when he is beaten, so the argument is everlasting. On fine days I ramble out by a winding rill with my Violante, or stroll to my friend the Squire's, and see how healthful a thing is true pleasure; and on wet days I shut myself up, and mope, perhaps, till, hark! a gentle tap at the door, and in comes Violante, with her dark eyes, that shine out through reproachful tears—reproachful that I should mourn alone, while she is under my roof—so she puts her arms round me, and in five minutes all is sunshine within. What care we for your English grey clouds without?

"Leave me, my dear Lord—leave me to this quiet happy passage towards old age, serner than the youth that I wasted so wildly: and guard well the secret on which my happiness depends.

"Now to yourself, before I close. Of that same *yourself* you speak too little, as of me too much. But I so well comprehend the profound melancholy that lies underneath the wild and fanciful humour with which you but suggest, as in sport, what you feel so in earnest. The laborious solitude of cities weighs on you. You are flying back to the dolce far niente



—to friends few, but intimate; to life monotonous, but unrestrained; and even there the sense of loneliness will again seize upon you; and you do not seek, as I do, the annihilation of memory; your dead passions are turned to ghosts that haunt you, and unfit you for the living world. I see it all—I see it still, in your hurried fantastic lines, as I saw it when we two sat amidst the pines and beheld the blue lake stretched below;—I troubled by the shadow of the Future, you disturbed by that of the Past.

"Well but you say, half seriously half in jest, 'I will escape from this prison-house of memory; I will form new ties, like other men, and before it be too late; I will marry—Ay, but I must love—there is the difficulty'—difficulty—yes, and heaven be thanked for it! Recal all the unhappy marriages that have come to your knowledge—pray have not eighteen out of twenty been marriages for love? It always has been so, and it always will. Because, whenever we love deeply, we exact so much and forgive so little. Be content to find some one with whom your hearth and your honour are safe. You will grow to love what never wounds your heart—you will soon grow out of love with what must always disappoint your imagination. *Cospetto!* I wish my Jemima had a younger sister for you. Yet it was with a deep groan that I settled myself to a—Jemima.

"Now, I have written you a long letter, to prove how little I need of your compassion or your zeal. Once more let there be long silence between us. It is not easy for me to correspond with a man of your rank, and not incur the curious gossip of my still little pool of a world which the splash of a pebble can break into circles. I must take this over\* to a

post-town some ten miles off, and drop it into the box by stealth.

"Adieu, dear and noble friend, gentlest heart and subtlest fancy that I have met in my walk through life. Adieu. Write me word when you have abandoned a day-dream and found a Jemima.

"ALPHONSO.

"P.S.—For heaven's sake, caution and recation your friend the minister not to drop a word to this woman that may betray my hiding-place."

"Is he really happy?" murmured Harley, as he closed the letter; and he sank for a few moments into a reverie.

"This life in a village—this wife in a lady who puts down her work to talk about villagers—what a contrast to Audley's full existence. And I cannot envy nor comprehend either—yet my own existence—what is it?"

He rose, and moved towards the window, from which a rustic stair descended to a green lawn—studded with larger trees than are often found in the grounds of a suburban residence. There were calm and coolness in the sight, and one could scarcely have supposed that London lay so near.

The door opened softly, and a lady passed middle age entered; and, approaching Harley, as he still stood musing by the window, laid her hand on his shoulder. What character there is in a hand! Hers was a hand that Titian would have painted with elaborate care! Thin, white and delicate—with the blue veins raised from the surface. Yet there was something more than mere patrician elegance in the form and texture. A true physiologist would have said at once, "There are intellect and pride in that hand, which seems to fix a hold where it rests; and, lying so

lightly, yet will not be as lightly shaken off."

"Harley," said the lady—and Harley turned—"you do not deceive me by that smile," she continued, sadly; "you were not smiling when I entered."

"It is rarely that we smile to ourselves, my dear mother; and I have done nothing lately so foolish as to cause me to smile at myself."

"My son," said Lady Lansmere, somewhat abruptly, but with great earnestness, "you come from a line of illustrious ancestors; and methinks they ask from their tombs why the last of their race has no aim and no object—no interest—no home in the land which they served, and which rewarded them with its honours."

"Mother," said the soldier, simply, "when the land was in danger I served it as my forefathers served—and my answer would be the scars on my breast."

"Is it only in danger that a country is served—only in war that duty is fulfilled? Do you think that your father, in his plain manly life of country gentleman, does not fulfil, though perhaps too obscurely, the objects for which aristocracy is created, and wealth is bestowed?"

"Doubtless he does, ma'am—and better than his vagrant son ever can."

"Yet his vagrant son has received such gifts from nature—his youth was so rich in promise—his boyhood so glowed at the dream of glory!"

"Ay," said Harley, very softly, "it is possible—and all to be buried in a single grave!"

The Countess started, and withdrew her hand from Harley's shoulder.

Lady Lansmere's countenance was not one that much varied in expression. She had in this, as in her cast of feature, little resemblance to her son.

Her features were slightly aquiline—the eyebrows of that arch which gives a certain majesty to the aspect: the lines round the mouth were habitually rigid and compressed. Her face was that of one who had gone through great emotion and subdued it. There was something formal, and even ascetic, in the character of her beauty, which was still considerable—in her air and in her dress. She might have suggested to you the idea of some Gothic baroness of old, half chatelaine, half abbess; you would see at a glance that she did not live in the light world around her, and disdained its fashion and its mode of thought; yet with all this rigidity it was still the face of the woman who has known human ties and human affections. And now, as she gazed long on Harley's quiet, saddened brow, it was the face of a mother.

"A single grave," she said, after a long pause. "And you were then but a boy, Harley! Can such a memory influence you even to this day! It is scarcely possible: it does not seem to me within the realities of man's life—though it might be of woman's."

"I believe," said Harley, half soliloquising, "that I have a great deal of the woman in me. Perhaps men who live much alone, and care not for men's objects, do grow tenacious of impressions, as your sex does. But oh," he cried, aloud, and with a sudden change of countenance, "Oh, the hardest and the coldest man would have felt as I do, had he known *her*—had he loved *her*. She was like no other woman I have ever met. Bright and glorious creature of another sphere? She descended on this earth and darkened it when she passed away. It is no use striving. Mother, I have as much courage as our steel-clad fathers ever had. I have dared in battle and in deserts—against man

and the wild beast—against the storm and the ocean—against the rude powers of Nature—dangers as dread as ever pilgrim or Crusader rejoiced to brave. But courage against that one memory! no, I have none!”

“Harley, Harley, you break my heart!” cried the Countess, clasping her hands.

“It is astonishing,” continued her son, so wrapped in his own thoughts that he did not, perhaps, hear her outcry. “Yea, verily, it is astonishing, that considering the thousands of women I have seen and spoken with, I never see a face like hers—never hear a voice so sweet. And all this universe of life cannot afford me one look and one tone that can restore me to man’s privilege—love. Well, well, life has other things yet—Poetry and Art live still—still smiles the heaven, and still wave the trees. Leave me to happiness in my own way.”

The Countess was about to reply, when the door was thrown hastily open, and Lord Lansmere walked in.

The Earl was some years older than the Countess, but his placid face showed less wear and tear—a benevolent, kindly face, without any evidence of commanding intellect, but with no lack of sense in its pleasant lines. His form not tall, but upright, and with an air of consequence—a little pompous, but good-humouredly so. The pomposity of the *Grand Seigneur*, who has lived much in provinces—whose will has been rarely disputed, and whose importance has been so felt and acknowledged as to react insensibly on himself;—an excellent man; but when you glanced towards the high brow and dark eye of the Countess, you marvelled a little how the two had come together, and, according to common report, lived so happily in the union.

“Ho, ho! my dear Harley,” cried Lord Lansmere, rubbing his hands with an appearance of much satisfaction, “I have just been paying a visit to the Duchess.”

“What Duchess, my dear father?”

“Why, your mother’s first cousin, to be sure—the Duchess of Knaresborough, whom, to oblige me, you condescended to call upon; and delighted I am to hear that you admire Lady Mary—”

“She is very high bred, and rather—high-nosed,” answered Harley.—Then, observing that his mother looked pained, and his father disconcerted, he added seriously, “But handsome, certainly.”

“Well, Harley,” said the Earl, recovering himself, “the Duchess, taking advantage of our connection to speak freely, has intimated to me that Lady Mary has been no less struck with yourself; and, to come to the point, since you allow that it is time you should think of marrying, I do not know a more desirable alliance.—What do you say, Katherine?”

“The Duke is of a family that ranks in history before the Wars of the Roses,” said Lady Lansmere, with an air of deference to her husband; “and there has never been one scandal in its annals, nor one blot in its scutcheon. But I am sure my dear Lord must think that the Duchess should not have made the first overture—even to a friend and a kinsman?”

“Why, we are old-fashioned people,” said the Earl, rather embarrassed, “and the Duchess is a woman of the world.”

“Let us hope,” said the Countess, mildly, “that her daughter is not.”

“I would not marry Lady Mary, if all the rest of the females were returned into apes,” said Lord L’Estrange, with deliberate fervour.

“Good heavens!” cried the Earl,

"what extraordinary language is this? And pray why, sir?"

HARLEY.—"I can't say—there is no why in these cases. But, my dear father, you are not keeping faith with me."

LORD LANSMERE.—"How?"

HARLEY.—"You and my Lady, here, entreat me to marry—I promise to do my best to obey you; but on one condition—that I choose for myself, and take my time about it. Agreed on both sides. Whereon, off goes your Lordship—actually before noon, at an hour when no lady, without a shudder, could think of cold blonde and damp orange flowers—off goes your Lordship, I say, and commits poor Lady Mary and your unworthy son to a mutual admiration—which neither of us ever felt. Pardon me, my father—but this is grave. Again let me claim your promise—full choice for myself, and no reference to the Wars of the Roses. What war of the roses like that between Modesty and Love upon the cheek of the virgin!"

LADY LANSMERE.—"Full choice for yourself, Harley:—so be it. But we, too, named a condition—Did we not, Lansmere?"

The EARL, (puzzled).—"Eh—did we? Certainly we did."

HARLEY.—"What was it?"

LADY LANSMERE.—"The son of Lord Lansmere can only marry the daughter of a gentleman."

The EARL.—"Of course—of course."

The blood rushed over Harley's fair face, and then as suddenly left it pale.

He walked away to the window; his mother followed him, and again laid her hand on his shoulder.

"You were cruel," said he, gently, and in a whisper, as he winced under the touch of the hand. Then turning to the Earl, who was gazing at him in blank surprise—(it never oc-

curred to Lord Lansmere that there could be a doubt of his son's marrying beneath the rank modestly stated by the Countess)—Harley stretched forth his hand, and said, in his soft winning tone, "You have ever been most gracious to me, and most forbearing; it is but just that I should sacrifice the habits of an egotist, to gratify a wish which you so warmly entertain. I agree with you, too, that our race should not close in me—*Noblesse oblige*. But you know I was ever romantic; and I must love where I marry—or, if not love, I must feel that my wife is worthy of all the love I could once have bestowed. Now, as to the vague word 'gentleman' that my mother employs—word that means so differently on different lips—I confess that I have a prejudice against young ladies brought up in the 'excellent foppery of the world,' as the daughters of gentlemen of our rank mostly are. I crave, therefore, the most liberal interpretation of this word 'gentleman.' And so long as there be nothing mean or sordid in the birth, habits, and education of the father of this bride to be, I trust you will both agree to demand nothing more—neither titles nor pedigree."

"Titles, no—assuredly," said Lady Lansmere; "they do not make gentlemen."

"Certainly not," said the Earl, "many of our best families are untitled."

"Titles—no," repeated Lady Lansmere; "but ancestors—yes."

"Ah, my mother," said Harley, with his most sad and quiet smile, "it is fated that we shall never agree. The first of our race is ever the one we are most proud of; and pray, what ancestors had he? Beauty, virtue, modesty, intellect—if these are not nobility enough for a man, he is a slave to the dead."

With these words Harley took up his hat and made towards the door.

"You said yourself, '*Noblesse oblige*,'" said the Countess, following him to the threshold; "we have nothing more to add."

Harley slightly shrugged his shoulders, kissed his mother's hand, whistled to Nero, who started up from a doze by the window, and went his way.

"Does he really go abroad next week?" said the Earl.

"So he says."

"I am afraid there is no chance for Lady Mary," resumed Lord Lansmere, with a slight but melancholy smile.

"She has not intellect enough to charm him. She is not worthy of Harley," said the proud mother.

"Between you and me," rejoined the Earl, rather timidly, "I don't

see what good his intellect does him. He could not be more unsettled and useless if he were the merest dunce in the three kingdoms. And so ambitious as he was when a boy! Katherine, I sometimes fancy that you know what changed him."

"I! Nay, my dear Lord, it is a common change enough with the young, when of such fortunes; who find, when they enter life, that there is really little left for them to strive for. Had Harley been a poor man's son, it might have been different."

"I was born to the same fortunes as Harley," said the Earl, shrewdly, "and yet I flatter myself I am of some use to old England."

The Countess seized upon the occasion, complimented her Lord, and turned the subject.

## CHAPTER XVII.

HARLEY spent his day in his usual solitary, lounging manner—dined

his quiet corner at his favourite b—Nero, not admitted into the ab, patiently waited for him outside the door. The dinner over, dog d man, equally indifferent to the sword, sauntered down that thoroughfare which, to the few who can comprehend the Poetry of London, is associations of glory and of woe blime as any that the ruins of the old elder world can furnish—thoroughfare that traverses what was once the courtyard of Whitehall, wing to its left the site of the place that lodged the royalty of Scotland—gains, through a narrow rait, that old isle of Thorney, in which Edward the Confessor received the ominous visit of the Conqueror—widened once more by the Abbey and the Hall of Westminster, then sees itself, like all memories of earthly grandeur, amidst humble passages and mean defiles.

Thus thought Harley L'Estrange—ever less amidst the actual world around him, than the images invoked by his own solitary soul—as he gained the Bridge, and saw the dull, lifeless rest sleeping on the "Silent Way," the loud and glittering with the hoarse barks of the antique Seigneurie England.

It was on that bridge that Audley Egerton had appointed to meet L'Estrange, at an hour when he calculated he could best steal a respite from debate. For Harley, with his untidious dislike to all the resorts of the equals, had declined to seek his end in the crowded regions of Belmy's.

Harley's eye, as he passed along

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the bridge, was attracted by a still form, seated on the stones in one of the nooks, with its face covered by its hands. "If I were a sculptor," said he to himself, "I should remember that image whenever I wished to convey the idea of *Despondency*!" He lifted his looks and saw, a little before him in the midst of the causeway, the firm erect figure of Audley Egerton. The moonlight was full on the bronzed countenance of the strong public man—with its lines of thought and care, and its vigorous, but cold expression of intense self-control.

"And looking yonder," continued Harley's soliloquy, "I should remember that form, when I wished to hew out from the granite the idea of *Endurance*."

"So you are come, and punctually," said Egerton, linking his arm in Harley's.

HARLEY.—"Punctually, of course, for I respect your time, and I will not detain you long. I presume you will speak to-night?"

EGERTON.—"I have spoken."

HARLEY, (with interest).—"And well I hope?"

EGERTON.—"With effect, I suppose, for I have been loudly cheered, which does not always happen to me."

HARLEY.—"And that gave you pleasure?"

EGERTON, (after a moment's thought).—"No, not the least."

HARLEY.—"What, then, attaches you so much to this life—constant drudgery, constant warfare—the more pleasurable faculties dormant, all the harsher ones aroused, if even its rewards (and I take the best of those to be applause) do not please you?"

EGERTON.—“What? Custom.”

HARLEY.—“Martyr!”

EGERTON.—“You say it. But turn to yourself: you have decided, then, to leave England next week?”

HARLEY, (moodily).—“Yes. This life in a capital, where all are so active, myself so objectless, preys on me like a low fever. Nothing here amuses me, nothing interests, nothing comforts and consoles. But I am resolved, before it be too late, to make one great struggle out of the Past, and into the natural world of men. In a word, I have resolved to marry.”

EGERTON.—“Whom?”

HARLEY, (seriously).—“Upon my life, my dear fellow, you are a great philosopher. You have hit the exact question. You see I cannot marry a dream; and where, out of dreams, shall I find this ‘whom?’”

EGERTON.—“You do not search for her.”

HARLEY.—“Do we ever search for love? Does it not flash upon us when we least expect it? Is it not like the inspiration to the muse? What poet sits down and says, ‘I will write a poem?’ What man looks out and says, ‘I will fall in love?’ No! Happiness, as the great German tells us, ‘falls suddenly from the bosom of the gods;’ so does love.”

EGERTON.—“You remember the old line in Horace: ‘The tide flows away while the boor sits on the margin and waits for the ford.’”

HARLEY.—“An idea which incidentally dropped from you some weeks ago, and which I had before half-meditated, has since haunted me. If I could but find some child with sweet dispositions and fair intellect not yet formed, and train her up, according to my ideal. I am still young enough to wait a few years. And meanwhile I shall have gained what I so sadly want—an object in life.”

EGERTON.—“You are ever the child of romance. But what—”

Here the minister was interrupted by a messenger from the House of Commons, whom Audley had instructed to seek him on the bridge should his presence be required.—“Sir, the Opposition are taking advantage of the thinness of the House to call for a division. Mr. — is put up to speak for time, but they won’t hear him.”

Egerton turned hastily to Lord L’Estrange.—“You see, you must excuse me now. To-morrow I must go to Windsor for two days: but we shall meet on my return.”

“It does not matter,” answered Harley; “I stand out of the pale of your advice, O practical man of sense. And if,” added Harley, with affectionate and mournful sweetness,—“if I weary you with complaints which you cannot understand, it is only because of old schoolboy habits. I can have no trouble that I do not confide to you.”

Egerton’s hand trembled as it pressed his friend’s; and, without a word, he hurried away abruptly. Harley remained motionless for some seconds, in deep and quiet reverie; then he called to his dog, and turned back towards Westminster.

He passed the nook in which had sat the still figure of Despondency. But the figure had now risen, and was leaning against the balustrade. The dog, who preceded his master, passed by the solitary form, and sniffed it suspiciously.

“Nero, sir, come here,” said Harley.

“Nero,” that was the name by which Helen had said that her father’s friend had called his dog. And the sound startled Leonard as he bent sick at heart, against the stone. He lifted his head and looked wistfully, eagerly into Harley’s face. Then

eyes, bright, clear, yet so strangely deep and absent, which Helen had described, met his own, and chained them. For L'Estrange halted also; the boy's countenance was not unfamiliar to him. He returned the inquiring look fixed on his own, and recognised the student by the book-stall.

"The dog is quite harmless, sir," said L'Estrange, with a smile.

"And you call him, 'Nero?'" said Leonard, still gazing on the stranger.

Harley mistook the drift of the question.

"Nero, sir; but he is free from the sanguinary propensities of his Roman namesake." Harley was about to pass on, when Leonard said, falteringly,—

"Pardon me, but can it be possible that you are one whom I have sought in vain, on behalf of the child of Captain Digby?"

Harley stopped short. "Digby! he exclaimed, "where is he? He should have found me easily. I gave him an address."

"Ah, Heaven be thanked!" cried Leonard. "Helen is saved—she will not die," and he burst into tears.

A very few moments, and a very few words sufficed to explain to Harley the state of his old fellow-soldier's orphan. And Harley himself soon stood in the young sufferer's room, supporting her burning temples on his breast, and whispering into ears that heard him as in a happy dream, "Comfort, comfort; your father yet lives in me."

And then Helen, raising her eyes, said, "But Leonard is my brother—more than brother—and he needs a father's care more than I do."

"Hush, hush, Helen. I need no one—nothing now!" cried Leonard, and his tears gushed over the little hand that clasped his own.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

HARLEY L'ESTRANGE was a man whom all things that belong to the romantic and poetic side of our human life deeply impressed. When he came to learn the ties between these two Children of Nature, standing side by side, alone amidst the storms of fate, his heart was more deeply moved than it had been for many years. In those dreary attics, overshadowed by the smoke and reek of the humble suburb—the workday world in its harshest and tritest forms below and around them—he recognised that divine poem which comes out from all union between the mind and the heart. Here, on the rough deal table, (the ink scarcely dry,) lay the writings of the young wrestler for fame and bread; there, on the other side the partition, on that mean pallet, lay the boy's sole comforter—the all that warmed his heart with living mortal affection. On one side the wall, the world of imagination; on the other, this world of grief and of love. And in both, a spirit equally sublime—unselfish Devotion—"the something afar from the sphere of our sorrow."

He looked round the room into which he had followed Leonard, on quitting Helen's bedside. He noted the MSS. on the table, and, pointing to them, said gently, "And these are the labours by which you supported the soldier's orphan?—soldier yourself in a hard battle!"

"The battle was lost—I could not support her," replied Leonard, mournfully.

"But you did not desert her. When Pandora's box was opened, they say Hope lingered last——"

"False, false," said Leonard; "a

heathen's notion. There are deities that linger behind Hope—Gratitude, Love, and Duty."

"Yours is no common nature," exclaimed Harley, admiringly, "but I must sound it more deeply hereafter; at present I hasten for the physician; I shall return with him. We must move that poor child from this low close air as soon as possible. Meanwhile, let me qualify your rejection of the old fable. Wherever Gratitude, Love, and Duty remain to man, believe me that Hope is there too, though she may be often invisible, hidden behind the sheltering wings of the nobler deities."

Harley said this with that wondrous smile of his, which cast a brightness over the whole room—and went away.

Leonard stole softly towards the grimy window; and looking up towards the stars that shone pale over the roof-tops, he murmured, "O thou, the All-seeing and All-merciful!—how it comforts me now to think that, though my dreams of knowledge may have sometimes obscured the Heavens, I never doubted that Thou wert there!—as luminous and everlasting, though behind the cloud!" So, for a few minutes, he prayed silently—then passed into Helen's room, and sat beside her motionless, for she slept. She woke just as Harley returned with a physician; and then Leonard, returning to his own room, saw amongst his papers the letter he had written to Mr. Dale, and muttering, "I need not disgrace my calling—I need not be the mendicant now"—held the letter to the flame of the candle. And while he said this, and as the burning tinder dropped on the

sharp hunger, unfelt during  
anxious emotions, gnawed at  
his. Still, even hunger could  
not that noble pride which had  
so a sentiment nobler than

itself—and he smiled, as he repeated,  
“No mendicant!—the life that I was  
sworn to guard is saved. I can raise  
against Fate the front of Man once  
more.”

## CHAPTER XIX.

A FEW days afterwards, and Helen, removed to a pure air, and under the advice of the first physicians, was out of all danger.

It was a pretty detached cottage, with its windows looking over the wild heaths of Norwood, to which Harley rode daily to watch the convalescence of his young charge; an object in life was already found. As she grew better and stronger, he coaxed her easily into talking, and listened to her with pleased surprise. The heart so infantine, and the sense so womanly, struck him much by its rare contrast and combination. Leonard, whom he had insisted on placing also in the cottage, had stayed there willingly till Helen's recovery was beyond question. Then he came to Lord L'Estrange, as the latter was about one day to leave the cottage, and said, quietly, "Now, my Lord, that Helen is safe, and now that she will need me no more, I can no longer be a pensioner on your bounty. I return to London."

"You are my visitor, not my pensioner, foolish boy," said Harley, who had already noticed the pride which spoke in that farewell; "come into the garden and let us talk."

Harley seated himself on a bench on the little lawn; Nero crouched at his feet; Leonard stood beside him.

"So," said Lord L'Estrange, "you would return to London? What to do?"

"Fulfil my fate."

"And that?"

"I cannot guess. Fate is the Isis whose veil no mortal can ever raise."

"You should be born for great things," said Harley, abruptly. "I am sure that you write well. I have

seen that you study with passion. Better than writing and better than study, you have a noble heart, and the proud desire of independence. Let me see your MSS., or any copies of what you have already printed. Do not hesitate—I ask but to be a reader. I don't pretend to be a patron: it is a word I hate."

Leonard's eyes sparkled through their sudden moisture. He brought out his portfolio, placed it on the bench beside Harley, and then went softly to the further part of the garden. Nero looked after him, and then rose and followed him slowly. The boy seated himself on the turf and Nero rested his dull head on the loud heart of the poet.

Harley took up the various papers before him, and read them through leisurely. Certainly he was no critic. He was not accustomed to analyse what pleased or displeased him; but his perceptions were quick, and his taste exquisite. As he read, his countenance, always so genuinely expressive, exhibited now doubt and now admiration. He was soon struck by the contrast, in the boy's writings, between the pieces that sported with fancy, and those that grappled with thought. In the first, the young poet seemed so unconscious of his own individuality. His imagination, afar and aloft from the scenes of his suffering, ran riot amidst a paradise of happy golden creations. But in the last, the THINKER stood out alone and mournful, questioning, in troubled sorrow, the hard world on which he gazed. All in the thought was unsettled, tumultuous; all in the fancy serene and peaceful. The mind seemed divided into two images.

the one bathing its wings amidst the starry dews of heaven; the other wandering "melancholy, slow," amidst desolate and boundless sands. Harley gently laid down the paper and mused a little while. Then he rose and walked to Leonard, gazing on his countenance as he neared the boy, with a new and a deeper interest.

"I have read your papers," he said, "and recognise in them two men, belonging to two worlds, essentially distinct."

Leonard started, and murmured, "True, true!"

"I apprehend," resumed Harley, "that one of these men must either destroy the other, or that the two must become fused and harmonised into a single existence. Get your hat, mount my groom's horse, and come with me to London; we will converse by the way. Look you, I believe you and I agree in this, that the first object of every nobler spirit is independence. It is towards this independence that I alone presume to assist you; and this is a service which the proudest man can receive without a blush."

Leonard lifted his eyes towards Harley's, and those eyes swam with grateful tears; but his heart was too full to answer.

"I am not one of those," said Harley, when they were on the road, "who think that because a young man writes poetry he is fit for nothing else, and that he must be a poet or a pauper. I have said that in you there seem to me to be two men, the man of the Actual world, the man of the Ideal. To each of these men I can offer a separate career. The first is perhaps the more tempting. It is the interest of the state to draw into its service all the talent and industry it can obtain; and under his native state every citizen of a free country should be proud to take service. I

have a friend who is a minister, and who is known to encourage talent—Audley Egerton. I have but to say to him, 'There is a young man who will well repay to the government whatever the government bestows on him;' and you will rise to-morrow independent in means, and with fair occasions to attain to fortune and distinction. This is one offer—what say you to it?"

Leonard thought bitterly of his interview with Audley Egerton, and the minister's proffered crown-piece. He shook his head, and replied—

"Oh, my Lord, how have I deserved such kindness? Do with me what you will; but if I have the option, I would rather follow my own calling. This is not the ambition that inflames me."

"Hear, then, the other offer. I have a friend with whom I am less intimate than Egerton, and who has nothing in his gift to bestow. I speak of a man of letters—Henry Norreys—of whom you have doubtless heard, who, I should say, conceived an interest in you when he observed you reading at the book-stall. I have often heard him say, 'that literature as a profession is misunderstood, and that rightly followed, with the same pains and the same prudence which are brought to bear on other professions, a competence at least can be always ultimately obtained.' But the way may be long and tedious—and it leads to no power but over thought; it rarely attains to wealth; and, though reputation may be certain, Fame, such as poets dream of, is the lot of few. What say you to this course?"

"My Lord, I decide," said Leonard firmly; and then, his young face lighting up with enthusiasm, he exclaimed, "Yes, if, as you say, there be two men within me, I feel that were I condemned wholly to the

mechanical and practical world, one would indeed destroy the other. And the conqueror would be the ruder and the coarser. Let me pursue those ideas that, though they have but flitted across me, vague and formless—have ever soared towards the sunlight. No matter whether or not they lead to fortune or to fame, at least they will lead me upward! Knowledge for itself I desire—what care I if it be not power!"

"Enough," said Harley, with a pleased smile at his young companion's outburst. "As you decide so shall it be settled. And now permit me, if not impertinent, to ask you a few questions. Your name is Leonard Fairfield?"

The boy blushed deeply, and bowed his head as if in assent.

"Helen says you are self-taught; for the rest she refers me to you—thinking, perhaps, that I should esteem you less—rather than yet more highly—if she said you were, as I presume to conjecture, of humble birth."

"My birth," said Leonard, slowly, "is very—very—humble."

"The name of Fairfield is not unknown to me. There was one of that name who married into a family in Lansmere—married an Avenel," continued Harley, and his voice quivered. "You change countenance. Oh, could your mother's name have been Avenel?"

"Yes," said Leonard, between his set teeth. Harley laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Then, indeed, I have a claim on you—then, indeed, we are friends. I have a right to serve any of that family."

Leonard looked at him in surprise—"For," continued Harley, recovering himself, "they always served my family; and my recollections of Lansmere, though boyish, are indelible." He spurred on his horse as the words

closed—and again there was a long pause; but from that time Harley always spoke to Leonard in a soft voice, and often gazed on him with earnest and kindly eyes.

They reached a house in a central, though not fashionable street. A man-servant of a singularly grave and awful aspect opened the door—a man who had lived all his life with authors. Poor fellow, he was indeed prematurely old! The care on his lip and the pomp on his brow—no mortal's pen can describe!

"Is Mr. Norreys at home?" asked Harley.

"He is at home—to his friends, my Lord," answered the man, majestically; and he stalked across the hall with the step of a Dangeau ushering some Montmorenci into the presence of *Louis le Grand*.

"Stay—show this gentleman into another room. I will go first into the library; wait for me, Leonard." The man nodded, and conducted Leonard into the dining-room. Then pausing before the door of the library, and listening an instant, as if fearful to disturb some mood of inspiration, opened it very softly. To his ineffable disgust, Harley pushed before, and entered abruptly. It was a large room, lined with books from the floor to the ceiling. Books were on all the tables—books were on all the chairs. Harley seated himself on a folio of Raleigh's History of the World, and cried—

"I have brought you a treasure!"

"What is it?" said Norreys, good-humouredly, looking up from his desk.

"A mind!"

"A mind!" echoed Norreys, vaguely. "Your own?"

"Pooh—I have none—I have only a heart and a fancy. Listen. You remember the boy we saw reading at the book-stall. I have caught him for you, and you shall train him into



a man. I have the warmest interest in his future—for I know some of his family—and one of that family was very dear to me. As for money, he has not a shilling, and not a shilling would he accept gratis from you or me either. But he comes with bold heart to work—and work you must find him.” Harley then rapidly told his friend of the two offers he had made to Leonard—and Leonard’s choice.

“This promises very well; for let-  
ters a man must have a strong vocation as he should have for law—I will do all that you wish.”

Harley rose with alertness—shook Norreys cordially by the hand—hurried out of the room, and returned with Leonard.

Mr. Norreys eyed the young man with attention. He was naturally rather severe than cordial in his manner to strangers—contrasting in this, as in most things, the poor vagabond Burley. But he was a good judge of the human countenance, and he liked Leonard’s. After a pause he held out his hand.

“Sir,” said he, “Lord L’Estrange tells me that you wish to enter literature as a calling, and no doubt to study it as an art. I may help you in this, and you meanwhile can help me. I want an amanuensis—I offer you that place. The salary will be pro-

portioned to the services you will render me. I have a room in my house at your disposal. When I first came up to London, I made the same choice that I hear you have done. I have no cause, even in a worldly point of view, to repent my choice. It gave me an income larger than my wants. I trace my success to these maxims, which are applicable to all professions—1st, Never to trust to genius for what can be obtained by labour; 2dly, Never to profess to teach what we have not studied to understand; 3dly, Never to engage our word to what we do not our best to execute.

“With these rules, literature—provided a man does not mistake his vocation for it, and will, under good advice, go through the preliminary discipline of natural powers, which all vocations require—is as good a calling as any other. Without them, a shoeblack’s is infinitely better.”

“Possibly enough,” muttered Harley; “but there have been great writers who observed none of your maxims.”

“Great writers, probably, but very unenviable men. My Lord, my Lord, don’t corrupt the pupil you bring to me.” Harley smiled and took his departure, and left Genius at school with Common Sense and Experience.

## CHAPTER XX.

WHILE Leonard Fairfield had been obscurely wrestling against poverty, neglect, hunger, and dread temptation, bright had been the opening day, and smooth the upward path, of Randal Leslie. Certainly no young man, able and ambitious, could enter life under fairer auspices; the connection and avowed favourite of a popular and energetic statesman, the brilliant writer of a political work, that had lifted him at once into a station of his own—received and courted in those highest circles, to which neither rank nor fortune alone suffices for a familiar passport—the circles above fashion itself—the circles of power—with every facility of augmenting information, and learning the world betimes through the talk of its acknowledged masters,—Randal had but to move straight onward, and success was sure. But his tortuous spirit delighted in scheme and intrigue for their own sake. In scheme and intrigue he saw shorter paths to fortune, if not to fame. His besetting sin was also his besetting weakness. He did not aspire—he *coveted*. Though in a far higher social position than Frank Hazeldean, despite the worldly prospects of his old school-fellow, he coveted the very things that kept Frank Hazeldean below him—coveted his idle gaieties, his careless pleasures, his very waste of youth. Thus, also, Randal less aspired to Audley Egerton's repute than he coveted Audley Egerton's wealth and pomp, his princely expenditure, and his Castle Rackrent in Grosvenor Square. It was the misfortune of his birth to be so near to both these fortunes—near to that of Leslie, as the future head of that fallen house,

—near even to that of Hazeldean, since, as we have seen before, if the Squire had had no son, Randal's descent from the Hazeldeans suggested himself as the one on whom these broad lands should devolve. Most young men, brought into intimate contact with Audley Egerton, would have felt for that personage a certain loyal and admiring, if not very affectionate, respect. For there was something grand in Egerton—something that commands and fascinates the young. His determined courage, his energetic will, his almost regal liberality, contrasting a simplicity in personal tastes and habits that was almost austere—his rare and seemingly unconscious power of charming even the women most wearied of homage, and persuading even the men most obdurate to counsel—all served to invest the practical man with those spells which are usually confined to the ideal one. But, indeed, Audley Egerton was an Ideal—the ideal of the Practical. Not the mere vulgar, plodding, red-tape machine of petty business, but the man of strong sense, inspired by inflexible energy, and guided to definite earthly objects. In a dissolute and corrupt form of government, under a decrepit monarchy, or a vitiated republic, Audley Egerton might have been a most dangerous citizen; for his ambition was so resolute, and his sight to its ends was so clear. But there is something in public life in England which compels the really ambitious man to honour, unless his eyes are jaundiced and oblique, like Randal Leslie's. It is so necessary in England to be a gentleman. And thus Egerton was emphatically considered a gentleman.

Without the least pride in other matters, with little apparent sensitiveness, touch him on the point of gentleman, and no one so sensitive and so proud. As Randal saw more of him, and watched his moods with the eagle-eyes of the household spy, he could perceive that this hard mechanical man was subject to fits of melancholy, even of gloom; and though they did not last long, there was even in his habitual coldness an evidence of something compressed, latent, painful, lying deep within his memory. This would have interested his kindly feelings of a grateful heart. But Randal detected and watched it only as a clue to some secret it might profit him to gain. For Randal Leslie hated Egerton; and hated him the more because, with all his book knowledge and his conceit in his own talents, he could not despise his patron—because he had not yet succeeded in making his patron the mere tool or stepping-stone—because he thought that Egerton's keen eye saw through his wily heart, even while, as if in profound disdain, the minister helped the *protégé*. But this last suspicion was unsound. Egerton had not detected Leslie's corrupt and treacherous nature. He might have other reasons for keeping him at a certain distance, but he inquired too little into Randal's feelings towards himself to question the attachment, nor doubt the sincerity, of one who owed to him so much. But that which more than all embittered Randal's feelings towards Egerton, was his careful and deliberate frankness with which the latter had, more than once, repeated and enforced the odious announcement, that Randal had nothing to expect from the minister's—*WILL*;—nothing to expect from that wealth which glared in the hungry eyes of the pauper heir to the Leslies of Rood. To whom, then, could

Egerton mean to devise his fortune? To whom but Frank Hazelden. Yet Audley took so little notice of his nephew—seemed so indifferent to him, that that supposition, however natural, was exposed to doubt. The astuteness of Randal was perplexed. Meanwhile, however, the less he himself could rely upon Egerton for fortune, the more he revolved the possible chances of ousting Frank from the inheritance of Hazelden—in part, at least, if not wholly. To one less scheming, crafty, and remorseless than Randal Leslie such a project would have seemed the wildest delusion. But there was something fearful in the manner in which this young man sought to turn knowledge into power, and make the study of all weakness in others subservient to his own ends. He wormed himself thoroughly into Frank's confidence. He learned, through Frank, all the Squire's peculiarities of thought and temper, and pondered over each word in the father's letters, which the son gradually got into the habit of showing to the perfidious eyes of his friend. Randal saw that the Squire had two characteristics, which are very common amongst proprietors, and which might be invoked as antagonists to his warm fatherly love. First, the Squire was as fond of his estate as if it were a living thing, and part of his own flesh and blood; and in his lecture to Frank upon the sin of extravagance, the Squire always let out this foible:—"What was to become of the estate if it fell into the hands of a spendthrift? No man should make ducks and drakes of Hazelden; let Frank beware of *that*," &c. Secondly, the Squire was not only fond of his lands, but he was jealous of them—that jealousy which even the tenderest fathers sometimes entertain towards their natural heirs. He could not bear the notion that



Frank should count on his death; and he seldom closed an admonitory letter without repeating the information that Hazeldean was not entailed; that it was his to do with as he pleased through life and in death. Indirect menace of this nature rather wounded and galled than intimidated Frank; for the young man was extremely generous and high-spirited by nature, and was always more disposed to some indiscretion after such warnings to his self-interest, as if to show that those were the last kinds of appeal likely to influence him. By the help of such insights into the character of father and son, Randal thought he saw gleams of daylight illuminating his own chance to the lands of Hazeldean. Meanwhile it appeared to him obvious that, come what might of it, his own interests could not lose, and might most probably gain, by whatever could alienate the Squire from his natural heir. Accordingly, though with consummate tact, he instigated Frank towards the very excesses most calculated to irritate the Squire, all the while appearing rather to give the counter advice, and never sharing in any of the follies to which he conducted his thoughtless friend. In this he worked chiefly through others, introducing Frank to every acquaintance most dangerous to youth, either from the wit that laughs at prudence, or the spurious magnificence that subsists so handsomely upon bills endorsed by friends of "great expectations."

The minister and his *protégé* were seated at breakfast, the first reading the newspaper, the last glancing over his letters; for Randal had arrived to the dignity of receiving many letters—ay, and notes too, three-cornered and fantastically embossed. Egerton uttered an exclamation, and laid down the newspaper. Randal looked up

from his correspondence. The minister had sunk into one of his absent reveries.

After a long silence, observing that Egerton did not return to the newspaper, Randal said, "Ehem—sir, I have a note from Frank Hazeldean, who wants much to see me; his father has arrived in town unexpectedly."

"What brings him here?" asked Egerton, still abstractedly.

"Why, it seems that he has heard some vague reports of poor Frank's extravagance, and Frank is rather afraid, or ashamed, to meet him."

"Ay—a very great fault extravagance in the young!—destroys independence; ruins or enslaves the future. Great fault—very! And what does youth want that it should be extravagant? Has it not everything in itself, merely because it *is*? Youth is youth—what needs it more?"

Egerton rose as he said this, and retired to his writing-table, and in his turn opened his correspondence. Randal took up the newspaper, and endeavoured, but in vain, to conjecture what had excited the minister's exclamation, and the reverie that succeeded it.

Egerton suddenly and sharply turned round in his chair—"If you have done with the *Times*, have the goodness to place it here."

Randal had just obeyed, when a knock at the street door was heard, and presently Lord L'Estrange came into the room, with somewhat a quicker step, and somewhat a gay mien than usual.

Andley's hand, as if mechanically, fell upon the newspaper—fell upon that part of the columns devoted to births, deaths, and marriages. Randal stood by, and noted; then, bowing to L'Estrange, left the room.

"Andley," said L'Estrange, "I have had an adventure since I saw you—an adventure that required

the Past, and may influence my future."

"How?"

"In the first place, I have met with a relation of—of—the Avenels."

"Indeed! Whom—Richard Avenel?"

"Richard—Richard—who is he? Oh, I remember; the wild lad who went off to America; but that was when I was a mere child."

"That Richard Avenel is now a rich, thriving trader, and his marriage is in this newspaper—married to an Honourable Mrs. M'Catchley. Well—in this country—who should plume himself on birth?"

"You did not say so always, Egerton," replied Harley, with a tone of mournful reproach.

"And I say so now, pertinently to a Mrs. M'Catchley, not to the heir of the L'Estranges. But no more of these—these Avenels."

"Yes, more of them. I tell you I have met a relation of theirs—a nephew of—of—"

"Of Richard Avenel's?" interrupted Egerton; and then added in the slow, deliberate, argumentative tone in which he was wont to speak in public, "Richard Avenel the trader! I saw him once—a presuming and intolerable man!"

"The nephew has not those sins. He is full of promise, of modesty, yet of pride. And his countenance—oh, Egerton, he has *her* eyes."

Egerton made no answer, and Harley resumed—

"I had thought of placing him under your care. I knew you would provide for him."

"I will. Bring him hither," cried Egerton, eagerly. "All that I can do to prove my—regard for a wish of yours."

Harley pressed his friend's hand warmly.

"I thank you from my heart; the

Audley of my boyhood speaks now. But the young man has decided otherwise; and I do not blame him. Nay, I rejoice that he chooses a career in which, if he find hardship, he may escape dependence."

"And that career is—"

"Letters."

"Letters—Literature!" exclaimed the statesman. "Beggary! No, no, Harley, this is your absurd romance."

"It will not be beggary, and it is not my romance: it is the boy's. Leave him alone, he is my care and my charge henceforth. He is of *her* blood, and I said that he had *her* eyes."

"But you are going abroad; let me know where he is; I will watch over him."

"And unsettle a right ambition for a wrong one? No—you shall know nothing of him till he can proclaim himself. I think that day will come."

Audley mused a moment, and then said, "Well, perhaps you are right. After all, as you say, independence is a great blessing, and my ambition has not rendered myself the better or the happier."

"Yet, my poor Audley, you ask me to be ambitious."

"I only wish you to be consoled," cried Egerton, with passion.

"I will try to be so; and by the help of a milder remedy than yours. I said that my adventure might influence my future; it brought me acquainted not only with the young man I speak of, but the most winning, affectionate child—a girl."

"Is this child an Avenel too?"

"No, she is of gentle blood—a soldier's daughter; the daughter of that Captain Digby on whose behalf I was a petitioner to your patronage. He is dead, and in dying, my name was on his lips. He meant me, doubtless, to be the guardian to his orphan."

shall be so. I have at last an object in life."

"But can you seriously mean to take this child with you abroad?"

"Seriously, I do."

"And lodge her in your own house?"

"For a year or so while she is yet a child. Then, as she approaches youth, I shall place her elsewhere."

"You may grow to love her. Is it clear that she will love you?—not mistake gratitude for love? It is a very hazardous experiment."

"So was William the Norman's—still he was William the Conqueror. Thou biddest me move on from the Past, and be consoled, yet thou wouldst make me as inapt to progress as the mule in Slawkenbergius's tale, with thy cursed interlocutions, 'Stumbling, by St. Nicholas, every step. Why, at this rate, we shall be all night in getting into—' *Happiness!* Listen," continued Harley, setting off, full pelt, into one of his wild, whimsical humours. "One of the sons of the prophets in Israel, felling wood near the River Jordan, his hatchet forsook the helve, and fell to the bottom of the river; so he prayed to have it again, (it was but a small request, mark you;) and having a strong faith, he did not throw the hatchet after the helve, but the helve after the hatchet. Presently two great miracles were seen. Up springs the hatchet

from the bottom of the water, and fixes itself to its old acquaintance, the helve. Now, had he wished to coach it up to heaven in a fiery chariot, like Elias, be as rich as Job, strong as Samson, and beautiful as Absalom, would he have obtained the wish, do you think? In truth, my friend, I question it very much."

"I can't comprehend what you mean. Sad stuff you are talking."

"I cannot help that; Rabelais is to be blamed for it. I am quoting him, and it is to be found in his Prologue to the Chapters on the Moderation of Wishes. And apropos of 'moderate wishes in point of hatchet,' I want you to understand that I ask but little from Heaven. I fling but the helve after the hatchet that has sunk into the silent stream. I want the other half of the weapon that is buried fathom deep, and for want of which the thick woods darken round me by the Sacred River, and I can catch not a glimpse of the stars."

"In plain English," said Audley Egerton, "you want—" he stopped short, puzzled.

"I want my purpose and my will, and my old character, and the nature God gave me. I want the half of my soul which has fallen from me. I want such love as may replace to me the vanished affections. Reason not—I throw the helve after the hatchet."

## CHAPTER XXI.

RANDAL LESLIE, on leaving Audley, repaired to Frank's lodgings, and after being closeted with the young Guardsman an hour or so, took his way to Limmer's hotel, and asked for Mr. Hazeldean. He was shown into the coffee-room, while the waiter went up-stairs with his card, to see if the Squire was within, and disengaged. The *Times* newspaper lay sprawling on one of the tables, and Randal, leaning over it, looked with attention into the column containing births, deaths, and marriages. But in that long and miscellaneous list, he could not conjecture the name which had so excited Mr. Egerton's interest.

"Vexatious!" he muttered; "there is no knowledge which has power more useful than that of the secrets of men."

He turned as the waiter entered, and said that Mr. Hazeldean would be glad to see him.

As Randal entered the drawing-room, the Squire, shaking hands with him, looked towards the door as if expecting some one else, and his honest face assumed a blank expression of disappointment when the door closed, and he found that Randal was unaccompanied.

"Well," said he, bluntly, "I thought your old schoolfellow, Frank, might have been with you."

"Have not you seen him yet, sir?"

"No, I came to town this morning; travelled outside the mail; sent to his barracks, but the young gentleman does not sleep there—has an apartment of his own; he never told me that. We are a plain family, the Hazeldeans—young sir; and I hate being kept in the dark, by my own son too."

Randal made no answer, but looked sorrowful. The Squire, who had never before seen his kinsman, had a vague idea that it was not polite to entertain a stranger, though a connection to himself, with his family troubles, and so resumed good-naturedly.

"I am very glad to make your acquaintance at last, Mr. Leslie. You know, I hope, that you have good Hazeldean blood in your veins?"

RANDAL, (smiling.)—"I am not likely to forget that; it is the boast of our pedigree."

SQUIRE, (heartily.)—"Shake hands again on it, my boy. You don't want a friend, since my grandee of a half-brother has taken you up; but if ever you should, Hazeldean is not very far from Rood. Can't get on with your father at all, my lad—more's the pity, for I think I could have given him a hint or two as to the improvement of his property. If he would plant those ugly commons—larch and fir soon come into profit, sir; and there are some low lands about Rood that would take mighty kindly to draining."

RANDAL.—"My poor father lives a life so retired, and you cannot wonder at it. Fallen trees lie still, and so do fallen families."

SQUIRE.—"Fallen families can get up again, which fallen trees can't."

RANDAL.—"Ah, sir, it often takes the energy of generations to repair the thriftlessness and extravagance of a single owner."

SQUIRE, (his brow lowering.)—"That's very true. Frank is d——d extravagant; treats me very coolly, too—not coming; near three o'clock. By-the-by, I suppose he told you

where I was, otherwise how did you find me out?"

RANDAL, (reluctantly).—"Sir, he did; and to speak frankly, I am not surprised that he has not yet appeared."

SQUIRE.—"Eh!"

RANDAL.—"We have grown very intimate."

SQUIRE.—"So he writes me word—and I am glad of it. Our member, Sir John, tells me you are a very clever fellow, and a very steady one. And Frank says that he wishes he had your prudence, if he can't have your talents. He has a good heart, Frank," added the father, relentingly. "But zounds, sir, you say you are not surprised he has not come to welcome his own father!"

"My dear sir," said Randal, "you wrote word to Frank that you had heard from Sir John and others of his goings-on, and that you were not satisfied with his replies to your letters."

"Well,"

"And then you suddenly come up to town."

"Well,"

"Well. And Frank is ashamed to meet you. For, as you say, he has been extravagant, and he has exceeded his allowance; and knowing my respect for you, and my great affection for himself, he has asked me to prepare you to receive his confession and forgive him. I know I am taking a great liberty. I have no right to interfere between father and son; but pray—pray think I mean for the best."

"Humph!" said the Squire, recovering himself very slowly, and showing evident pain, "I knew already that Frank had spent more than he ought; but I think he should not have employed a third person to prepare me to forgive him. (Excuse me—no offence.) And if he wanted a third person, was not there his own

mother? What the devil!—(firing up)—am I a tyrant—a bashaw—that my own son is afraid to speak to me? Gad, I'll give it him!"

"Pardon me, sir," said Randal, assuming at once that air of authority which superior intellect so well carries off and excuses, "but I strongly advise you not to express any anger at Frank's confidence in me. At present I have influence over him. Whatever you may think of his extravagance, I have saved him from many an indiscretion, and many a debt—a young man will listen to one of his own age so much more readily than even to the kindest friend of graver years. Indeed, sir, I speak for your sake as well as for Frank's. Let me keep this influence over him; and don't reproach him for the confidence he placed in me. Nay, let him rather think that I have softened any displeasure you might otherwise have felt."

There seemed so much good sense in what Randal said, and the kindness of it seemed so disinterested, that the Squire's native shrewdness was deceived.

"You are a fine young fellow," said he, "and I am very much obliged to you. Well, I suppose there is no putting old heads upon young shoulders; and I promise you I'll not say an angry word to Frank. I dare say, poor boy, he is very much afflicted, and I long to shake hands with him. So, set his mind at ease."

"Ah, sir," said Randal, with much apparent emotion, "your son may well love you; and it seems to be a hard matter for so kind a heart as yours to preserve the proper firmness with him."

"Oh, I can be firm enough," quoth the Squire—"especially when I don't see him—handsome dog that he is: very like his mother—don't you think so?"

"I never saw his mother, sir."

"Gad! Not seen my Harry? No more you have; you must come and pay us a visit. I suppose my half-brother will let you come?"

"To be sure, sir. Will you not call on him while you are in town?"

"Not I. He would think I expected to get something from the Government. Tell him the ministers must go on a little better, if they want my vote for their member. But go. I see you are impatient to tell Frank that all's forgot and forgiven. Come and dine with him here at six, and let him bring his bills in his pocket. Oh, I shan't scold him."

"Why, as to that," said Randal, smiling, "I think (forgive me still) that you should not take it too easily; just as I think that you had better not blame him for his very natural and praiseworthy shame in approaching you, so I think, also, that you should do nothing that would tend to diminish that shame—it is such a check on him. And therefore, if you can contrive to affect to be angry with him for his extravagance, it will do good."

"You speak like a book, and I'll try my best."

"If you threaten, for instance, to take him out of the army, and settle him in the country, it would have a very good effect."

"What! would he think it so great a punishment to come home and live with his parents?"

"I don't say that; but he is naturally so fond of London. At his age, and with his large inheritance, *that* is natural."

"Inheritance!" said the Squire, moodily—"inheritance! he is not thinking of that, I trust? Zounds, sir, I have as good a life as his own. Inheritance!—to be sure the Casino property is entailed on him; but as for the rest, sir, I am no tenant for

life. I could leave the Hazeldean lands to my ploughman, if I chose it. Inheritance, indeed!"

"My dear sir, I did not mean to imply that Frank would entertain the unnatural and monstrous idea of calculating on your death; and all we have to do is to get him to sow his wild oats as soon as possible—marry, and settle down into the country. For it would be a thousand pities if his town habits and tastes grew permanent—a bad thing for the Hazeldean property, that! And," added Randal, laughing, "I feel an interest in the old place, since my grandmother comes of the stock. So, just force yourself to seem angry, and grumble a little when you pay the bills."

"Ah, ah, trust me," said the Squire, doggedly, and with a very altered air. "I am much obliged to you for these hints, my young kinsman." And his stout hand trembled a little as he extended it to Randal.

Leaving Limmer's, Randal hastened to Frank's rooms in St. James's Street. "My dear fellow," said he, when he entered, "it is very fortunate that I persuaded you to let me break matters to your father. You might well say he was rather passionate; but I have contrived to soothe him. You need not fear that he will not pay your debts."

"I never feared that," said Frank, changing colour; "I only feared his anger. But, indeed, I fear his kindness still more. What a reckless hound I have been! However, it shall be a lesson to me. And my debts once paid, I will turn as economical as yourself."

"Quite right, Frank. And, indeed, I am a little afraid that, when your father knows the total, he may execute a threat that would be very unpleasant to you."

"What's that?"

"Make you sell out, and give up London."

"The devil!" exclaimed Frank, with fervent emphasis; "that would be treating me like a child."

"Why, it *would* make you seem rather ridiculous to your set, which is not a very rural one. And you, who like London so much, and are so much the fashion."

"Don't talk of it," cried Frank, walking to and fro the room in great disorder.

"Perhaps, on the whole, it might be well not to say all you owe, at once. If you named half the sum, your father would let you off with a lecture; and really I tremble at the effect of the total."

"But how shall I pay the other half?"

"Oh, you must save from your allowance; it is a very liberal one; and the tradesmen are not pressing."

"No—but the cursed bill-brokers—"

"Always renew to a young man of your expectations. And if I get into an office, I can always help you, my dear Frank."

"Ah, Randal, I am not so bad as to take advantage of your friendship," said Frank, warmly. "But it seems to me mean, after all, and a sort of a lie, indeed, disguising the real state of my affairs. I should not have listened to the idea from any one else. But you are such a sensible, kind, honourable fellow."

"After epithets so flattering, I shrink from the responsibility of advice. But apart from your own interests, I should be glad to save your father the pain he would feel at knowing the whole extent of the scrape you have got into. And if it entailed on you the necessity to lay by—and give up Hazard, and not be security for other men—why it would be the best thing that could happen. Really,

too, it seems hard upon Mr. Hazeldean, that he should be the only sufferer, and quite just that you should bear half your own burdens."

"So it is, Randal; that did not strike me before. I will take your counsel; and now I will go at once to Limmer's. My dear father! I hope he is looking well?"

"Oh, very. Such a contrast to the sallow Londoners! But I think you had better not go till dinner. He has asked me to meet you at six. I will call for you a little before, and we can go together. This will prevent a great deal of *gêne* and constraint. Good-bye till then.—Ha! by the way, I think if I were you, I would not take the matter too seriously and penitentially. You see the best of fathers like to keep their sons under their thumb, as the saying is. And if you want at your age to preserve your independence, and not be hurried off and buried in the country, like a schoolboy in disgrace, a little manliness of bearing would not be amiss. You can think over it."

The dinner at Limmer's went off very differently from what it ought to have done. Randal's words had sunk deep, and rankled sorely in the Squire's mind; and that impression imparted a certain coldness to his manner which belied the hearty, forgiving, generous impulse with which he had come up to London, and which even Randal had not yet altogether whispered away. On the other hand, Frank, embarrassed both by the sense of disingenuousness, and a desire "not to take the thing too seriously," seemed to the Squire ungracious and thankless.

After dinner the Squire began to hum and haw, and Frank to colour up and shrink. Both felt decomposed by the presence of a third person; till, with an art and address worthy of a better cause, Randal

self broke the ice, and so contrived to remove the restraint he had before imposed, that at length each was heartily glad to have matters made clear and brief by his dexterity and tact.

Frank's debts were not, in reality, large; and when he named the half of them—looking down in shame—the Squire, agreeably surprised, was about to express himself with a liberal heartiness that would have opened his son's excellent heart at once to him. But a warning look from Randal checked the impulse; and the Squire thought it right, as he had promised, to affect an anger he did not feel, and let fall the unlucky threat, "that it was all very well once in a way to exceed his allowance; but if Frank did not, in future, show more sense than to be led away by a set of London sharks and coxcombs, he must cut the army, come home, and take to farming."

Frank imprudently exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I have no taste for farming. And after London, at my age, the country would be so horribly dull."

"Aha!" said the Squire, very grimly—and he thrust back into his pocket-book some extra bank-notes which his fingers had itched to add to those he had already counted out. "The country is terribly dull, is it? Money goes there not upon follies and vices, but upon employing honest labourers, and increasing the wealth of the nation. It does not please you to spend money in that way: it is a pity you should ever be plagued with such duties."

"My dear father—"

"Hold your tongue, you puppy. Oh, I dare say, if you were in my shoes, you would cut down the oaks, and mortgage the property—sell it, for what I know—all go on a cast of the dice! Aha, sir—very well, very

well—the country is horribly dull, is it? Pray, stay in town."

"My dear Mr. Hazeldean," said Randal, blandly, and as if with the wish to turn off into a joke what threatened to be serious, "you must not interpret a hasty expression so literally. Why you would make Frank as bad as Lord A——, who wrote word to his steward to cut down more timber; and when the steward replied, 'There are only three sign-posts left on the whole estate,' wrote back, '*They've* done growing at all events—down with them!' You ought to know Lord A——, sir; so witty; and — Frank's particular friend."

"Your particular friend, Master Frank? Pretty friends!"—and the Squire buttoned up the pocket, to which he had transferred his note-book, with a determined air.

"But I'm his friend, too," said Randal, kindly; "and I preach to him properly, I can tell you." Then, as if delicately anxious to change the subject, he began to ask questions upon crops, and the experiment of bone manure. He spoke earnestly, and with *gusto*, yet with the deference of one listening to a great practical authority. Randal had spent the afternoon in cramming the subject from agricultural journals and Parliamentary reports; and like all practised readers, had really learned in a few hours more than many a man, unaccustomed to study, could gain from books in a year. The Squire was surprised and pleased at the young scholar's information and taste for such subjects.

"But, to be sure," quoth he, with an angry look at poor Frank, "you have good Haseldean blood in you, and know a bean from a turnip."

"Why, sir," said Randal ingenuously, "I am training myself for public life; and what is a public man



worth if he do not study the agriculture of his country?"

"Right—what is he worth? Put that question, with my compliments, to my half-brother. What stuff he did talk, the other night, on the malt tax, to be sure!"

"Mr. Egerton has had so many other things to think of, that we must excuse his want of information upon one topic, however important. With his strong sense he must acquire that information, sooner or later; for he is fond of power; and, sir, knowledge is power!"

"Very true;—very fine saying," quoth the poor Squire, unsuspiciously, as Randal's eye rested on Mr. Hazeldean's open face, and then glanced towards Frank, who looked sad and bored.

"Yes," repeated Randal, "knowledge is power;" and he shook his head wisely, as he passed the bottle to his host.

Still, when the Squire, who meant to return to the Hall next morning, took leave of Frank, his heart warmed to his son; and still more for Frank's dejected looks. It was not Randal's policy to push estrangement too far at first, and in his own presence.

"Speak to poor Frank—kindly now, sir—do," whispered he, observing the Squire's watery eyes, as he moved to the window.

The Squire, rejoiced to obey, thrust out his hand to his son—"My dear boy," said he, "there, don't fret—pshaw!—it was but a trifle after all. Think no more of it."

Frank took the hand, and suddenly threw his arm round his father's broad shoulder.

"Oh, sir, you are too good—too good." His voice trembled so, that Randal took alarm, passed by him, and touched him meaningly.

The Squire pressed his son to his heart—heart so large, that it seemed

to fill the whole width under his broadcloth.

"My dear Frank," said he, half blubbering, "it is not the money; but, you see, it so vexes your poor mother; you must be careful in future; and, zounds, boy, it will be all yours one day; only don't calculate on it; I could not bear *that*—I could not, indeed."

"Calculate!" cried Frank. "Oh, sir, can you think it?"

"I am so delighted that I had some slight hand in your complete reconciliation with Mr. Hazeldean," said Randal, as the young men walked from the hotel. "I saw that you were disheartened, and I told him to speak to you kindly."

"Did you? Ah—I am sorry he needed telling."

"I know his character so well already," said Randal, "that I flatter myself I can always keep things between you as they ought to be. What an excellent man!"

"The best man in the world," cried Frank, heartily; and then, as his accents drooped, "yet I have deceived him. I have a great mind to go back—"

"And tell him to give you twice as much money as you had asked for. He would think you had only seemed so affectionate in order to take him in. No, no, Frank—save—lay by—economise; and then tell him that you have paid half your own debts. Something high-minded in that."

"So there is. Your heart is as good as your head. Good-night."

"Are you going home so early? Have you no engagements?"

"None that I shall keep."

"Good-night, then."

They parted, and Randal walked into one of the fashionable clubs. He neared a table, where three or four young men (younger sons, who had

In the most splendid style, heaven knew how) were still over their wine.

Leslie had little in common with these gentlemen, but he forced his nature to be agreeable to them, in consequence of a very excellent piece of worldly advice given to him by Audley Egerton. "Never let the dandies call you a prig," said the statesman. "Many a clever fellow fails through life, because the silly fellows, whom half a word well spoken could make his *claqueurs*, turn him into ridicule. Whatever you are, avoid the fault of most reading men: in a word, don't be a prig!"

"I have just left Hazeldean," said Randal. "What a good fellow he is!"

"Capital!" said the Honourable George Borrowell. "Where is he?"

"Why, he is gone to his rooms."

He has had a little scene with his father, a thorough, rough, country squire. It would be an act of charity if you would go and keep him company, or take him with you to some place a little more lively than his own lodgings."

"What! the old gentleman has been teasing him!—a horrid shame! Why Frank is not extravagant, and he will be very rich—eh?"

"An immense property," said Randal, and not a mortgage on it: an only son," he added, turning away.

Among these young gentlemen there was a kindly and most benevolent whisper, and presently they all rose, and walked away towards Frank's lodgings.

"The wedge is in the tree," said Randal to himself, "and there is a gap already between the bark and the wood."

## CHAPTER XXII.

HARLEY L'ESTRANGE is seated beside Helen at the lattice-window in the cottage at Norwood. The bloom of reviving health is on the child's face, and she is listening with a smile, for Harley is speaking of Leonard with praise, and of Leonard's future with hope. "And thus," he continued, "secure from his former trials, happy in his occupation, and pursuing the career he has chosen, we must be content, my dear child, to leave him."

"Leave him!" exclaimed Helen, and the rose on her cheek faded.

Harley was not displeased to see her emotion. He would have been disappointed in her heart if it had been less susceptible to affection.

"It is hard on you, Helen," said

he, "to be separated from one who has been to you as a brother. Do not hate me for doing so. But I consider myself your guardian, and your home as yet must be mine. We are going from this land of cloud and mist, going as into the world of summer. Well, that does not content you. You weep, my child; you mourn your own friend, but do not forget your father's. I am alone, and often sad, Helen; will you not comfort me? You press my hand but you must learn to smile on me also. You are born to be the Comforter. Comforters are not egotists; they are always cheerful when they console."

The voice of Harley was so sweet, and his words went so home to the child's heart, that she looked up and

smiled in his face as he kissed her ingenuous brow. But then she thought of Leonard, and felt so solitary—so bereft—that tears burst forth again. Before these were dried, Leonard himself entered, and, obeying an irresistible impulse, she sprang to his arms, and leaning her head on his shoulder, sobbed out, "I am going from you brother—do not grieve—do not miss me."

Harley was much moved: he folded his arms, and contemplated them both silently—and his own eyes were moist. "This heart," thought he, "will be worth the winning!"

He drew aside Leonard, and whispered, "Soothe, but encourage and support her. I leave you together; come to me in the garden later."

It was nearly an hour before Leonard joined Harley.

"She was not weeping when you left her?" asked L'Estrange.

"No; she has more fortitude than we might suppose. Heaven knows how that fortitude has supported mine. I have promised to write to her often."

Harley took two strides across the lawn, and then, coming back to Leonard, said, "Keep your promise, and write often for the first year. I would then ask you to let the correspondence drop gradually."

"Drop!—Ah! my lord!"

"Look you, my young friend, I wish to lead this fair mind wholly from the sorrows of the Past. I wish Helen to enter, not abruptly, but step by step, into a new life. You love each other now, as do two children—as brother and sister. But later, if encouraged, would the love be the same? And is it not better for both of you, that youth should open upon the world with youth's natural affections free and unforestalled?"

"True! And she is so above me," said Leonard, mournfully.

"No one is above him who succeeds in your ambition, Leonard. It is not *that*, believe me."

Leonard shook his head.

"Perhaps," said Harley, with a smile, "I rather feel that you are above me. For what vantage-ground is so high as youth? Perhaps I may become jealous of you. It is well that she should learn to like one who is to be henceforth her guardian and protector. Yet, how can she like me as she ought, if her heart is to be full of you?"

The boy bowed his head; and Harley hastened to change the subject, and speak of letters and of glory. His words were eloquent and his voice kindling: for he had been an enthusiast for fame in his boyhood; and in Leonard's, his own seemed to him to revive. But the poet's heart gave back no echo—suddenly it seemed void and desolate. Yet when Leonard walked back by the moonlight, he muttered to himself, "Strange—strange—so mere a child;—this cannot be love! Still what else to love is there left to me?"

And so he paused upon the bridge where he had so often stood with Helen, and on which he had found the protector that had given to her a home—to himself a career. And life seemed very long, and fame but a dreary phantom. Courage, still, Leonard! These are the sorrows of the heart that teach thee more than all the precepts of sage and critic.

Another day, and Helen had left the shores of England, with her faithful and dreaming guardian. Years will pass before our tale re-opens. Life in all the forms we have seen it travels on. And the Squire farms and hunts; and the Parson preaches and chides and soothes. And Riccobon reads his Machiavelli, and sighs and smiles as he moralises on Men and States. And Violante's dark

eyes grow deeper and more spiritual in their lustre; and her beauty takes thought from solitary dreams. And Mr. Richard Avenel has his house in London, and the Honourable Mrs. Avenel her opera-box; and hard and dire is their struggle into fashion, and hotly does the new man, scorning the aristocracy, pant to become aristocrat. And Audley Egerton goes from the office to the Parliament, and drudges, and debates, and helps to govern the empire in which the sun never sets. Poor Sun, how tired he must be—but not more tired than the Government! And Randal Leslie has an excellent place in the bureau of a minister, and is looking to the time when he shall resign it to come into Parliament, and on that large arena turn knowledge into power. And meanwhile, he is much where he was with Audley Egerton; but he has established intimacy with the Squire, and visited Hazeldean twice, and examined the house and the map of the

property — and very nearly fallen a second time into the Ha-ha, and the Squire believes that Randal Leslie alone can keep Frank out of mischief, and has spoken rough words to his Harry about Frank's continued extravagance. And Frank does continue to pursue pleasure, and is very miserable, and horribly in debt. And Madame di Negra has gone from London to Paris, and taken a tour into Switzerland, and come back to London again, and has grown very intimate with Randal Leslie; and Randal has introduced Frank to her; and Frank thinks her the loveliest woman in the world, and grossly slandered by certain evil tongues. And the brother of Madame di Negra is expected in England at last; and what with his repute for beauty and for wealth, people anticipate a sensation. And Leonard, and Harley, and Helen? Patience—they will all re-appear.

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